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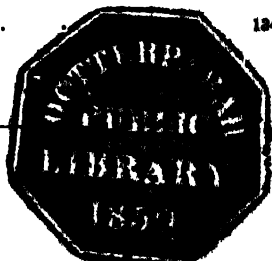
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CXCIII. JANUARY, 1849. Vol. XXXIII.

No 340
N.H.

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DUBLIN

JAMES M'GLASHAN, 21 D'OLIER-STREET.

WM. S. ORR, AND CO. 147 STRAND LONDON.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

OF
DUBLIN
1819

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Dublin, 26th December, 1848

Manuscript 741
Ann. N. 10779 2.9 76.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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LOVE AND MESSIAHISM: SOME PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF THE
COUNTESS OF ROSENTHAL.

THE gilded spires of Venice had long faded in the distance—the blue lagoons, the splendid palazzas of that city, rising with her tiara of proud towers, still lingered in glorious beauty upon the eye of memory, though the fair original lay leagues behind her, as I wended my weary way towards my native land. Many years had rolled over since I had last seen it. I had long been a wanderer in strange countries, but beneath the cloudless sunny skies of the sweet south I had not forgotten the land of my birth; as I passed the river and approached the frontiers, and the dark mighty mountains rose before me, looming in the distance, I felt all that inexpressible delight, known only to him who, after years of absence, returns to his home again. And yet in the country I was leaving behind me had been spent the happiest hours of my short life. I had gone to Italy in order to perfect myself in painting and sculpture, but the temptations so incident to youth in that delightful country had naturally impeded my progress. As I ceased to be industrious I had become enervated by idleness, and the not very agreeable reflection now arose in my mind that I knew rather less about my art than when I had departed from home. Occupied in the perilous pursuit of pleasure, I had begun to despise my profession. The pains required for mastering the minute details of art seemed intolerable drudgery to me, and at last I began to think that I had not sufficient power through the medium of the pencil and the chisel to shape into existence those bright and beautiful images of which I had dreamed. What would I not have given to be able to

recall the departed past. I thought of the time I had wasted, and the opportunities I had neglected, and I now wished that the years I had spent in Italy had been less agreeable and more profitable. Tortured by reflections such as these I wandered on. The rainy weather, which had lasted for some days, adding materially to the discomfort of my journey, a voice seemed sounding in my ears the word “return,” and yet an irresistible impulse was urging me forward. I became at length so miserable that I often wished for death. A fresh torrent of rain impelled me to seek shelter under a tree, where having seated myself on a fragment of rock, I mused long and sadly over the broken hopes and futile strivings of my past life. Before me lay the desolate region of a vast mountain solitude, disturbed only by the noise of an angry torrent, whose dark waters were swollen by the incessant rain. I looked down into the eddying pools of that sweeping river, and the dark thought crossed my mind that in their depths my sorrows might have rest; then I was suddenly seized by a vague and unaccountable terror of death, and, afraid to trust myself further, I sprang up and fled as if from my own thoughts.

After travelling for many weary leagues, I arrived at length at a large solitary house, situated at no great distance from the town of Ancona. The combined effects of darkness, rain, and fatigue, induced me to pause beneath the ample doorway which invited the traveller's approach. As I entered, a shiver ran through my frame, and again I was seized with the same vague and unaccountable apprehension which I had experienced when seated on the moss-

covered rock, beneath the lonely tree, and beside the sweeping river.

As soon as the genial glow from the warm room of the inn breathed upon me, I immediately recovered, and felt myself better than I had been for several days. I received a cordial welcome, and, throwing my knapsack upon a table, was shown into an adjoining apartment, where I could divest myself of the clothes which were thoroughly soaked by the rain. While I was undressing myself I heard a noise of footsteps running rapidly up and down the stairs, and a voice eagerly inquiring if I had come on foot with a knapsack, and if I was about to remain in the house all night. Returning to the "salle" I felt at a glance that I had attracted the observation of the whole company. I could no longer control my curiosity as to the reason I had been so particularly inquired after, and at length asked if there were any other strangers in the house. The answer was in the affirmative, for it had so happened that a large party had arrived in the course of the evening, detained partly by the inclemency of the weather, and by the illness of a young lady who belonged to it.

This party consisted of a noble family of four persons, an old gentleman, a young lady, of exceeding beauty, an old lady, who was supposed to be the mother of the younger one, a doctor, two servants, and two ladies' maids. At the same time I was informed that both the old gentleman and the doctor, witnessing my arrival, had made particular inquiries about me in the public room. The landlord assured me that they were particular friends, and I was desired to go up to their room. I shook my head, convinced they must be wrong, as I could recollect no friend of such consequence in the whole world.

An old servant of the party shortly afterwards entered the room, where in broken Italian he asked for some wine. I addressed him in German, and he seemed rejoiced once more to hear the accents of his mother tongue. "His master," he said, "was a certain Graf von Rosenthal, who was on his way to Italy with his family, in order to procure for his daughter the benefit of a change of air." In proportion as he

drank he became more communicative. I informed him that I was on my return to Germany, and the tears stood in his eyes as he exclaimed with much solemnity, "Oh! that I could only return with you. I cannot," he continued, "endure it any longer; I believe there is a curse hanging over my master's family—I can get no one to trust in—few would believe me."

By the time we had cracked our third bottle, Heinrich, for such I found was the old man's name, became more confidential.

"Countryman!" said he, in a solemn tone, and casting an anxious glance round the whole room, in which, the company having departed, none save ourselves remained, and we sat alone by the side of a dim wood fire, whose flames fell fitfully upon the silent wall, "I cannot be blind. In the midst of the blessings of wealth, and plenty, the old evil spirit is doing his work, the curse has come home to roost, God help us! The Graf, my master, is as rich" as a Jew, but he goes prowling about like a malefactor, and seldom speaks. He never seems happy. The old Gnadige Frau seems also to be in a continual flurry. As for the young lady, a child of paradise could not be more lovely, but I fear the old graf has married her to the devil. But, Lord bless us! what is that?" exclaimed Heinrich, as the casement came rattling in with a sudden crash.

"Nothing," exclaimed I, "but the rain and wind."

"It is no wonder," replied Heinrich, "I live in perpetual apprehension of some dreadful event. Some one of the family must soon meet his fate. The fraulein Kathern told me that; and if I could not occasionally, with my comrade Thomas, refresh myself with a little wine—for eating, drinking, and money are not at all scarce with us—I would have been off long ago."

"But why do you think one of you must soon die?" I inquired, believing the old man was becoming fuddled under the influence of the three bottles of sweet wine.

"It is certain," said Heinrich; "the countess told me, and what she predicts is sure to happen. At Juden-

* "Stein rich" is the German phrase, which signifies "close-fisted."

burg, fourteen days ago, we had the same story. No one would believe it, for we were all enjoying our accustomed good health. As we were at that moment going along the road, the Herr Müller, the graf's secretary, one of the finest men you ever saw, fell suddenly with his horse and baggage down a steep precipice, ten times as high as the church steeple. It was an awful sight, man and horse were smashed to pieces; should you ever happen to pass through the village where, the accident occurred they will show you where he lies. It only now remains to be proved which of us is to die. It will happen—upon my soul it will," added the old man, with emphasis, seeing I looked incredulous; "and if I am not the unlucky individual, I shall immediately obtain my discharge from the Graf. These are things of unusual occurrence, and my neck is so dear to me, that I should entertain the strongest objection to have it broken in such a godless service."

I laughed at his superstitious fears. He continued to swear that the countess was possessed of a legion of bad devils.

"A year ago," said he, "she was walking along the roof of the castle of Rosenthal, with as much ease as you or I could walk on that floor. Often, without the least intimation, she falls into violent convulsions, and she can see quite plainly into the inside of any one's body. Doctor Walter, one of the most able men I ever knew, told me in confidence that she can look through the people, or walls, and doors, as if they were made of glass. It is awful; but when she is at herself, she is perfectly sensible. When, however, she is under one of these seizures, something speaks out of her, and she governs us just like dogs. Could not we have remained quietly at home, in our snug villa, instead of jogging about on mules and all manner of uncomfortable conveyances; and all, forsooth, because she would have it so—had we remained on the broad road, the Herr Müller might, at this moment, have been drinking his glass of wine with us."

Heinrich's conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the servant, bearing my scanty supper into the

apartment. He left me, promising to explain much of what he had so clearly hinted, upon the occasion of our next meeting. His place was soon filled by a little spare thin man, whom the old domestic, as he departed, accosted by the name of "Herr Doctor;" and I became instantly aware that I had a second member of this mysterious family before me. I observed, as I went on eating my supper, he was regarding me with a steadfast earnest gaze. He at length broke silence, by asking me from whence I had come. When I informed him I was a German, he became more friendly, and accosted me in the mother tongue. In reply to my inquiries, he informed me that his master was the Graf von Rosenthal, on his way to Italy.

After some further conversation, in which we discussed my plans, he said—

"What, suppose you accompany us to Italy, as your prospects do not at present seem very auspicious? You are familiar with the country, its language, and inhabitants; you know the most healthy places—you could be of the greatest use. The Graf would engage you on the spot, in place of a secretary he has just lost. Free quarters, travelling expenses paid, and six hundred Gulden a year—no bad thing, not to mention the well-known kindness and liberality of the count."

I shook my head, and remarked that having no acquaintance with the count, I did not know how we would get one.

"Oh, if that is all," replied the doctor, "you have already a strong recommendation."

"Recommended!" I exclaimed, "and by whom?"

The doctor seemed quite at a loss for an answer—

"By necessity," he replied, somewhat abruptly.

"No," I replied, "I never care for abundance, if I have only the means of life. From my childhood up, I have always been accustomed to a life of independence—I am not rich, but I will never sell my independence."

The doctor seemed somewhat puzzled; but there was a grave earnestness in my tone which admitted of no cavil. I could not divest my mind of some disagreeable forebodings in re-

gard of this extraordinary family, although I never for a moment believed the old man's representation, that the sick countess was possessed by a legion of devils, yet, notwithstanding, there seemed something odd in the overtures thus made to an entire stranger; but as all this discussion appeared to make me but the more resolute, the doctor at length finished his bottle, and departed.

Left to myself, I turned the matter over in my mind, weighed the *désagréments* of my poverty against the pleasant position in the family of a rich "Graf." I jingled the few remaining coins in my pocket—all my worldly wealth; and the result was still the same—out of Italy the peace of God, the career of a village schoolmaster, and independence. I tried to compose myself; but then I reflected how I had lost all the plans of my life, which money could never restore.

My wonder was by no means decreased, when, in about ten minutes after the doctor's departure, a servant of the Graf made his appearance, with the compliments of his master, to request I would visit him in his apartment. The adventure was so curious as to determine me to see it out. I found the Graf a tall man of commanding presence, traversing his apartment with hasty strides. There were many pleasant features in his face, which had an appearance of great dignity. He led me to a seat, and, with many apologies for the liberty he had taken, repeated in terms the offer made by the doctor. I still with modesty and firmness persisted in declining his offers. He turned to the window, where, with his hands behind his back, he remained for some moments lost in thought; at length he approached me, sunk into a chair, took one of my hands in his, and said—

"My friend, I appeal to your heart: my knowledge of character must indeed be slight if I do not think you an honest man. Be open—remain with me, stay with me, only for two years, I beseech you—you may rely upon my generosity, you shall have everything you require—and at the end of this period I will set you up with a capital of a thousand louis-d'or. You will never regret the time you have spent in my service."

He said this so kindly and pleasantly that there was something in his manner which moved me more than the promise of a capital which would leave me free to pursue whatever mode of idleness I pleased; but I still thought that, should I accept of his proposal, it might have the appearance that I would sell myself for money. This splendid offer, besides, excited my suspicions.

I replied—"For such a sum you may command services superior to any I could command." I told him openly of all my previous occupations and fortunes, and thought, in this manner, to put him off; but he resumed earnestly—

"We must not be separated. It may appear wonderful to you, but the fact is not the less true, that you are the very man of whom we have long been in search; and it was upon your account that I have, with my daughter, undertaken this long and inconvenient journey."

I looked at him with astonishment, thinking he was trying to crack jokes upon me.

"How could you look for me if you did not know me? How could you possibly tell I should be here at this time, for two days ago I did not know it myself?"

"It is not so," he said: "this afternoon, resting yourself in a wilderness, full of sadness, you leant upon a block of granite under a tree. You looked at a black torrent which went foaming past you. You then fled, and came here. Confess it openly—is it not so?"

At these words, my senses well nigh left me with terror.

"Confess," said he; "is not this so? Are you not the man we have been seeking?"

"I do not deny it," I replied; "but you overwhelm me with fear." Withdrawing my hand from his, I exclaimed—"How did you know this? Who told you?"

"My sick daughter," replied the count. "I believe it may appear wonderful, but this miserable girl entertains strange fancies in her sickness; and she has for a long time persisted in the idea, that it is only by means of you she can ever regain her health. Four weeks ago, my daughter described you in the dress in which

you now stand before me. Fourteen days ago, she said you were sent by God to deliver her. She showed me the way you would take, marking out the route with a compass upon the map. At Villach she showed us the nearest way to the place of our sojourn. With the compass in our hands, and the chart in the carriage, we travelled along, ignorant of our destination, like mariners drifting at sea. At Villach we left the main road, and it was only this afternoon we became aware of your proximity. It was also from her I became aware of what passed within you. Doctor Walter informed me, after your arrival, that you were the very person of whom we had been so long in search. I feel assured myself also; and that you are the only person who can restore to me the blessings of life, and save my child."

He was silent, as if awaiting my reply. I sat for some time, revolving the strange incident, compared to which my eventful life could afford nothing.

"As you tell me, noble count," I replied, "it is incomprehensible, and therefore I am still incredulous. I am but an artist, and know nothing of medicine. There are many things inexplicable in our lives, but none of them impossible, particularly when the reality is before us, although we cannot explain the cause."

"True," replied the count, "you are no doctor; but my daughter's foreknowledge in other matters satisfies me she is right in this, and that you are ordained to be her saviour. I was, in my earlier life, an unbeliever even in the existence of a deity, and even in my old days I cannot believe in devilries, witches' tricks, apparitions, or the devices of warlocks. You may explain to yourself, my dear friend, my pressing you, as well as my liberal offer: the former is pardonable from one who lives in perpetual apprehension of losing his only child; the latter is not too great for him who saves her. Remain, then, with us—you will witness many wonderful things. If you like occupation, besides agreeable travelling, you may choose any business you like. You are my only hope: remain near, as a member of my suite is expected to die a desperate and unexpected death. A sore hour of trial awaits us—my

daughter has prophesied it will happen—I tremble under the weight of this anticipated apprehension."

When the count had concluded, he was moved almost to tears. I felt myself in an uncomfortable position—what I had heard, excited at once my curiosity and my scruples.

"I do not accept of your liberal offer, noble Graf," I replied: "give me as much as will supply my necessities, and I will accompany you. It will be a sufficient reward if I can be of any real use; but as yet I cannot find how. I shall always, however, stipulate to preserve my independence, and shall only remain with you as long as I find your service comfortable."

The eyes of the count glanced with joy, as, pressing me in his arms, he exclaimed—

"God be praised! To-morrow you shall see my daughter, who is now in bed!—to-morrow I shall prepare her for your arrival!"

"Prepare her for my arrival!" I exclaimed. "Did you not inform me that she was acquainted with my arrival, as well as with my name?"

"I beg your pardon—I forgot to explain one circumstance to you. What in her dreamy state she hears, knows, and understands, when awake she is utterly ignorant of. She knows nothing from the time of these seizures, and would be distracted were she made aware of what she had spoken. She only described you during the period of her fit, and knows nothing of you except through our report of her own words."

I also learned from the Graf that, from her earliest childhood, his daughter had evinced a taste for walking in her sleep. In a state of somnambulism she has risen from her bed, dressed, written letters to friends, played the most difficult pieces upon the piano, with an ability which in her waking hours she could never command. These fits are nothing but a higher species of somnambulism, which, although in themselves harmless, have the effect of dreadfully impairing her constitution.

It was pretty late when I left the room of the count. There was no one in the salle except old Heinrich, who was still enjoying himself over his bottle.

"Speak a little German with me,

sir, if you please, that I may not forget the language of my native land. You have had a long interview with the Herr Graf."

"I have had an interview with him, and am going to accompany him to Italy," I replied.

"Charming!—it always does me good to have a German face near me, for the Italians are bad sparks, as I have heard. With the exception of the countess, who is certainly bewitched, you will find all our company agreeable; and as you are now one of ourselves, I may venture to speak more openly upon these subjects. The Graf would be a fine fellow if he could only laugh—whoever is about him must always have a face as solemn as the twilight. The old lady is fond of scolding if her slightest command is not instantly attended to. I think her travelling to Italy is more for the sake of the good burned waters than her health, for she is mightily fond of a glass of liqueur. The young countess would be well enough if she had not a whole army of devils in her. Doctor Walter would be the best among us if he had only the skill to banish the devils——"

At this moment, the landlord came rushing in, apparently wild with terror, calling out—

"Help! help! the house is on fire!"

"Where?" I exclaimed: "show the way."

"Up stairs—the bright flames are bursting out of a window!"

With these words he rushed out. The whole house was now roused—I attempted to rush, but Heinrich, as pale as a ghost, caught me in his arms.

"Jesus Maria!" he exclaimed, "what has again happened?"

I said, in German, that we must look for water—that the house was on fire. Every thing was in confusion—the people of the house were running about in every direction—the floor of the room was on fire, and they sought for means to force the door. Heinrich was there as soon as I, with a vessel of water. As soon as he reached the door he exclaimed—

"Holy Maria! it is the chamber of the old countess!"

"Break it open," shouted the Graf, in a voice of thunder.

The tools soon arrived, but it was difficult to break the door, on account of its surprising thickness; when at

length, however, it was forced open, all drew shuddering back. The chamber was pitch dark; but on the floor, near the window, there played a yellowish-blue fire, which soon died away. A dreadful smoke assailed our nostrils. Heinrich, bearing a crucifix, came rushing up the steps. The Graf called for a light, which having been brought, I entered the chamber, and proceeded to open the window. The Graf held the light to the bed, which was smooth, and apparently unoccupied. The smell was so dreadful, that I nearly fainted. The Graf called aloud the name of Frau von Mentloch. As the torch approached, he beheld at my feet a great black mass of ashes. I was struck with terror, as I saw an arm with the hand partially consumed, and the burned remains of a human head; in another place were three fingers with gold rings, and the foot of a lady partially consumed.

"Great God!" exclaimed the Graf, turning deadly pale, "what is this?"

He gazed shuddering at these dreadful remnants of mortality. Seeing the fingers with the rings, he uttered a loud cry as the doctor entered—

"Frau von Mentloch is burned, and yet no fire!—no smoke!—incomprehensible!"

He cast another glance to convince himself of the truth, gave the taper to an attendant, and went out, deadly pale.

I stood as if petrified by the awful tragedy I had met with. The wonderful tale I heard made such an impression upon me, that I regarded these dreadful remains without sensation. Soon the room was filled with servants of the hotel. I heard them weeping, and I thought I was surrounded by ghosts. When I recovered myself, I left the room, and returned into the "saal." At this instant a side-door opened, and a young lady, in a light night-dress, and supported by two ladies, each bearing a taper, appeared. I remained staring, as if struck by lightning, at this apparition. So stately was her form, so noble her features, that nothing I had ever seen in the masterpieces of painting and sculpture came at all near it. All the past horrors were forgotten in my intense admiration. The young beauty tottered towards the room where the frightful catastrophe had taken place.

When she saw the remnants, she stood still, and said, with a voice of command—

"Begone!"

Immediately one of the Graf's servants employed himself in executing her commands by clearing the apartment.

I returned to the "saal," where I found Heinrich sitting over his wine, still as pale as a ghost.

"Did I not tell you," he cried, "it was the turn of one of us to go? The devil willed it. To-morrow, I'll take my departure, or else my turn may come next. In Italy, they say the mountains spit fire—I'll keep away from them. The pope would soon make roast beef of me."

I related to him what I had seen.

"That," said he, "was the young countess. God protect us—is she not beautiful?"

Heinrich was now summoned by the count, and he departed, sighing piteously.

After the fatigues of the previous day, I enjoyed a sound and refreshing sleep until noon, when the events of the past rose before me like fireside visions, of the reality of which I could scarcely convince myself. Having nothing to lose, and nothing to fear, I determined to keep my engagement with the count. When I entered the "saal," it was filled by magistrates and policemen, who had been attracted either by business or curiosity. They were all firmly persuaded that the death of the lady had been caused by supernatural influences. The Graf had ordered the remains to be interred by his own people, and this caused such a sensation that it was actually in contemplation that the whole family should be taken prisoners; and they were only in doubt whether it would be better to deliver us over to the civil or the military authorities. Some were for taking us before the archbishop. I endeavoured to explain to the authorities that they were about to place themselves in an awkward position, by taking prisoner a person of so much consequence as the count, as I was convinced the death had been the result of natural causes; and I hinted further, that if it was true, as they supposed, that it had happened through the count's influence with his Satanic majesty, that influence might be enlist-

ed in a mode prejudicial to themselves. I ended by advising them to take a sum of money which the count had offered, and allow him to depart in peace. My advice was attended to. They took the money, we ordered our horses, and departed without further molestation.

On the road, we had much conversation upon the events of the former day, by which, he said, his daughter had been dreadfully affected.

"You must let my daughter have pretty much her own way, for when she is thwarted, she is so sensitive that she suffers intensely. I have already informed her of your arrival, and asked if she wished you to be introduced. 'It would be time enough,' she replied, 'when we should arrive at Venice.' Therefore do not allow yourself to be dissipated by her fancies. She is an unfortunate girl, who must be treated with forbearance. She is my only earthly joy. The cause of the death of this unhappy woman is easily explained. The death was produced by spontaneous combustion from the quantity of brandy she was in the habit of drinking."

Nothing of importance happened until our arrival at Venice. During our journey I never was introduced to the countess, who appeared displeased whenever she saw me. Shortly after our arrival, one morning I met her entering her sedan-chair, and she inquired from Doctor Walter—

"Who is that man who is always trotting after us?"

"It is the Herr" replied the doctor.

"He is a very disgusting person," responded the young lady; "send him away."

"You sent for him yourself," replied the doctor. "It was upon his account the journey was undertaken. You must look upon him as medicine which is ordered for you."

"He is the nastiest medicine I ever saw," said the young countess, shrugging her shoulders.

This conversation was not very flattering to my "*amour propre*:" and had it not been for the kindness of the Graf, I should have left the service of the ill-tempered Venus without delay. I never considered myself handsome, but I was regarded in a favourable light by the fair sex in general; and

now to be regarded in the light of nasty medicine by a beautiful girl, was too much for my feelings, and in this mode the countess arrived at Venice, her medicineriding on horseback after her.

A suite of apartments and servants were assigned to me in the magnificent palace which the count had hired, and as the count had plenty of friends among the Venetian noblemen, we had soon abundance of visitors.

We had not been in Venice more than four days, when, one evening, I was summoned to the count, by whom I was welcomed with more than his usual cordiality.

"My daughter wishes to see you," he said; "enter with me into her apartment—but softly, for she is in such a state of nervous excitement, that the slightest noise will upset her."

We came into a large and splendid apartment, hung with green silk drapery. The two chambermaids leant against the window; the doctor was on the sofa looking at his patient, while the beautiful girl stood in the middle of the room, bolt upright, with one of her beautiful arms hanging down, and the other extended. She looked like a rare piece of statuary, her attitude was so still; and only the heaving of her breast told she lived. Everything was so silent, while every eye was attracted by the godlike figure of the beautiful countess. She said, with a smile of angelic sweetness, at last—

"Emanuel, why have you staid away so long? Come near and bless me, that my sufferings may end."

Not understanding whether this conversation was meant for me, I looked very foolish; but the doctor and the count made a sign that I should approach, and, like a priest, make the sign of the cross, and lay my hands upon her, as if I was blessing her. I drew near, raised my hands over her beautiful head, but, so great was my respect, that I had not the courage to touch her. I lifted my hands again, and extended them towards her. Her movements seemed to become more joyful; my confusion increased, as the beautiful girl said—

"Oh! Emanuel, it is not yet thy wish to assist her—wish!—wish! Thou art powerful, and thy wishes can do anything."

"Doubt everything, beautiful coun-

ness," I replied, "except my wish to assist you;" for I felt that had she required me to cast myself out of the window, I would have cheerfully done it, so strong was the fascination of her beauty.

I felt as if I were in the presence of a goddess. The graceful beauty of her figure, the classic charm of her features, which seemed of more than earthly loveliness—had disembodied my spirit. I had never before felt the combined power of beauty and nobility. As I had seen her previously, her face appeared so pale and mournful, with a touching expression of meek sorrow; but now it was far different: a celestial blush suffused her features, and her eyes swam in an atmosphere of radiant light, which neither art nor nature could bestow. The expression of her face had a smile, and yet not a smile; but breathing a delight so intense, it was justly called by her attendants inspiration—but such inspiration, it never entered into the glorious dreams of the most inspired artist to imagine or conceive.

"Oh, Emanuel," at length she said, "now is thy wish earnest—now she feels that through thee her hour of succour is at hand—thy hair is wreathed in golden flames, and from thy fingers are waving streams of silver light; thou floatest in the liquid azure of heaven."

Her whole being seemed to drink in a flood of light. Notwithstanding the beauty of her language, I could not help thinking of the nasty medicine to which she had previously compared me, and the not unnatural wish arose in my mind, that I should always continue radiant in the brilliant hues in which I was now clothed by her fancy, shining all over like a silver fish.

"Do not let thy thoughts wrong the fancy of the sick girl, Emanuel, who compared thee with bitter medicine," said the countess. "Be more noble than that unfortunate lady, carried away by the intensity of her sufferings, which has brought her to the verge of madness."

The doctor cast a laughing glance at me, which I returned; but it was not of astonishment that the proud beauty had entreated my pardon, but that she had guessed my inmost thoughts.

"Do not talk to the doctor, Ema-

nuel," said the inspired countess; "it hurts her when thy thoughts are for a moment absent; remain firm in thy desire to light up her half-dissolved being with thy power. Seest thou how strong is thy will?—the cold particles soften and dissolve like the hoarfrost of winter beneath the sunshine."

As she thus spoke, her arm, which was extended, gradually drooped, animation and life returned to her figure, and she asked for a chair. The doctor fetched one covered with cushions of green silk, elaborately wrought.

"Not this," she said, "but that arm-chair covered with striped linen, which stands before the writing-table in Emanuel's room below—have that always."

Now it so happened that there was a chair exactly answering this description before my writing-table, which the countess could never have seen. As I gave the key to one of the servants, she said—

"Not that key, but the one with the dark spot on it."

I gave them both to the servant, and it appears she was right; for the first key, which I had mistaken for that of the chamber door, opened only a press.

When the chair arrived, having seated herself in it, she desired me to stand opposite, with my hands extended, pointing to her heart.

"O God!" she exclaimed, "what intense delight! Give her thy words—she prays thee not to leave her till her health is restored. If thou leavest her she must perish miserably; her life depends upon thee. Do not regard her," she said; "when in a state of earthly waking she knows thee not. I forgive the unfortunate, who knows not what she does—all vices are weakness of the vital powers which destroy the powers of the mind."

She became communicative, and, so far from being angry at my questions, seemed to listen to them with pleasure. I expressed my wonder about the extraordinary features of her case, and said I had not thought it possible that any one could predict events, or know the thoughts of others. After a silence of some moments, she said—

"She is as well as any mortal can be, whose earthly frame is about to be dissolved. She is as well as she can be, when the body is about to retire to destruction, and the earthly lamp of

eternal light is going out in darkness."

"This inspiration," I said, "does not in the least enlighten me on the subject; on the contrary, it leaves me quite in a mist."

"Mist, Emanuel! but you will learn by experience. She knows much, but cannot express it. Nature seems an endless ocean of holiness, or like a shining heaven, suffused with melted light, which drops into stars. The soul is the shell of a heavenly body, which is but the covering of the everlasting. The earthly shell of the sick person is now broken, and her soul sees and feels out of her earthly tabernacle—the earthly shell can now be made whole, Emanuel, by thee; otherwise will she perish."

She was silent; I listened as if to the voice of another world. The count and the doctor listened with equal surprise; both assured me that the countess had never before spoken in a similar manner, and had never before answered questions.

I drew her attention to her weakness, and asked if long speaking did not take away her strength.

"No," she replied, "not when thou art with me—in seven minutes her sleep will go off; but to-morrow it will return. • Then, Emanuel, I pray thee do not fail her. Come to her, with the steadfast wish to save her, five minutes before three o'clock, by the clock in thy chamber, not by thy watch, which is three minutes too fast—be punctual, that the patient should escape unnecessary suffering."

With this she ceased, and a dead silence fell over the party. Her face became paler every instant, and the appearance of life in her features faded. Sinking negligently down, she seemed as if about to fall asleep; then she groaned and wakened; and when she beheld me, she appeared astonished—she looked from one to another. The chambermaid hastened to her, also the count and Doctor Walter.

"What is your pleasure?" said she to me, in a harsh tone.

"Gracious countess, I only await your commands."

"Who are you?"

"Your servant, Emanuel, noble countess."

"I feel much obliged by your good-will; but if you would allow me,

"I prefer being alone," she replied, in a sorrowful tone; then making a bow, got up and turned her back upon me.

I quitted the apartment with a strange mixture of sensations: as different as heaven and earth was the condition of the countess asleep and awake. Gone were my gold and silver beams—gone her familiar *thou*, that sank so softly into my soul; and even the name Emanuel, by which she had called me, was known no more.

I returned to my solitary chamber, shaking my head like one who had listened to fairy tales so long, that the reality seemed charmed. There was no arm-chair before my writing-table; I supplied its place, and wrote off the wonderful scene which had just occurred, for I feared that at some future time I should not believe it. I willingly forgave all her former harshness, for the sake of her exceeding beauty.

The following day I had a second visit from the Graf, who related to me in joyful accents that his daughter had passed a delicious night, and that she felt herself much better.

"At breakfast," continued he, "I related to her all that had passed, but she would not believe me, persisting it must be the ravings of insanity. She began to weep; I quitted her. I said that without doubt we might anticipate her complete restoration to health. I could not, however, prevail upon her to see you awake; but she assured me your appearance was so distasteful, she could not endure you. We could not force her assent—what is to be done?"

The count and I became more intimate every day, and his friendship seemed to increase in proportion with the hatred of his daughter.

Doctor Walter, with the rest of the servants, soon began to observe the extraordinary influence I had with the count, and overwhelmed me with polite attentions, which I would willingly have exchanged for the smiles of the beautiful countess, who still continued hostile. Her dislike seemed gradually to increase, and at last I hardly dared to enter her presence. I will not, however, anticipate my story. At three o'clock exactly I entered the chamber of the countess, when I found matters pretty much the same as be-

fore; all her peculiar beauty had returned: and when she became aware of my presence, she threw a haughty glance at me, and said—

"Who gave you permission to enter my chamber unannounced?"

A low convulsive sob choked her voice, and she fell into the arms of her attendants. They immediately brought the arm-chair which she had asked for the day before. She had scarcely seated herself in it when she began to beat herself in a frightful manner. It was with difficulty I could endure the sad spectacle. I assumed the attitude I did on the former day, extending my arms towards her. Her convulsions continued; but at length, with a soft sigh, she seemed relieved, and the impression of sadness gradually disappearing from her countenance, the glow of inspiration began to return. At length she said, in a tone of angelic softness—

"Oh, dear friend, what would become of her but for you? She seems floating in an atmosphere of light, in which her being seems to mingle with thine."

She continued to have her eyes close shut, but was able to tell all that was passing behind her; she even told the number and description of persons who were passing in a gondola near. She began to converse, at length, of her illness—of her night wanderings, and of a long fainting fit, in which many of her family believed her dead, and which had lasted for nearly ten hours. She described how her father, leaving her in despair, had retired to his chamber, and, throwing himself upon his knees, prayed—a circumstance which could have been known to no one but himself, for the room was dark, and he had locked the door. In these conversations she still continued to speak of herself in the third person, as if of a stranger. At one time she said,

"She is a countess, and the daughter of the Count von Rosenthal; but I am not."

Her whole appearance in these trances was of the most lofty and beautiful kind. Presently she sank into a fit of deep reflection. Upon the occasion of this interview, her fit of inspiration ended almost as it did before. Thus matters went on for many months. Although very anxious, I can scarcely describe what passed. The health of the countess appeared gradually to im-

prove. In consequence of her frequent trances, I became almost a slave. I could scarcely leave the house for a moment. Every day seemed to clothe her with a fresh charm. Had I never seen her but for an hour, its memory would endure for a lifetime. Oh, the rapture of first love! Yes; I deny it not—love it was, but I may truly say, not an earthly one: my whole being was bound up in this inspired priestess. I felt so unworthy to be regarded by her slightest look, could she only have tolerated me as the meanest of her servants, without antipathy, I would have thought it the highest celestial happiness. But, alas! in proportion as my society seemed to charm her when asleep, rose her antipathy to me when awake. This antipathy gradually increased to hatred—always showed itself in some manner of which I was peculiarly sensitive; with passionate tears she would entreat her father to send me out of the house. She despised me as a common vagabond, who was unworthy to breathe the very air with her, still less to be so much in the confidence of the Graf von Rosenthal.

Incredible as it may appear, when she was in these trances she seemed to follow all the movements of my hands, and to anticipate my very thoughts. At length, it seemed scarcely necessary that I should extend my hands towards her; my wishes were sufficient to bring relief. She would drink neither wine nor water which I had not touched with my fingers, out of which issued, as she said, "streams of light."

One day the count proposed to me that I should make an experiment of the affection of his daughter, by asking her, when in a trance, that she should give me a beautiful full-blown rose when she was awake. The experiment was tried, notwithstanding my objections; and I one day interrupted a friendly conversation, by making the request, previously to which, however, I ought to mention, that I had gone over to some roses which were growing in the balcony, and in selecting one of them, a thorn pierced my finger—the countess actually uttered a violent exclamation, as if in severe pain.

"Take care," said she, "Emanuel; whatever hurts you pains me also."

Thinking this the most suitable moment to make my request,—

"Why do you not tell her," said the countess, "that you wish her to give you a full-blown rose to-morrow?"

I was astonished—she had divined my wishes; and I attempted to make some excuse.

"Oh, nonsense," said she, laughing; "I knew my father put it into your head."

"But it is also my dearest wish," I replied. "Will you, when you waken at twelve o'clock, remember it?"

"Can she do anything else?" she replied, laughing.

When this conversation ceased the count departed, and summoned the attendants and the doctor.

It might have been a little after ten o'clock that Hortense awoke, and showed to the physician the hurt on her finger. She thought she had injured it with a needle, and wondered there was no outward sore. At eleven she showed symptoms of uneasiness—walked up and down the chamber, and began to abuse me to her women, and overpowered her father with reproaches for not having dismissed me before. She then began to talk about other matters. Her restlessness increased; she was asked if she was unwell. They tried in vain to find out the cause of her uneasiness. She hid her face in the pillows, and begged of them all to leave the room. A quarter before twelve, her bell was heard. She informed her maid, when she entered the apartment, that I must be present when the clock struck twelve. Although I had looked forward to this invitation, I felt quite upset by it. With a palpitating heart, I entered the room; the countess was sitting carelessly upon the sofa—her beautiful head, shaded by its dark locks, supported by her delicate hand. In a manner half sorrowful, half angry, she rose as I entered; and I then requested the honour of her commands.

She did not immediately answer, but seemed to hesitate, as if at a loss for words. At last she said—

"Mr. Emanuel, it seems as if I ought to make you a present, in order to induce you to retire from our service."

"Countess," I said, as I felt my pride rising, "I did not force myself into the count's employment; you are aware of the reasons which have induced me to remain in the company of my lord. I would willingly obey your

commands just uttered, but for the hope of being useful."

She turned her back upon me, and began to play with a pair of scissors near the rose-trees. Suddenly she cut off a new-blown rose, which she offered me, saying—"Take the best I have to offer you—take it as a reward for having hitherto kept out of my way, and let me see you no more. Then she threw herself on the sofa, and, with averted face, made a sign that I should withdraw.

I regained my apartment, and pressed to my lips the rose, which I considered worth all the crowns and jewels on earth.

The dislike of the countess from this period, strange to say, seemed to increase. Her father, convinced of my honesty, as well as my ability to be useful, was proof against all his daughter's suspicious and fears. My position became very irksome; for I perceived that every one else, even to the servants, treated me with aversion and contempt. This at length increased to such an extent, that I perceived that it had gradually the effect of alienating from me the count's esteem; and I should have been unable to remain, had it not been for the kindness of the countess, who, in her trances, would entreat me not to mind such temporary estrangements.

One evening the count called me into his cabinet. He asked me to give him the books I had managed, as well as an order for two thousand louis-d'ors recently come, which he said he wished to put into the bank of Venice, as he intended remaining for another year. I took the opportunity to entreat of him to give these matters of service to the management of some one else, as I intended, as soon as the health of the countess should be a little restored, to leave his house and service. Although I said this with some emotion, the count did not appear to pay much attention, but merely replied, that he would be able, doubtless, to get some one to attend to his affairs. This was enough; I perceived that he wished to get rid of me. I went back to my room, and collected all the papers, both those he had asked me for, and the others; but I could not lay my hands upon the order he required; I searched for it, but in vain.

The next morning the count reminded me.

"You have forgotten," said he, "the steward's accounts I asked you for yesterday, with the money order."

The only excuse I could devise was, that I had temporarily mislaid some papers, among which I supposed was the one in question, but that I would surely have it by the following morning. My search, however, was utterly in vain; and at length I came to the conclusion that the cheques were either lost or stolen, or that I had unknowingly destroyed them myself. No one, except my servant, who could neither read nor write, had the key of my room. My apprehensions were terrific.

On repairing next morning to the countess, in order to be present at her state of somnambulism, the count received me with a stern and grave aspect. The thought that he believed me dishonest was maddening. Full of these thoughts, I approached the sleeping countess; and the idea immediately occurred to me, that she, by means of her extraordinary gift of second sight, might inform me what had become of the papers. While I was deliberating how I should approach the subject, the countess complained of an extraordinary cold blast, which was blowing from me to her, and which, she said, if it were not changed, would cause her pain.

"Thou art disturbed by some secret sorrow, Emanuel," said the countess; "thy thoughts and thy wishes are not with her."

"Dearest countess," I replied, "it is no wonder. Perhaps you, with your wonderful powers of penetrating into mystery, can give me back my peace. I have lost four cheques belonging to your father."

The count frowned. Dr. Walter exclaimed—

"I beg you will not trouble the countess with such matters in her present state."

I was silent. Hortense appeared to reflect for a few moments.

"Do not be uneasy, Emanuel," "you have not lost them; they have been taken from you. Here, take this key; you will find them in yonder jewel-case."

I hurried to the press with a little gold key she gave me. One of the

chamber-maids, Leonora, sprang before me, and would not let me open it.

"My lord count," she said, "you surely will not allow any man to rummage the things of my lady?"

But ere she could finish, I had pushed her to one side, opened the jewel-case, and there beheld the cheques of which we were in search. With a glowing countenance I handed them to the count, saying, that I should shortly have the pleasure of waiting upon him with the rest; and with a light heart approached Hortense.

"How you are changed," said she, "Emanuel; you look like a sun floating in a sea of golden light."

The count, much affected by this scene, desired me to ask the countess how she came by them. I obeyed. Leonora, the waiting-maid, fell fainting upon the floor. Dr. Walter hurried up to her, and was just dragging her out of the apartment, when the countess began to speak. The count ordered silence, and that no one should quit the apartment.

"Out of hatred, my dear Emanuel, the sick person had the cheques taken from you," she said; "but things did not happen as she wished; for old Heinrich was standing in one corner of the corridor, when Dr. Walter went in with the second key, and took the cheques, which were put with letters from Hungary, and, on carrying them out, he gave them to Leonora. Heinrich would have blown upon us all, as soon as it was known that the papers were missing. Dr. Walter, who saw the cheques with you, offered to have them stolen; Leonora said she would assist; the sick person encouraged them both, and could scarcely restrain her impatience until they were brought."

Dr. Walter, as she said these words, remained leaning against Leonora's chair, and, turning to the count, said with a ghastly smile—

"No one can now contend that the countess is not to be believed in her moments of inspiration."

The count did not reply, but, ringing the bell, ordered old Heinrich to be sent for, and asked him, if he had ever seen Dr. Walter in my room during my absence.

"I saw him on last Tuesday evening in the room of Mr. Emanuel,"

said the old man; "but Leonora can tell better than I, for she was standing in the passage. He handed her some papers, and I saw them both smile, and talk in a whisper, as they went away."

They were then put out of the apartment, and Hortense soon became more agreeable than usual. The result of this remarkable morning was, that the doctor, Leonora, and another servant, received their dismissal, and the count covered me with the most ample apologies, and entreated I should never leave him.

"I know the sacrifices you have made for us, but you may depend upon my gratitude."

The evident pain of the count touched me, and I agreed to remain. In the meantime, the way in which I had been treated by the countess greatly weakened me in my belief in the goodness of her heart. As the health of the countess began gradually to improve, her dislike to me seemed to diminish. I was occasionally permitted to visit her in her lucid intervals. At length I was permitted to take my place at the table when there was a dinner party, and a cover was even laid for me when they were alone. The countess did not speak much; but what she did say was with a mingled hauteur and modesty which was enchanting. My situation became more agreeable; but I kept out of her presence, when in a state of wakefulness, as much as possible; and even if she regarded me with carelessness, she must, nevertheless, have been aware how much I despised her in my heart—so quiet, without its being perceived by Hortense, the bond of union between us had gradually been changed; but my time was spent in longing for the period when my services should no longer be required.

Among those who were on terms of intimacy with the count at Venice, was a rich young nobleman, who inherited the title of prince, from one of the most distinguished Italian families. I will call him Carl. He was of lofty stature, of agreeable countenance, and full of spirit and urbanity. The flexibility of his features, and the ardent glance of his eye, betrayed a mind which would be easily excited. He had an immense establishment, and was as proud as he was vain. His

friendship with the count, the result of accident, had detained him in Venice longer than he intended. He had seen Hortense, and mingled in the crowd of her admirers. His station in life, his riches, his numerous suite, had flattered the vanity of Hortense. Without distinguishing him from others by her favours she willingly saw him near her. A single smile or kind look was enough to raise in him the boldest hopes. The old count, not less flattered, met the attentions of the prince more than half way, and soon received him as a friend of the family. I never for an instant doubted that the count had arranged it in his own mind that the prince should be his son-in-law. Nothing but the illness of Hortense appeared to retard matters. The prince had heard of the extraordinary state of the countess's health, and was devoured by curiosity to see her in one of her trances, and the count who knew that she appeared to great advantage, gave him permission, which he had never before accorded to any one. Accordingly, one afternoon, about the time Hortense had predicted she would fall into a trance, the prince made his appearance. Fear and delight were pictured in the face of the prince as he beheld her radiant in superhuman beauty. The countess began to speak, and as usual to entertain herself with me, in a language however flattering to me, by no means so agreeable to the prince. I made a sign to the prince to give me his hand; as soon as he had done so the countess, with a violent shudder, exclaimed, "Take away that goat; he is going to stick me!" She fell into strong convulsions, and the prince was obliged to leave the room. As soon as he had departed she repeated, with emphasis, "Never let that unclean person enter into my presence again." This interview brought with it unpleasant consequences to me. The prince, regarding me as his rival, was filled with the most deadly hatred, and the count, easily influenced by any one much in his society, I soon saw he began to participate in the feelings of the prince. It was only a suspicion that the countess had a regard for me, but even this was very mortifying to his vanity. The count was much with the prince, and I was soon separated altogether from her society, except

during the period of her trances. It was at length arranged between them that the project of marriage should be mentioned to her as soon as it was consistent with her state of health. I soon perceived that I was in the way. My old habits resumed their sway, and the only agreeable reflexion I had was in the steady friendship of Hortense. All her former hatred, even in her waking hours, was turned into respect and friendship. She treated me like a physician, asked my advice upon all occasions, and obeyed my orders with the utmost punctuality. It sometimes seemed to me as if the power of my will had become a part of her nature.

The pride and vanity of the countess, in proportion as her health improved, began to disappear like evil spirits; her gentleness was more touching than even her beauty; and how was it possible that I, the daily witness of her many perfections, should remain insensible to her charms. I almost wished that she should treat me with the contumely which she had formerly done, that I might be able to tear myself away; for I felt that the parting which must sooner or later come, would take me to my grave. What made me worse was a dream which often occurred to me, and in which the same images were always presented. Sometimes I sat in a strange room—sometimes on the shore of the sea—sometimes on the stem of an oak in a vast wilderness—then the countess would appear, radiant with beauty, and say, "Why so sorrowful, my dear Emanuel?" At this period I would generally waken, for the thrilling tone in which she spoke those words would vibrate to my soul. In the crowded marts of the city I heard it—it rose above the songs of the gondoliers—whenever I went that gentle and touching sound was ever in my ear. Once, during the night, when I had this dream, I awakened as soon as the mouth of Hortense had opened to give utterance to the accustomed question, and then I believed that I heard the voice in reality. A dream is generally a dream; but in this tissue of wonders seemed woven into my fate everything extraordinary. One day when I was in the room with the count, looking over some papers, he was summoned to receive the visit of a Venetian nobleman. Thinking he would soon return I sat

down in his chair at the window, feeling very mournful. In the meantime steps approached, and the countess, who was looking for her father, entered the room. I felt a sudden tremor, and rose respectfully.

"Why so sorrowful, dear Emanuel?" said the countess, in the same sweet and gentle tone whose sound had so often mingled in my dreams. She smiled, as if surprised at her question, rubbed her forehead as if considering. "What is that? I thought I had heard that before; it seems to me as if I had seen you in the same position before, and had asked you the same question."

"Nothing can be so strange," I replied; "I have over and over again dreamed that you had used the same words you have done at this moment."

The count entered the apartment, and our interview terminated. A few days after this I dreamed that I was present at a banquet; it was a great festival; but the music made me mournful, and I remained a solitary spectator of the revelry. I thought that from the throng of dancers Hortense came smiling forth, looked at me with a glance of tenderness, and said, "Why so sorrowful? I cannot be happy unless you are so;" and with these words she disappeared among the dancers.

The next day I was invited to a party where there were to be fireworks and dancing, and upon the way thither I was informed by the count that Hortense was to be present. The prince opened the ball with the countess. As I looked on the noble pair, I felt as if there was a dagger in my heart. In order to banish the sight, I chose a partner, and mixed in the floating throng; but I soon felt too miserable to dance, and I was glad to make my escape. At this moment the dream of the previous night at once occurred to me. The dance had just terminated, and lo! the countess came up to me, pressed my hand swiftly, and secretly gave me one glance of ineffable tenderness, saying—"Why so sorrowful, my dear Emanuel? be joyful, or I cannot be so," disappeared among the crowd. The glance which she gave me seemed at the same moment to deprive me of speech and breath; before I could recover, she had rejoined the dancers, and was swimming gracefully along, but I saw, or thought I saw, that her eyes al-

ways sought mine. I left the place where I was standing, as I could not endure this. The dance had concluded, and a new one was about commencing as I approached the seat of the ladies: a beautiful form rose as I drew near; it was the countess: her arm soon lay in mine, and we fell into the ranks of the dancers. I felt astonished at myself, for I never could have had the daring to ask her for so great an honour; but it seemed as if, in the confusion of the moment, I had done so without being aware of it. She scarcely seemed to regard me as she swept through the crowd with her beautiful form and lustrous eye. In a moment the music struck up. I felt as if I belonged to another and a higher world, and was floating along on the voluptuous swell of the music. I did not know what happened, nor that the eyes of the whole company were upon us; but I cared little for that, and at the third round of the dance led the countess to a seat. I stammered forth my thanks, and her low bow to me was such as she would have bestowed upon the most distant acquaintance.

The count, as well as the prince, had seen me dancing with the countess, and had heard the general whispers of admiration. The count was displeased at my audacity, and scolded the countess the next day for having so far forgotten her rank. Neither the count nor the prince doubted that I had inspired the countess with some extraordinary liking for me, but notwithstanding their attempts at concealment, I could plainly perceive that I was the object of their intense aversion. I was seldom permitted to enter the company of the countess; but both of them were carried away by their apprehensions. The countess never concealed from either of them that she had feelings of kindness towards me. She said it was quite the same to her whether I was in Venice or Constantinople. "It is in your power," said she, "to send him away as soon as I am well."

The count and the prince waited with anxiety the period of my departure, which would rid them of my presence and interruption. I also looked forward to this moment with some anxiety. I felt that absence from Hortense was the only way in which I could heal my wound. I felt unutterably wretched. One day the countess

predicted that the end of her illness was near, and that her convalescence was at hand.

"In the hot steam-baths of Battaglia," said she, "she will lose her power of inspiration. A bath every morning; and after the tenth bath you will depart: she will then see you no more, unless you wish it; but let her have a remembrance of you. Without this she cannot get well. You carry in your breast a dried rose, cased in gold. As long as she wears this on her heart, rolled up in silk, her illness can never return. Neither earlier nor later than the seventh hour after the thirteenth bath, give her this rose; wear it until then. Thenceforth she will be convalescent."

"Do you really carry anything of the kind?" said the count, in high delight at the prospect of his daughter's approaching recovery.

I replied in the affirmative; and he then asked if I attached any value to this possession.

I replied that I did, and that I would sooner forfeit my life; but that I would give it up to ensure his daughter's recovery.

"Some pledge of love, I suppose?" said the count, smiling.

"It is the gift of one who is all in all to me," said I.

The count, touched by my generosity, embraced me, adding—

"I am eternally your debtor!"

The first thing he did, when Hortense awoke, was to mention the incident.

"It is," he added, "the gift of one he loves."

He said this with the greater pleasure, because he thought that if the countess had really any liking for me, she would the more readily surrender it when she heard that I had been sighing in the chains of another beauty. Hortense received this intelligence with such carelessness, that the count's suspicions at once vanished. He immediately informed the prince of what had happened, and the result was a total alteration of their coldness of manner. I was treated by them like a benefactor. Speedy preparations were made for our departure to the baths of Battaglia; the prince had gone before to make preparations for his bride, and, early on a beautiful summer's morning we left Venice, through the

lovely plains of Padua. We approached the Euganean mountains, at the foot of which lies the little city with its wells. During the journey, the countess liked to make little excursions on foot, and I was her constant companion, her kindness was extreme.

"I could be very happy," said she, "if I were allowed to spend my life in some quiet retreat in Italy, occupied with the simple concerns of domestic life. The amusements of cities leave a void in the spirit, and depress more than they please. How happy I would be if I could live quietly apart from courts and cities; if I had will enough to make my happiness consist in doing good to those around me; but one cannot have all one wishes!"

More than once, and in the presence of her father, she spoke of the great obligation they owed me as the saviour of her life.

"Could I only know," said she, "how to compensate you. I have been ransacking my brain to find out something agreeable to give you. You must be already aware that my father will place you in a position to be independent of all mankind: that is the smallest thing; but I must have another satisfaction for myself."

At another time she would turn the discourse upon my resolution to leave them immediately after her convalescence.

"We shall all be sorry to lose you," she would say, with tenderness. "We will mourn your loss like that of some dear friend, and benefactor. Could we not by our entreaties induce you to change your resolution and delay your departure? But your heart calls you elsewhere," she said, with a smile, as if she had penetrated the secret of my heart. "If you are only happy, we shall have nothing further to wish you, and I doubt it not, love will make you happy. Still, do not quite forget us, and remember from time to time to let us have intelligence of your welfare."

My replies were full of distant and cold politeness, for respect forbade my heart to betray this confidence. But still, she would bestow upon me glances which would overpower my feelings, and I would say more than I had intended. It occasionally happened that when I spoke in a more flattered and obliged tone, Hortense would look upon

me with a clear glance of wondering innocence, as if she did not understand me. I persuaded myself that Hortense wished only to appear kind and thankful to me without according me any preference over that she bestowed upon ordinary mortals, and that it was only out of pure good nature, and to give me pleasure that she had asked me to dance with her at the ball. Ah, how my passion had already carried me beyond the bounds of hope, far beyond the bounds of hope; for had Hortense really felt towards me anything more than good-will, what use would it have been? I would only have become more unhappy in her unhappiness. Whilst this flame was consuming me in secret, in her heart there was a serene heaven full of rest; whilst I was yearning to fall at her feet, and to confess all I felt for her, she wandered near me without the least suspicion of my situation, and sought to dispel my earnest sorrow by her innocent mirth.

Rooms were prepared for us through the prince, in the castle of the Marchioness of Este. This castle, on a hill near the little city, combined the greatest conveniences with, at the same time, the most beautiful views, and shady promenades in the distance. But in order to make use of the steam-baths it was necessary to go into the city, near which a house had been prepared for the reception of the countess, where she spent the mornings on which she wished to bathe. After the first three baths she received, her inspirations became less frequent and more obscure. She spoke seldom, seldom answered a question, and appeared to enjoy natural and refreshing sleep. She said in her sleep that after the tenth bath she should no longer be permitted to enter this house. After the tenth bath, she fell into her usual trance, in which she said—

“Emanuel, I see thee no more!”

These were the last words she uttered in a state of inspiration. The day of the thirteenth bath arrived, and up to this period every incident which she had predicted when in a state of inspiration regularly took place. Her last commands now only remained to be fulfilled. The prince and the count came to me early in the morning, to remind me how soon I should be expected to deliver up my amulet. They did not leave me alone for a

single moment. They made me show them the amulet, as if they feared that, when the time was drawing so near, some accident might happen to it, or it might be lost through carelessness. As soon as the news arrived that the countess was in the steam-bath, every moment was counted. We were at length summoned to accompany her to the castle, when we found her extremely agreeable, and prepared to receive from me a present which she was to wear all her life. She began to joke with me about my infidelity in giving to her the present of one I had loved. It struck ten o'clock; the seventh hour had arrived. We were all—the count, the prince, the countess, and her attendants—present in a spacious and well-lighted apartment.

“Now wait no longer,” said the count: “the moment has arrived which is to be the last of Hortense’s sufferings, and the first of my happiness.”

I threw the precious medallion from my neck, opened the golden chain, pressed a kiss upon the glass, and, not without emotion, handed it to the countess. She received it, and as her glance fell upon the dried rose, suddenly a bright glow shone on her countenance. She stammered a few words of thanks, and then suddenly disappeared with the chambermaids. The count and the prince were full of thanks. They had prepared a little feast at the castle, to which noble families from Este and Porigo were invited. In the meantime we waited in vain for the re-appearance of the countess. We soon heard, however, that upon putting on the amulet she had fallen into a deep and refreshing slumber: two, three, four hours passed, but she came not. The count, much disquieted, made his way to the bedside, but her sleep was so sweet and deep, he would not disturb her. She was still asleep, when, at midnight, the party broke up; but the next morning it continued. The count feared death, and my disquietude was no less. Doctors were summoned, but they pronounced her in perfect health, and advised she should be allowed to sleep on. Noon and evening came, and still the countess slept. If it had not been for the assurances of the doctor, that she was in good health, we would have been greatly alarmed. The next morning we were all in the great-

est delight to receive the intimation that the countess was awake. Every one hurried in, and wished her joy, and all were happy except I, who stood sorrowful in my room.

Why should I not tell it? Amid the universal joy, I stood alone sorrowful—ah, more than sorrowful—in my room. The obligation by which I was bound to the Count Rosenthal was over—it was fulfilled. I could depart whenever I would; they wanted nothing from me except the last word. But now to inhale the air she breathed appeared to me the most enviable of all lots—to receive but a single glance, the dearest nourishment of my life; away from her, and it seemed to me as a condemnation to death. And when I thought of her approaching marriage with the prince, and the weak nature of the count her father, then my manly pride and independence struggled within me; and I determined to depart. I swore I would fly. I saw the eternity of my unhappiness; and rather than remain contemptible to myself, I determined to bid adieu to joy and pleasure for life. I found Hortense in the castle garden. A shudder ran through my frame as I drew near to offer my congratulations. She stood, apparently lost in thought, apart from her attendants, and near a flower-bed. She seemed more beautiful than I had ever seen her before, and looked as if possessed with a new life.

"How you have startled me!" she said, a slight blush suffusing her features.

"I also wish you joy, my dearest countess," said I. I could speak no more; my senses were confused; I could not bear her look, which seemed to penetrate my heart. Stammering forth an excuse for having disturbed her, I stopped short.

"You speak of joy," said she; "but are you joyful?"

"Most heartily," I replied, "that you are raised from your long illness. In a few days I must depart, and belong to another country; I now belong to none. My promise is ended."

"Is this your intention, dear Emanuel?" said the countess. "You say you belong to no one; do not you belong to us?"

I laid my hand upon my heart, and glanced to the earth, for my heart was too full to speak.

"You will remain with us—will you not?" she said.

"I may not."

"But if I entreat it?"

"Good God, gracious lady, do not command me; I cannot endure it; I must depart."

"You are not happy with us; but, nevertheless, you have neither duty nor profession to take you away."

"Duty to myself," I replied.

"Go, then—I have been strangely deceived in you; I thought we would have been of more value in your eyes."

"If you but knew, noble countess, what sorrow your words are causing me, you would pity me, and let me depart in peace."

"Then I must be silent. Go; but you do me a great injury."

Speaking these words, she turned away. I dared to go after her, and begged of her not to be angry. She began to weep. With folded hands I implored her not to be angry with me.

"Command me," said I, "and I will obey. Command that I should remain, my soul's rest—my happiness—my life I will offer up at your command."

"Go, then—I force nothing from you; you are unwilling to stay with us."

"Oh, countess, bring me not to desperation."

"When will you depart?"

"To-morrow—to-day."

"No, no," said she, gently, as she came nearer to me. "I set no value on my health. Remain yet only a few days at least."

She murmured this with such an entreating air, and looked upon me at the same time with her moist eyes so sorrowfully, that I was no longer master of my destiny.

"I remain."

"But willingly?"

"With rapture."

"Good. Now leave me for an instant. You have sorely troubled me. But do not leave the garden: I only seek to recover myself."

With these words she went away, and vanished amid the blooming orange flowers. I remained for a long time in the same place, as if in a dream. Such words I had never before heard from the countess. It was not merely the language of politeness. Everything within me was disturbed with

the idea that I had some value in her eyes. The request to remain longer—the tears—the indescribable something that cannot be described—her movements—her voice; the wonderful language, in every thing a language without words, which spoke more eloquently than words could express. I understood nothing, and I understood all. I doubted, and I was convinced. After about a quarter of an hour spent in wandering up and down the garden walks, with the attendants who remained, the countess came with a lively and friendly air towards me. In her gentle figure waving with white drapery, she appeared like a lovely vision of Raphael's gorgeous dreams. In her hand she carried a bouquet of carnations, roses, and violet-coloured anilla flowers.

"I have plucked a few flowers for you, dear Emanuel," she said; "do not despise them. I give them to you in quite another spirit from that with which, in my sickness, I once presented you with a rose. I should not remind you, my dear doctor, how I must have teased and distressed you with my childish humours; but I remember that on purpose, in order to cement my friendship with you more closely. Oh, and how much have I to repay you! Give me now an arm, and the Lady Cecilia will give another:" so she called one of her companions.

As we went along, chatting and laughing, her father the count, and the prince arrived. Never was Hortense more amiable than on this, the first day of her convalescence. With tender respect she conversed with her father; with friendly intercourse to her attendants; with polite kindness to the prince; but to me with the liveliest expressions of gratitude. She thanked me not only in words, but in her manner, when she spoke. When she turned to me, there was in her words and in her tone an inexpressible kindness, good-nature, and care for my contentment. This tone was never altered in the presence of her father nor of the prince. She carried it on with an assurance that it could not and should not be otherwise; and so many charming days flew lightly on wings of joy. The conduct of Hortense never altered towards me in the least. I myself swaying between the cold dictates of prudence and honour,

and the fire of passion, found always in her society a peace and an independence which, since these wonderful events happened, I had never known. Her kindness and truth made me feel towards her like a brother. She never concealed a heart full of the purest friendship towards me; and as little did I conceal my sensations, if I did not openly express them. And still, oh! who could withstand such a love?—it must be betrayed.

The bath guests of Battaglia were accustomed on fine evenings to assemble in a large coffee-house, where, sitting in the open air, they might enjoy each other's society. They sat there in chairs, in a half-circle, in the open street. One might hear on all sides the music of mandolins and guitars mingled with Italian songs. There was also music in the coffee-house; windows and doors were lighted. The countess came one evening, when the prince was accustomed to leave us earlier than usual, in order to ask me to accompany her to the assembly of bath guests. I was seated in my chamber, dreaming over my strange destiny; the door stood half-open. Hortense and Cecilia saw me as they passed; both observed me for a long time; then they entered gently, but I saw them not until they stood right before me, and declared that I must accompany them into the city. They remained joking and enjoying my confusion. Hortense recognized the bouquet; she took it from the table where I had left it, and placed it, all withered as it was, in her bosom. We then went to Battaglia, and mingled with the company.

It so happened, that Cecilia, in conversation with one of her acquaintances, went away from us. Neither the countess nor I were much displeased. With her upon my arm, we wandered through the gay crowd, until she was wearied. We sat upon a bank under a spreading lime-tree; the moonlight fell through the branches upon the beautiful countenance of Hortense, and upon the withered bouquet in her bosom.

She gazed long on me with a curious, earnest look.

"I know not how it is, dear countess," I exclaimed, in a voice tremulous with agitation, "the charm which had power over us is not lost—its direction

only is altered. Once, when you were in a state of inspiration, I worked upon your mind; you now work upon mine. I live only in thoughts of you; I can do nothing—I am nothing without you. Be not angry at my confession: folly, indeed, before the world, but not in the sight of heaven. I only do your bidding. Can I hide myself from you? Is it a crime that my whole soul is filled with your image, dear countess? If so, it is not my crime."

She turned away her face, and raised her hand in order to make a sign that I should be silent. I had at the same moment lifted mine to conceal my eyes, which were full of tears. The raised hands sunk in one another. We were silent; my thoughts boiled over, under my overpowering sensations. I had betrayed my passion, and Hortense was gracious.

Cecilia disturbed us; we went silently back to the castle. When we departed, the countess said, gently and softly—

"I have been made well by means of you, only to become more sick."

The next day, when we met again, a kind of sacred fear seemed between us. I scarcely dared to speak to her, or she to answer me. Our looks often met, both full of earnestness: she appeared as if trying to look through me; I endeavoured to read in her eyes if my boldness of the day before still made her angry. Many days passed in this manner before we had an opportunity of being alone; we had a secret between us, and seemed afraid of suffering the least sign of it to appear. The whole manner of Hortense seemed more solemn, as if she did not belong to the present world. In the meantime I thought that her altered demeanour was caused by that hour under the elm-tree, which had so strange an effect upon us both. Prince Karl had, as I afterwards discovered, formally demanded the hand of the countess in marriage, but this had given rise to an unpleasant scene between the prince and the count. In order, therefore, not to offend either of them, Hortense requested time to consider, but seemed so uncertain, that the prince began to despair of ever seeing his wish fulfilled.

"Not that I dislike the prince," she would say, "but I mean to enjoy my

freedom for some time; but if this offer is too soon repeated, I will certainly refuse him, even if I loved him."

The count knew from experience the determined nature of his daughter, but hoped a satisfactory result, as she had not yet declined the attentions of the prince. The prince seemed in low spirits about it: he saw himself condemned to be a lover, without any certain hopes; but he had vanity enough to believe that, through trusting and long waiting, he would succeed in gaining her affections. Her confidence in me began to make him rather uncomfortable, but he seemed to think it the less dangerous on account of her open nature. He had accustomed himself to look upon me as the friend of the family, as well as the adviser of the father and the daughter, and on this account he feared me the less as a rival. He at length went so far as to look upon me as a confidant, and told me the history of his love for the countess, and implored me to find out if Hortense had really any affection for him. I was obliged to promise. He asked me every day if I had discovered anything, and I was obliged always to excuse myself by saying that I found it difficult to get at the countess alone. In order, I suppose, to procure me an opportunity, he got up a party to Arqua, three miles from Battaglia, which was often visited by strangers, to see the monument of Petrarch. Hortense seemed to have the highest opinion of this sweet lyrist, and to value him more than all the other Italian poets. She had long pictured to herself what pleasure this journey would afford her; but when the moment of departure arrived, Karl remained behind upon some trifling excuse, which he also contrived should detain the coach: he promised, however, to follow us without fail. Afterwards, Beatrice and Cecilia, the companions of the countess, went with her in the carriage, and I followed on horseback. I conducted the ladies to the churchyard of the village, where a simple slab of marble covers the ashes of the poet, and translated the Latin epitaph for them. Hortense stood over the stone in deep earnestness; she sighed.

"But all things do not die," said she,

and I thought I felt a gentle pressure of my arm.

"If all things died," I replied, "human life would be cruelty, and love would be the greatest curse of life."

We went sorrowfully out of the churchyard: a friendly old man conducted us to the little hill covered with vines, on which stood the dwelling of Petrarch, near a garden commanding a pleasant view of the valley in the distance. The tools with which the poet worked were still to be seen in perfect preservation; the chairs and table at which he wrote and rested, and even the kitchen utensils were all carefully preserved. Such remains as these have always a strong influence over my mind, connecting, as it were, the distance between the past and the present: it seemed to me as if the old poet was only just gone out, and would come in through the open door of his room to greet us. Hortense found a small edition of the sonnets lying upon the parlour table. She sat down as if tired, and resting her beautiful head upon her hand, began to read. The attendants went out to procure refreshments, and I remained in silence at the window. My fate was the love and hopelessness of Petrarch; but there in my presence, in her loveliness, sat another Laura, not divine through the power of poetry, but divine in her own living, breathing charms. I saw the countess was weeping, and becoming alarmed, I approached her fearfully, but did not dare to speak. "Poor Petrarch," said she, rising. "But all things pass away. His grief has ceased hundreds of years ago; but they say in latter years he conquered his passion. Is it good, therefore, to be thus a conqueror—does not it destroy one's happiness?"

"But if necessity should command it?" said I.

"Has necessity power over the heart of man?" replied the countess.

"But Laura was the wife of Hugo of Sada; her heart could not be his; his lot was to love, and to die alone: he had the power of music, which was his solace; but like me, he was unhappy."

"As you!" said Hortense, in a low voice—"unhappy!"

"I have not the divine power of

song; therefore my heart will break without a comforter. Oh, dearest countess, I can say no more—I can only remain honoured in your opinion through manly courage; grant me, however, one favour, which I ask in all respect."

The eyes of the countess fell, but she spoke not.

"One request, dearest countess, for sake of my peace."

"What is it?" she whispered, without looking up.

"Am I certain you will not refuse it," I replied.

She regarded me with a long, earnest look, and at length said—"I know not what you are going to ask me; but I owe you my life; whatever it is, I will grant it—speak."

I seized her hand—I sank at her feet—I pressed her hand to my burning lips—I nearly lost my consciousness and my power of speech. Hortense, as if powerless, stood with cast-down looks.

At last I regained the power of speech. "I must depart from hence—I must fly—I dare no longer stay. Let me fly—I dare no longer stay here—I will pass my life in some solitude far from you—I dare no longer remain—Karl has requested your hand in marriage."

"It shall never be his," interrupted the countess, with an earnest voice. She seemed to struggle with herself. "You are doing a great wrong," she said; "but I cannot hinder it," and she burst into a fit of tears. She staggered. As if in search of a seat when she arose, she sunk sobbing upon my breast. After a few moments, she regained her self-command; she felt herself encircled by one of my arms, and tried to escape; but I, as if heaven was within my reach, forgot everything, pressed her closer to my breast, and exclaimed—"This moment alone—it is enough." Her resistance was at an end. She raised her eyes; they met mine, and a celestial blush, like that glorious hue of her ancient inspiration, suffused her lovely features.

"You will forget me, when I am gone."

"Never!" she replied, earnestly.

"Adieu, then," I stammered. My forehead sank upon hers: our lips met: I felt her soft kiss steal over

my lips, and one of her arms encircled my neck. Minutes, hours, passed away. I went by her side, reeling like a drunken man, down the steps which led from the dwelling of Petrarch. Two servants awaited below, who conducted us to a summer-house under the laurels, where refreshments were prepared. The next moment a carriage rolled up, in which were seated the count and the prince. Hortense was very earnest, and her answers short. She seemed lost in reverie. I cast furtive glances at her, and saw her attempts at conversation with the prince. We visited a second time the dwelling of Petrarch, in order to gratify the curiosity of the count. When we entered the room, made sacred by the scene which had just passed, Hortense seated herself in the chair she had previously occupied, and resumed her former position, and took up the book. She remained so until we departed: then she rose, placed her hand upon her heart, cast a searching, hurried glance at me, and departed. The prince observed this look and gesture; a dark lurid flush overspread his features as he went out with folded arms. I did not doubt but that the jealousy of Karl had guessed everything, and feared his vengeance less for myself than for the peace of the countess. Therefore, as soon as we returned home, I determined to prepare for a speedy departure on the next morning. I told Count Rosenthal of my determination, gave up all my papers, and enjoined him to say nothing of it to the countess until I had departed.

Some time previously I had obtained the count's permission, in case of this event, that old Heinrich, who had often prayed for his discharge, in order once more to see his German home, should accompany me. He danced for joy in my room, when he heard that the hour of departure was near. A horse and a mantlesack provided for each was our only preparation for the journey. I had determined, before the arrival of the next day, to depart in great quietness. No one was to know anything about it except Heinrich and the count. I wanted to write a few lines of thanks, and an eternal farewell to Hortense. The count embraced me in the most tender manner, thanked me for my ser-

vices, and promised in an hour to return to my room, in order to give me some papers which would be of use, and would enable me to pass my future life free from care. As he expressed himself, this was only to be a small instalment of the debt which he would have to owe me all his life, I did not intend to refuse a moderate sum for my travelling expenses, for I was almost without funds; but more than this my pride forbade me to receive. When I returned to my room, I began to pack up. Heinrich went to prepare the horses, in order to be able to start at a moment's notice. In the meantime I wrote to Hortense, and what I suffered in this task—how often I rose unable to finish it—I can scarcely explain. My hopes in life were destroyed—my future a blank—death were preferable to a life without hope. I tore several times what I had written. I had scarcely finished, when I was interrupted in an unexpected manner. Heinrich rushed into my room trembling and breathless, seized upon the packages, and exclaimed—

"Something unfortunate has happened: they will send you to prison; they will prosecute you: fly, before it is too late!"

I asked the reason of his terror.

"I only know the old count is in dreadful anger, and the prince is in a frenzy. Every one in the castle was enraged at me!"

I answered coldly that I knew no reason to fear—still less, that I should fly as a criminal.

"Sir," shouted Heinrich, "one could not enter this family without misfortune. An evil star is over it; I have long said so—fly!"

In the meantime, two chasseurs of the count entered the door, and besought me to come to his highness on the instant. Gobald nodded, and winked with his eyes, that I should try to escape. I could scarcely avoid laughing at his consternation as I followed the chasseurs. Yet I told him to keep the horses saddled, for I could not doubt that something extraordinary had happened, and perhaps the prince, mad with jealousy, had got me into some scrape. It had happened as follows:—I had scarcely left the count, when Karl came violently to him, and told him plainly that I had dishonoured his house, by making

open love to the countess. The attendant of Hortense, Beatrice, now, either by the presents of the prince, or by his kindness, had, when with Cecilia she left the dwelling of Petrarch, impatient at our delay, returned back there, and saw our embraces. The handmaid was, of course, too modest to interrupt us, but ready enough, as soon as we had returned to the castle, to inform the prince of what had occurred. The count would not believe it: it appeared to him so improbable, that a painter—a common plebeian—should have gained the affections of the countess, at first he was disposed to attribute the whole thing to the vain suspicions of jealousy. So the prince, in order to justify himself, was obliged to betray the betrayer, and Beatrice, however reluctant, was compelled to describe what she had seen.

The rage of the count knew no bounds, and what had happened seemed so extraordinary to him that he wished to have his daughter's account of the affair. The countess appeared. The sight of the pale faces, distorted by anger and by fear, aroused her.

"What is the matter?" she said, with a serious air.

The count replied, in a stern, earnest voice—

"That remains for you to tell." Then, with forced composure, he took her hand—"You are accused of staining the honour of our ancient house, by a love affair with this painter. Deny it—say no—give honour and peace to your father; you alone can do it. Confute these malicious witnesses—confute the declarations of those who have dared to say they have seen you in that man's embrace. Here stands the prince, your future husband—give him your hand—show him that this accusation is a cursed falsehood. His presence shall no longer disturb our peace; he leaves us this evening for ever," the count continued.

He seemed to endeavour, now that the varying colour of the countess left him no alternative, to give the best colour he could to the affair. He was prepared for everything, except what he was now to hear from the countess. With her usual dignity and determination, but not without some anger at the treachery of Beatrice, and the intelligence of my approach-

ing departure, she first turned towards Beatrice, and said—

"I will not be judged before you; my servant shall not be my accuser. Leave this room, and this castle, and never dare to enter my presence again."

The attendant fell weeping at her feet, but to no purpose—she was obliged to leave the room. Then she turned to her father, and desired that I should be summoned. The count hurried out; I was called. The count retired for a few moments, and we entered the apartment together.

"My dear Emanuel," said she, "you and I stand here as accused, or, more properly, as condemned." She then related what had happened. "They now await my justification. I shall not justify myself, save before God, the judge of hearts. I have now only to confess the truth, because my father wishes it, and to declare my unalterable determination, because my destiny orders it, and I have been born under an unlucky planet. I should be unworthy of your esteem, if I could not rise higher than any misfortune." She next advanced to the prince, and said—"I respect, but I do not love you. My hand will never be yours; entertain no further hopes. After what has taken place, I must entreat you to trouble us no more. You need not expect my father can alter my determination: his least violence can only end in my death. I have no more to say to you. But to you, my father, I must make it known, that I love him whom you call a painter. He is hated by you, because his rank in life is inferior to yours. He must depart. My earthly ties with him are at an end; but my heart remains his. You cannot alter it; for any trial to do so will end my life. I tell you beforehand, I have made up my mind to die. There will be an end of my misery."

She was silent. The count tried to speak, so did the prince. She nodded to him to keep silence. She then advanced to me, drew a ring from her finger, gave it to me, and said—

"My friend, I depart from you, perhaps, for ever; keep this ring in memory of me. This gold and these diamonds will be dust sooner than my love and trust can wither. Do not forget me."

With these words she laid her hands upon my shoulders, imprinted a kiss

upon my lips, became cold and pale, and sunk with closed eyes to the earth.

The count uttered a fearful scream; the prince called for help; I carried the beautiful and lifeless body to a sofa. The attendants came; doctors were called in; I remained on my knees almost insensible. The count raised me up. "Thou hast killed her," he shouted in a tone of thunder. He pushed me out of the door. At a signal from him, two chasseurs caught hold of me, and pushed me down the steps. Heinrich, who was standing at the stable, saw me, hurried forward, and carried me to the horse, which stood ready saddled. He lifted me on horseback; and as we rode away, I rode as if in a dream, and was often in danger of falling. It was sometime ere I recovered. Everything that had happened rose before me; I wanted to turn back to the castle, and learn the fate of Hortense; but he entreated of me so fervently to give up this idea, that I was constrained to submit. I had scarcely turned my horse, when I saw some riders apparently at full gallop, and a voice exclaimed, "Accursed murderer!" It was the voice of Karl. Some shots were fired; and while I was seizing my pistols, my horse fell dead under me. I extricated myself. The prince rode at me with a drawn sword; and while he tried to ride me down, I shot him through the body; as he sank he was caught by his attendants. Heinrich fired at them as they retreated; then he came back, removed the bags from the dead horse, put me up behind him, and we departed with all speed. This affair took place near a small wood, which we did not reach until it was nearly dark. We rode the whole night not knowing whither. In the morning, when we halted at a small village inn to rest, we found our horse so cut with the saddle, that we could not use him further. We, therefore, sold him for a small sum, continued our route by pathways little frequented, carrying our own baggage, which was not very heavy.

The first beams of the rising sun were sparkling upon the diamonds of Hortense's ring. I kissed it, weeping. Heinrich had informed me, the previous evening, that he had heard from one of the servants the countess was recovering. This cheered my drooping

spirits, and my fate was now indifferent to me. I had exquisite sorrow in the separation from that being. We never stopped until we reached Ravenna; there we had a long rest, and, overpowered by my exertions and sufferings, I fell into a fever. The old servant was under dreadful apprehensions, that the death of the prince would cause us to be apprehended by the authorities. We assumed feigned names, changed our dresses, and my powerful constitution, rather than the skill of the physician, gradually restored me to health. I was, however, still weak, but as we had determined upon sailing from Ravenna to Trieste, I hoped that the voyage would complete my recovery. One morning Heinrich came into my room in great fear.

"We can't," he said, "remain here any longer. A stranger is at the door inquiring for us; he says he must see you. We are betrayed."

"Let him enter," I said.

A well-dressed man, who inquired after my health, came in.

"It is well," added he, "you are recovering. The prince is out of danger, but has sworn against you. You wish to go to Germany by Trieste. Do not travel by that route. There is no ship in Rimini for Trieste, except one, which touches at Naples. If you go there you are either dead or a prisoner. Here you have a letter. The captain is a friend of mine; he will receive you with pleasure."

I was much struck that this apparent stranger should know my history so well, and inquired how he had gained this information.

"That is all I can tell you," he replied. "I live in Ravenna, and am a serjeant of the justices. But I advise you to save yourself."

I had great difficulty in persuading Heinrich that the stranger was not the devil. "How otherwise," said he, "could he have found out all this." But upon inquiry I ascertained that he was really what he had represented himself to be. But what puzzled me was his having penetrated our intention of going to Trieste, which I supposed no one but myself had been aware of. The same evening, having hired a carriage, we arrived at Rimini; but I was yet in doubts whether I was plunging into the hands of my enemies.

or escaping from them. In the meantime we reached Rimini, and found the captain I gave him the letter, which I had previously taken the precaution of reading. A favourable wind arose, the anchor having been hoisted, we set sail. There were other travellers on board. One among the number gave me some apprehensions, for I remembered to have seen him at the baths of Battaglia. He was bound for Naples, where he said he had a warehouse. He spoke much of the acquaintances he had made at Battaglia, but especially of a German countess he had met, who was a picture of beauty and grace. He had not heard of the prince's misfortune. The countess, he said, had departed a few days previously, whither he had not taken the trouble of inquiring. It was enough. Hortense lived, was well, and I sighed, "My she be happy." Many a night I walked the deck, lost in reverie, and dreaming of her. The young merchant tried to raise my drooping spirits, and having heard that I was a painter, continually drew my attention to that subject. His kindness, and the sympathy he showed for my sorrow, induced him to invite me to his house, more especially as my funds were waxing low.

The kindness and care of Imfaldine (for such was the name of my new friend) quite embarrassed me. From a mere *compagnon du voyage* he became my friend. He introduced me as his friend to his worthy mother and his beautiful wife; but he did not rest even here—he introduced me to his friends, and I procured in my orders for paintings. I succeeded beyond my hopes. My pictures were admired, I was paid munificently, and everything seemed to prosper with me. Heinrich found himself so comfortable, that he forgot his home wishes, and, as he himself quaintly said, he would rather live on bread and water than serve the Count Rosenthal for gold. My plan was to make as much by my profession as would bring me back to Germany. I was diligent and frugal, and thus a year passed over. The quiet and happy life I led in the house of Imfaldine, and the beautiful climate, contributed to make me forget my first resolution of returning. The only attraction which the country now seemed to have for me was in the

hope of meeting the countess once more; but when I thought of our painful parting, and of the solemn promise she had made her father to see me no more, I determined to suffer my lot in silence. Young, I was like an old oak tree withered, and left to die alone. Time, they say, heals all wounds. I believed this, but did not experience its truth. My sorrow was unceasing. I departed from the happy haunts of my associates, and often wept in secret. I thought of her in all her majesty and beauty. The second year passed, and I was as miserable as ever. In the darkest hours of my life, remarkable as it may seem, a gleam of hope still cheered me, and I always had expectations of hearing of my loved and lost one. This now began to leave me. How could she hear or know of my peremptory life. Hortense was dead to me. She only came back in my dreams, radiant with celestial beauty, as I used to see her when inspired. Imfaldine would often ask me what was the cause of my sorrow. I could not bring myself to tell. At last inquiries ceased. My powers of life began to fail, and I often thought of death; when, one evening, amongst some letters which were orders for fresh paintings, there came a little box. I opened it. Who can paint my joy and rapture—I saw a picture of Hortense, fresh and beautiful, but dressed in mourning. Her face was paler, but her eyes were filled with a radiant light; beside it was a piece of paper, on which was written—"My Emanuel, hope!" I fell speechless into a chair; I knelt, thanking kind Providence. I sobbed—I tore my hair—I committed a thousand extravagances. Heinrich found me in this condition—he thought I had gone mad. In truth, I felt how much less capable we are of bearing up against happiness than sorrow. My hopes bloomed freshly, my health was restored, much to the marvel of Imfaldine and all my friends—I waited impatiently for further tidings—I could not imagine how she had arrived, at the knowledge of where I was residing. Light anxious months had passed before I heard any. At length a letter arrived, containing these words—

"I wish to see you once more, Emanuel. On the first morning in May, be in Sivornia; inquire from the

Swiss merchant for the widow Maria Schwartz, from whom you will hear further news. Inform no one in Naples whither you are going—speak least of all of me. I live for no one in this world but for you only, and that, perhaps, for a few months."

This letter filled me with delight; but the fear of some further mystery still haunted me. To see that beautiful creature once more, if only for a few moments, was enough. In April, I left Naples, and the house of Imfaldine—I left it with sorrow. I arrived with Heinrich at Gæta, where an unexpected pleasure awaited me. At the gate of the gardens, among some ladies, I saw Cecilia. I alighted. She introduced me to her relatives. I heard, too, she had left Hortense about a year; she knew nothing of her, except that she believed she had entered a cloister.

"I hear," she added, "the old count is dead. From the manner in which he contracted his expenditure before his death, I believe he had left his affairs greatly embarrassed. The countess reduced her establishment to a few persons. She had the kindness, however, to retain me; but as she lost everything in an unlucky lawsuit, we were all sent away except an old waiting-woman. The countess declared she would end her days in a convent. However painful the parting was, she was an angel, and never looked more beautiful than under the pressure of adversity. Her rich dresses, her priceless jewels, she distributed amongst us—rewarded all with queenly generosity—leaving herself almost in a state of necessity—and departed, entreating our prayers."

This story of Cecilia soon cleared up Hortense's last letter; but I heard that the Prince Karl, who was desperately, but not dangerously wounded, had entered the Maltese service, where he afterwards lost his life. In a joyful mood I left Gæta; the ill-fortune of Hortense aroused my pity, and gave me fresh hope. The whole way to Sivornia I was occupied with such dreams. I arrived there eight days before the first of May, and immediately sought the appointed shop, that I might find the residence of the widow Schwartz. A servant accompanied me; but, to my great disappointment, I found she had gone out,

and would not return for an hour. At the appointed hour I arrived, and was conducted to an upper apartment, where I found a lady seated upon a sofa, who did not appear to observe my entrance. She seemed overpowered with grief, and was trying to stifle her sobs; a feverish shudder ran through my veins. There seemed something in the form of the widow like that of my long-lost Hortense—her sobs reminded me of her—like a drunken man, I let my hat and stick fall, and threw myself at her feet. My God! who can describe my feeling—the arms of Hortense enchaind my neck—her lips pressed mine—the dread past was forgotten—the future rose fresh and glorious before me—never had love such a reward, or trust such a realization. Both seemed to think that the present was but a happy dream. The first moments we spent together seemed so short, and even the questions we asked, and answered, so uncertain, that when we parted it seemed as if we had only just met. I breakfasted with her next morning; her whole suite was a chamber-maid, a cook, and a chasseur. Everything on the table was of the finest porcelain and silver, but every article without the old count's crest. This appearance of wealth, so contrary to my expectations, nearly banished my dreams of happiness. I had almost hoped to have found her poor, in order to be able with courage to offer her my hand. Now I was the poor painter again, whose station was so unequal to hers. I did not conceal from her what I heard at Gæta, and what thoughts, fears, and hopes, I had indulged that she would not hide her youth and beauty within the walls of a convent. How happy I would be in laying the profits of my future industry at her feet. I doubted her in the hour of hope and love. The simple and quiet life we might lead in solitude; the humble house, with its little garden; the artist's studio, enchanted by her. She cast down her eyes, and a bright glow suffused her features. Hortense arose, went to a press in the wall, took out a little ebony box, mounted with silver, and gave it to me, with the key.

"For this purpose," she said, "I have had you summoned to Sivornia. It belongs, in part, to the entire fulfilment of your dreams. After the death

of my father, this was my first thought. I have never lost sight of you since your flight from Battaglia. A lucky chance threw a letter of yours from Ravenna in the way of one of my suite, directing the way in which you intended to travel." Infaldine allowed himself to be persuaded into an understanding that you should be taken care of, and allowed me from time to time to give him some presents for you. I heard of you every month, and these letters have been my only solace since our separation. After my father's death, I left my family, partly on account of my position, as the estates went to male heirs. I converted everything else into money. I never thought of returning to my native land again—my last hope was a convent. I pretended that I wanted to marry, which I could not do, surrounded by the relatives of my father. I therefore separated from them, assumed the name and rank of a civilian, and after all was arranged, I had you summoned, in order to fulfil the promise I had made to heaven and to you. You have related to me your beautiful dreams—now let us turn to reality."

She opened the casket, took out a packet closely sealed, and directed to me. She broke the seal, drew forth a paper made out by a notary, in which were enumerated debts owed to me, and bank-notes in the money of various countries—accumulated interest which belonged to me as the reversion

of the property of the widow, Maria Schwartz—

"This, Emanuel, is your justly-earned wealth. I have nothing to do with it. When I depart from the world, and retire to a cloister, I shall still have enough left. If you ever think of me—I beg you will preserve an eternal silence as to my name and rank—breathe not a syllable; and if you either refuse this, or offer me thanks, all bond of union between us is broken. Give me your hand upon it."

I heard this with pain and wonder, pushed the papers aside, and said—

"Do you imagine these have any value for me? I care not to refuse them, nor to thank you—I shall do neither. If you retire into a cloister, all this and the world beside are nothing to me. I want nothing. What you give me is worthless dust. "Oh! Hortense, you once said my soul had inspired you—I will burn these papers—destroy your picture—become poor, too; but be mine—mine only!"

She leaned trembling against me, took both my hands in hers, and said, with strong emotion—

"Am I not yours, Emanuel?"

"But the convent," I said.

"My last resource, if you leave me."

Then we swore our union before God—the priests blessed it at the altar—we left Sivornia, and sought out a charming solitude, which is now peopled with our children.

P. B.

LIFE AND LITERARY REMAINS OF JOHN KEATS.*

A SPIRIT of antagonism has always subsisted, and will subsist, between the operations of intellect and the affections in the abstract, and the same mental powers and sensations, when narrowed within the bounds of human aims, and debased by servitude to the pomps and vanities, the cares and casualties of life. There has always been an engrossing principle in the world; but the character of that principle has varied, to suit the spirit of the time. In the age of Milton, civil contentions—triumphs alternating with overthrows—produced a state of feeling and thought, more disposed for action and the interests of an hour, than for the enjoyment of refined leisure, or wandering far into the realms of imagination, beyond the precincts of the actual. The poet himself, troubled by the spirit of the age, complains of having

“_____fallen on evil days,
_____with dangers compass’d round,
And solitude.”

Utilitarianism, the ruling principle of later times, with a quiet, stealthy, and uniform progress, is extending its influence over all ranks and conditions of men; it creeps in every where—its *cui bono* touchstone is applied to all objects of mental contemplation; the universities, the strongholds of ancient thought, cannot resist its encroachments; new studies of a practical and quasi-useful nature, must be substituted for the old-world babblings of people, whose stock in trade is tuneful breath, and dreamy moonshine. The everlasting hills, the deep-bosomed vales, the nooks and

“Nestlings green for poets made,”

cannot escape its intrusions. In vain did the indignant poet exclaim against the outrage. The hissing devil winds its way through tunnels and cuttings, over rivers and ravines, to his loved solitude. In vain did his plaintive

voice implore the monster to leave a pastoral and primitive people to themselves—to allow them—

“Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
To keep the noiseless tenor of their way.”

Deaf and inexorable it drives on, blackening, and assimilating, and civilising; and so it will do—and so let it. Still there are hearts in the world that will not beat one pulse quicker or slower, for all this hurry and flurry; minds there are—never were more—mindful of man’s destiny, of his powers; sensible of the truth, the beauty, and the stability of the works of nature, and nature’s mirror—the glorious imagination of man. Yes—

“Thanks to the human heart, by which we live—
Thanks to its tenderness, its hopes, its fears,”

There never were more men and women alive to the best and highest feelings of our nature, and quickened to a keen perception of the beautiful, than there are at this present hour. Why, then, should we delay longer to introduce to the notice of such readers the publication under review: “*The Life and Letters of John Keats*,” edited by R. M. Milnes.

We will take occasion elsewhere to speak of the fine spirit which Mr. Milnes has brought to his labour of love, and the felicity of his execution; but we will confine our attention in this place to Keats alone, and consider him as a poet, and as a man.

At that period when Keats began to feel, and ponder, and lisp in numbers, the world was stirred and sway-ed, as the ocean by the breeze, by the wild and potent strains of a great poet; who, trampling under foot the rationalism and elaborated wit of a former age—disdaining, to use the quaint language of Barrow, “a manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way, which, by a pretty surprising turn in conceit or expression, doth

* “*Life and Literary Remains of John Keats.*” Edited by R. Monckton Milnes, M.P. 2 vols. London: Moxon. 1848.

affect and amuse the fancy, stirring in it some wonder, and breeding some delight thereto"—seized with a nervous grasp the strong passions of man, and ruled the human breast by a fascination universal and irresistible; throwing out his gifts, as it were slightly, to the crowd that devoured them as if "urged by appetite, or constrained by a spell."

At this juncture—sprung from the purlieu of a livery-stable, and educated in the ungenial mysteries of drugs and gallipots—the "marvellous boy," unaided, poor, and lowly, was admitted into fellowship and fraternity by poets and painters. Utterly unknown to the world, his claims to the "Vision and the Faculty divine" were at once allowed; and a self-taught stripling—ushered into life with all the disadvantages mentioned—amongst men of recognised merit and genius—men who had grown glorious in literature and art, such as Leigh Hunt, Haslitt, Reynolds, Shelley, Haydon, *et hoc genus omne*,—was acknowledged, valued, fostered, and revered, as an accredited, genuine-born poet; ay, and, though the world knew nothing of him, as a world-poet too.

Keats owed this very rare privilege of being admitted into the friendship of men of established fame and attainments, without any ostensible recommendation, not to anything performed or written at the time; but to those signs and symbols which are clearly perceptible, and quickly discerned by kindred intelligences. The flash of originality breaking suddenly through conversation—a passion, awakened by some chance expression, and venting itself in burning words—an image, rising up at the beck of an allusion or a recollection—his very looks and emotions—but above all, his letters, multiplying the image of the man in every mood and temperament: these must have been the "hooks of steel" that linked him to such men, at so early a stage of his short career.

That these signs and symbols did operate on the opinions of his friends, is shown by many striking incidents and expressions, both of voice and feature, having been remembered and recorded. I quote from the "Life":—

"His habitual gentleness made his occasional looks of indignation almost ter-

rible. Hearing of some unworthy conduct, he burst out, 'Is there no human dust-hole into which we can sweep such fellows?'"

At another time he remarked:—

"The imagination may be compared to Adam's dream. He awoke and found it truth."

Again:—

"The first thing that strikes me on hearing a misfortune has befallen another, is this. Well, it can't be helped; he will have the pleasure of trying the resources of his spirit."

On another occasion:—

"Lord, a man should have the fine point of his soul taken off, to make him fit for this world."

Mr. Milnes remarks:—

"Plain, manly, practical life, on the one hand, and a free exercise of his rich imagination on the other, were the ideal of his existence. His poetry never weakened his action, and his simple every-day habits never coarsened the beauty of the world within him."

Letters written on the spur of the moment, and giving the thoughts and motions that come uppermost, without effort or affectation, are at once a clear exponent of the intellect, and a true picture of the moral qualities of the writer. The letters of Keats, which form a large part of these volumes, thrown off evidently with the ease of conversational familiarity, have an importance, now that he is no more, in connexion with his works as a poet, which he never contemplated. They also give an insight into his moral nature, clear and decisive—a nature open and candid, but exquisitely sensitive; proud in the consciousness of capabilities that the world cared nothing for; constant and affectionate in friendship, but violent in hatred of oppression and injustice: his action, like his thoughts, was spontaneous and unbidden—the promptings of the heart, rather than the dictates of duty, led him on. In a nature so sensitive, fits of gloom, despondency, and moroseness were sometimes too painfully manifest; and his brother says of him—

"Although he was the noblest fellow whose soul was ever open to my inspection, his nervous, morbid temperament at times led him to misconstrue the motives of his best friends." He was borne along by impulse, but his impulses were refined and elevated by an imagination revelling in beauty, and teeming with fair flowers of its own production. He was conscious of a predisposition to sensual excitement, but felt, in opposition to it, the redeeming predominance of the imaginative faculty. In a letter to his sister, he applies to his own case the fine couplet of Byron—

"I am free from men of pleasure's cares,
By dint of feelings far more deep than theirs."

Thus carried along by impulse, that impulse was allied to, and ennobled by, the divine yearning of his soul after the beautiful and the eternal. His action and his passion went together; but both were involuntarily attracted towards a fairer world than the "visible diurnal sphere" he walked on. His own poetry can best illustrate the instincts which moved him—

"What sea-bird o'er the sea
Is a philosopher—the while he goes,
Winging along, where the great water throes?"

The letters of Keats give evidence also of the absolute devotion of his soul to poetry. He did not recur to it as an occasional relaxation from business, or an accomplishment allied to graver studies of a literary kind. The end, and ultimate consummation of all his hopes, was to be a poet—a poet in its true and great significance—such a poet as Milton and Shakspeare were, and Wordsworth is—a poet who would create new modes of thought, new ideals of possible existences, and cause new chords to vibrate in the heart of man. These aspirations, had life been spared him, might not have been vain; but enough remains to warrant our belief, that he was both a great natural-born poet, and that he has even in what he left, achieved an immortal fame.

The lofty pretensions of genius are forcibly asserted by the Roman orator—"Atqui sic a summis hominibus eruditissimis quæ accepimus, ceterarum rerum studia et doctrinâ et præceptis et arte constare. Poetam na-

turâ ipsa valere, et mentis viribus excitari, et quasi divino quodam spiritu inflari."

The language of Keats tells "simpler so"—"If poetry comes not as naturally as leaves to a tree, it had better not come at all."

And that poetry did thus come to Keats naturally no one can for a moment doubt who has a heart to feel and a taste to relish the tenderness, pathos, and exquisite felicity of his effusions. Many faults of judgment there are—many irregularities, excrescences, and obscurities; but the staple is there, nevertheless; and towards the close of his short career, a more correct style, and a nearer approach to propriety of conception, was plainly observable. His first publication, "Endymion," has been so well estimated both by Mr. Milnes and Lord Jeffrey, that we shall pass it by without much comment. Of all his productions, it was the least adapted to arrest public attention. Luxuriance of imagery, exquisite delicacy of expression, and prodigality of invention, could not compensate in public estimation for its want of method, connexion, and human sympathy. If, instead of this wonderful, but "*indigesta moles*," he had published his "Lyrics and Sonnets"—"The Pot of Basil," the "Eve of St. Agnes," and "Hyperion," the effect on the public mind would have been far different. To the few who could estimate it fairly, the powers that had enabled a raw and self-taught youth to revive the life and spirit of ancient fable, and, in the words of Lord Jeffrey, "sheltering the violence of the fiction under the traditionary fable—to have created and imagined an entirely new set of characters, and brought closely and minutely before us their loves, and sorrows, and perplexities, with whose names and supernatural attributes we had long been familiar, without any sense or feeling of their personal character." The powers, we repeat, which had consummated all this, at so early a stage of their progress, appeared, with good reason to those capable of judging, extraordinary.

But we hasten to his lyrics, and to tales where human sympathies are more vividly awakened. We cannot pass unnoticed the tenderness—the sweet harmony of his "Isabella, or the Pot

of Basil." The skeleton is Boccaccio's; but read the original, and then the poem. The incidents, indeed, are borrowed; but all the exquisite pathos,

all the colouring of the picture are his own. What fine images have we here of the pangs humanity suffers, to appease the rich man's cravings:—

"For them the Ceylon diver held his breath,
And went all naked to the hungry shark;
For them his ears gushed blood; for them in death
The seal, on the cold ice, with piteous bark,
Lay full of darts; for them alone did seethe
A thousand men in troubles, wide and dark—
Half ignorant, they turned an easy wheel,
That set sharp racks at work, to pinch and peel."

Burns, in his twin poems of matchless beauty, on the "Daisy" and "Field Mouse," interests our affections, by contrasting the lot of these with humanity under certain relations. The following "gem of purest ray serene" derives its charm from the same principle of application:—

I.

"In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity.
The north cannot undo them,
With a sleety whistle through them,
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

II.

"In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
The bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;
But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting—
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

III.

"Ah, would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy;

But were there ever any

Writhed not at passed joy.
To know the change, and feel it,
Where there is none to heal it,
Nor numbed sense to steal it,
Was never said in rhyme."

The sonnet must ever be a favourite form of poem: giving expression to a stray thought 'or passing emotion, it arrests the fugitive idea, and imprisons it in its little net-work of measured cadences. In proportion to its minuteness, the artistic execution is difficult: in so small a composition, one unmeaning phrase, one weak line mars the beauty of the whole. There must be a completeness about it in the clearness and integrity of the idea, as well as in the distinctness, concinnity, and balanced cadence of the verse. Many of Keats' early sonnets will not bear criticism. The thought often glimmers brokenly through the expression, and the reader is not caught; but he has written sonnets as fine in idea and perfect in finish as any we know of. We select two:—

I.

"Happy is England. I could be content
To see no other verdure than its own—
To feel no other breezes than are blown
Through its tall woods, with high romances blent.
Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment
For skies Italian, and an inward groan
To sit upon an Alp, as on a throne,
And half-forget what world or worldling meant.
Happy is England. Sweet her artless daughters—
Enough their simple loveliness for me—
Enough their whitest arms, in silence clinging.
Yet do I often warmly burn to see
Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their singing,
And float with them about the summer waters.

II.

"Nymph of the downward smile, and sidelong glance,
In what diviner moments of the day
Art thou most lovely? When gone far astray
Into the labyrinths of sweet utterance?"

Or when serenely wandering in a trance
 Of sober thought? Or when starting away,
 With careless robe to meet the morning ray,
 Thous'parest the flowers in thy mazy dance?
 Haply 'tis when thy ruby lips part sweetly,
 And so remain, because thou listenest.
 But thou to please wert nurtured so completely,
 That I can never tell what mood is best:
 I shall as soon pronounce what grace most neatly
 Trips it before Apollo, than the rest."

In a review of Wordsworth's poetry in the *Blackwood* of May, 1835, his stanzas on an "Eclipse of the Sun," which he beheld from a boat on the lake of Lugano, are thus rapturously lauded:—"We do not hesitate to pronounce this the finest lyrical effusion of combined thought, passion, sentiment, and imagery within the whole compass of poetry." We cannot say whether the reviewer had seen, at that time, Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale:" if he had, an eye so true to poetic excellence could scarcely have let pass unnoticed a lyrical poem of a character so exquisitely imaginative.

"One morning he took his chair from the breakfast table, placed it on the grass-plot, under a plum-tree, and sat there for two or three hours, with some scraps of paper in his hands. Shortly after, Mr. Brown saw him thrusting them away, as waste paper, behind some books, and had considerable difficulty in putting them together, and arranging the stanzas of the ode"—so naturally and unaffectedly did this wondrous strain of "linked sweetness, long drawn out," well from his soul, moved as it was by "the continued song of the bird that, in the spring of 1819, had built her nest close to the house, and which often threw Keats into a sort of trance of tranquil pleasure."

The poet at first feels the overpowering charm creeping over him like a numbness. He lings for some ethereal draught that might spiritualize his being, fading away from mortality. It is done; the potent charm has worked—he is now with his "light-winged Dryad of the trees," and, straying "mid verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways," he wanders in embalmed darkness (what an epithet!), and listens. The place and the hour call up an image of "easeful death"—it would be sweet "to cease upon the midnight, with no pain." The bird meanwhile sings on untired; death

hath no part in that immortal voice—it hath charmed alike "emperor and clown," long ages ago. But the association of a word breaks the spell—the "plaintive anthem fades;" and a glorious lyric is born into the world.

The difference between poetical verbiage tastefully assorted and harmoniously combined, and the hot, burning lava-stream of Keats, thrown out in the eruptions of his various moods and feelings, and penned down almost with unmediated ease, is very palpable. So close in him was the connexion of sense and imagination, that he might almost be said to taste with his palate, and touch with the nerves of sensation, the objects which flitted before his strong conception. We will see how truthfully he logs in idea for

"A draught of vintage that hath been
 Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,"

when we compare his every-day gossip on such matters:—

"It (claret) fills one's mouth with a gushing freshness, then goes down cool and fearless; then, you do not feel it quarrelling with one's liver. No; 'tis rather a peacemaker, and lies as quiet as it did in the grape. Then it is as fragrant as the queen-bee, and the more ethereal part mounts into the brain—not assailing the cerebral apartments, like a bully looking for his trull; but rather walks, like Aladdin, about his enchanted palace, so gently that you do not feel his step."

There is much of Charles Lamb's humour in this and other passages of his prose.

Dramatic power requires more than a fine imagination and a rich poetic diction: a thorough knowledge of mankind, and discriminative insight into character, in all its varieties, is as indispensable as ideas to words. The tragedy of "Otho the Great" is a failure; the incident has no invention, and the characters no identity. Keats

had evidently, as yet, dwelt too much with nymphs, and fawns, and nightingales, to paint, like a master, the workings of the human breast—to display the conflicts of passion, or reveal the thoughts that lie brooding below the surface. Whether he would ever have possessed dramatic powers, is doubtful. And we are inclined to think that an imagination so delicate, would have shrunk from grappling with the strong passions of man, or could with difficulty have adhered with severe fidelity to our human nature. Many considerations, however, would suspend a too-hasty decision. During the six years of his literary life, his mind was in constant and rapid progress. "Fortunately for him the 'getting-on system,' as it is inimitably depicted by Mr. Dickens, in his Doctor Blimber's academy, had not urged his studies in advance of his capacity; on the contrary, his genius was far ahead of his knowledge; and who can tell now to what 'new scenes and changes' this progress might have carried him? He might have 'moulted his feathers, and stood on his legs,' or rivalled the 'Tempest' or 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'" He gives us reason to suppose that man was often the subject of his inspection. In one of his letters he says.—

"Each one kept shroud, nor to his neighbour gave
 Or word, or look, or action of despair.
 CREUS was one—his ponderous iron mace
 Lay by him, and a shattered rib of rock
 Told of his rage, ere he thus sunk and pin'd
 Iapetus another in his grasp
 A serpent's plashy neck, its barb'd tongue
 Squeezed from the gorge, and all its uncurl'd length
 Dead, and because the creature would not spit
 Its poison in the eyes of conquering Jove."

It is only from a view of the idiosyncrasy of Keats' mind and feelings that we can account for his fondness for the old fables and traditions of Greek literature. His sensuous imagination associated the fair appearances of the external world, and the yearnings of the soul after the grand and beautiful, with incarnations and sensible existences. The agencies of invisible power were clothed with shapes, and endued with attributes, analogous to the impression they made, or the thoughts they awakened; and the same reverential and creative principle, which gave life and mystical predominance to the

"When I am in a room with people, if I am free from speculating on creations of my own brain, then, not myself goes home to myself, but the identity of every one in the room begins to press upon me, so that I am in a very little time annihilated"

This passage, if he did not deceive himself, would go far to make us believe that the universality of the dramatist—that universality by which Shakspeare threw himself into, and lost himself in his characters, with as much ease as he would have put on their stage dresses—was a faculty he possessed and exercised.

Of what he was capable in the highest flights of sublime invention, one noble, but alas! fragmentary poem, remains to show. His "Hyperion," had it been finished, would have placed him on a high eminence among poets. The jealous spirit of Byron confessed its power. The conception of the poem is very fine. The old dynasty of Heaven—Saturn, Cybele, and the giant race of Titans—fallen, like Satan and his angels, from their high estate. The power of this outworn race of brute agency yielding to the higher and more spiritual influences. How fine this picture of the fallen gods—

fictions of the lively Greek, operated, thousands of years after, to restore them their lost dominion in the ideal of a kindred mind. Nor is it wonderful that a mental formation so susceptible of beauty, whether in the animate or inanimate creation—so alive to impressions received through the senses—should prefer instinctively "those fair humanities of old religion"—raised, by a beautiful excess, a little above us, without breaking the ties of sympathy, which connect the series—ascending from the lowest to the highest order of being, to the far loftier and severer truth, which, indulging no passion or

appetite, shows man at once his fallen condition and his deliverance.

Mr. Milnes can scarcely account for the phenomenon, that a youth, not only unread in Greek literature, but unacquainted with the language, should fall into the manners, feelings, and sentiments of ancient fable, with an originality, freshness, and propriety, unrivalled since Moschus or Theocritus. But we conceive that wherein Mr. Milnes thinks the wonder chiefly to consist—his ignorance of the language—was, in fact, in a mind constituted as his was, so far from an obstacle, a great safeguard against a commonplace, and second hand scholarship. English literature, from Chaucer to Milton, was stuffed with interlarded heathenism of this dull and clumsy quality. Had Keats gone through the drudgery of college lectures and Greek versifications, the same process which would have sharpened his critical acumen, might have dulled the edge of his imagination, and dried up the freshness of his heart in that channel for ever. Thoroughly acquainted with the Greek mythology from English sources, he wove his own fancies around the naked trellis-work he found. His genius, foreign only from the circumstances of changed times and manners, but not essentially different, became acclimated to genial themes and scenes, and his creations, original as "Marmion" or the "Lay," were, like these poems, true to the spirit of the ages they represented. We cannot cease, however, to be astonished at his "fine paganism," as Wordsworth called it. The originality of his Grecian verse is so complete, that an ancient would never doubt its descent from a common source of inspiration, and, truly, few of the old masters ever drank deeper from the sacred spring. If Keats had flourished in the age of the emperor Julian, that determined stickler for the old religion would have hailed with delight a genius which could clothe his loved fictions with new beauty, and recommend them by the graces of inexhaustible imagery.

The language of Keats is, in our opinion, a more striking phenomenon than his unlearned classicism. The picturesque beauty of his phraseology, the imaginative pregnancy of his epithets, and the richness of his vocabulary is unsurpassed by any writer in

the English language. This could not have resulted from any degree of industry. It is one thing to have all the words in a dictionary at command, it is another to combine them in magical groupings. One epithet may strike the reader more than the most elaborate simile. When Shakspeare said,

This little life is rounded by a sleep

Had he not a whole picture before him of a little island, girded round by the ocean, eternity?

The reader will find Keats' poetry full of these pregnant epithets. It is said by Johnson that Pope, in his translation of Homer, had enriched the language with every turn of phrase and form of expression it was capable of, but the reader of Keats will find elegancies of expression and happy words to be found nowhere else. Keats used to say, "he pursued fine phrases like a lover, and we must admit that these coy mistresses to him, at least, were not chary of their favours."

As his sensation was intimately connected with the imaginative faculty, so his ear was not only exquisite in its sense of harmony, but almost interpreted the meaning to the fancy. In one of his comments on the passage from "Paradise Lost"—

To slumber he lies as in the vale of heaven

He says, "there is cool pleasure in the very sound of *vale*."

Keats was a creature of impulse; his action seldom resulted from any weighed principle; but he had a good heart. The beautiful, moral, as well as physical, shed a halo round his thoughts, and raised his affections. The charm of his character, no less than the impression his genius made on all who knew him, turned acquaintances quickly into friends, and made his friends not only admire but love him. The homage which genius pays to genius; the love which unites congenial spirits; but, above all, the things which a friend can do and suffer for a friend, throw a beautiful charm, or rather consecration over the closing scene of Keats' life.

That closing scene was in perfect keeping with his beautiful existence. Of too fine a temper for the rude shocks and conflicts of the world,

racked with bodily pain, and bleeding at every pore from the wounds of a cruel separation from the object of a passion—the only one he had ever felt—that consumed him, and burned madly within him, he prayed for the quiet of the grave, and fell asleep in the arms of kindred genius.

A plain open-heartedness and genuine simplicity of character, united to every great and generous emotion, endeared him to his many friends in a degree rarely observable in this world of cold hearts and self-absorption.

The letter of Leigh Hunt to Mr. SACKIN (a name never to be heard without respect and admiration), which did not reach the "Eternal City" till after the dying poet had breathed his latest sigh, conveys some idea of the state of feeling shared in common at that time by all who knew, valued, and loved him:—

"Tell him," says Mr. Hunt, "tell that great poet and noble-hearted man, that we shall all bear his memory in the most precious part of our hearts, and that the world shall bow their heads to it as our loves do."

In the last hour that awaits every man, the embraces of friends to be seen no more, the consciousness of greatness achieved, and the thought of living after death in the memory of men, are not enough, cannot reasonably be enough to satisfy the parting spirit. We would hope that Keats was not without that "faith which looks through death." It is on feeling hearts, fine sensibilities like his, that the simple and sublime words of Scripture work with most effect; nor is it easy to suppose that a mind so gentle and so tender could have contemplated the divine love incarnated in the lowly Jesus, without emotion and gratitude. But his end was peaceful and happy, nor was that lovely imagination ex-

tinged—it lingered to the last. "Severn," said he, in one of the intervals of pain, "I feel the flowers growing over me;" "and there they do grow, even all the winter long, making one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place."

The volumes before us have been long a desideratum, but we do not regret they did not appear sooner. The published poetry of Keats has been some twenty years before the public. It has been silently winning its way, making many proselytes to poetical doctrines, very much differing from those held in the days of Pope and Dryden, and pointing back to the fountain of all that is great in the Elizabethan era.

These volumes appear just in time to gratify a laudable interest awakened by merit already felt and valued; and Keats is fortunate in having been consigned to one so thoroughly alive to his merits and defects, as Mr. Milnes unquestionably is.

Mr. Milnes unites a fine simplicity to a picturesqueness of expression very captivating, and the poet involuntarily peeps out in many a passage. Good criticism—by no means silent where censure is called for—gives these volumes additional value, and to every lover of poetry—to every one who loves to contemplate the highest order of human genius soaring aloft, or fretted like a caged eagle; weak as a breaking wave, or, in its hour of strength,

"Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of poetry!"

we would recommend these attractive and instructive remains, and can assure the reader from our own experience that he will close the book to recur to it often again, and that from the perusal he will derive much pleasure, much knowledge, and will feel the better for it.

CEYLON AND THE CINGALESE.

BY ONESIPHORUS,

AUTHOR OF "CHINA AND THE CHINESE," &c.

CHAPTER V.

MODE OF PREPARING CINNAMON—CASTE WHICH PERFORM THE OPERATION—GOING TO BENN'S
TO LOOK FOR CHAVATS, AND IN THEIR STEAD FIND INSOLENCE—PETTAN—MOORMAN'S SHOP—
VLRANDAH QUESTION—GALLE FACE—SUNSET—FIRE FLIES HOVERING OVER THE LAKE OF
COLOMBO.

Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens."



CINGAIFSE MAN

"Now, Gus, we shall be late, if you sit scribbling there any longer. Dighton said that he would call at the Queen's House for Otwyn, at four o'clock, then come here for us, and all go together to see the cinnamon peeling, that you have been making such a jolly fuss about. You shan't write another word. Come quick; do pack up all your writing traps."

"Tom, Tom, you are invariably in a hurry. Why, it is not yet four o'clock, even by your watch, which is, like yourself, always too fast; but it is time to put up the valuable effusions of my pen, as my dear mother calls them; and to her they are valuable, for she is a fond, anxious —"

♦ "Affectionate mother, looking after her lovely, innocent, delicate, strap-

ping, big-whiskered baby, of the infantine age of twenty-four years. Is not that what you were going to say, Gus? Well, perhaps not exactly; but I am sure some long-winded sentiment was coming out, so I thought it best to cut it short. You are a good-tempered fellow, though, 'our beloved cousin,' or, by Jupiter Ammon, you would constantly resent my impertinent remarks. But here comes Dighton's carriage. What a rum-looking nigger that is, running by the side of the horse! What does he look like? Red turban; a thing doing duty for a coat, that looks like a white bed-gown with short sleeves; knee breeches to match; his lovely brown face, arms, hands, naked legs and feet, presenting—as you would say, Gus—a pleasing contrast; but which I say looks *ternation ugly*."

"How are you, Whalmer?—how are you, Atkins?—are you ready, my boys? Otwyn would not get out of the carriage. He says that he is incapable of using the exertion, or undertaking the fatigue, which would result from getting out of the carriage to salute you; as you must get into the carriage to go to the cinnamon gardens, and so see him, he need not get out to see you."

"Well, Dighton, let's start. Come, Gus, you bundle in first; keep your long legs to yourself. Close packing—four big he fellows in your machine, Dighton. But I beg the machine's pardon for not using its proper designation, 'palanquin carriage'; pity it is not a little larger. Dang your *imperance*, Otwyn, you lazy *varmint*; why did you not come out, and ask us in a gentlemanly manner how we found ourselves?"

"Well, old fellow, consider I did come out, and did inquire as to the state of your salubrity. Really, Atkins, I am half dead with the heat."

It is *rather* hot for us, white Christians; but those black hethen pagans don't seem to mind it a bit. Dighton, what a queer-looking chap your horse-keeper is; does he wear your livery?"

"I found him clad in that costume, and they tell me it's the custom here; but I do not find it more absurd than our European livery."

"Look, Gus, there goes another chap, holding the horse's head, dressed in sky blue, and a sort of crest on his arm; here comes another, in white

and purple. This is style; a phaeton with a horse-keeper at the side of each horse. They look well in their dress of bright red, turbans and all; it's quite refreshing, in this *cool climate*, to gaze on their subdued colours—ugh! what taste some folks have. Those niggers look red hot, as if they had just come out of Mount Etna to get a breath of fresh air."

"If they can find any iced, or even cool air, I only hope they won't keep it all to themselves; the smallest donation would be thankfully received, and gratefully acknowledged, if they send some this way."

"I say, Dighton, do all these cinnamon gardens belong to you?"

"No, there are two other proprietors besides our firm, who have plantations here. These are called the 'Cinnamon Gardens,' *par excellence*, and lead into Slave Island. But here is our place; and there stands the burgher-clerk, whom I ordered to keep the peelers here, and remain to explain the process to us."

"He seems to be taking it easy, at all events; he has brought himself to an anchor; and look at these *interesting* natives, in the elegant attitude indulged in by them, when they squat on their heels."

"I expected to have perceived a fragrance diffused around; but, in passing through the cinnamon gardens, not the slightest aroma was perceptible."

"It is a mistaken idea, Whalmer, of many; but you will find, that as soon as they commence peeling the cinnamon bushes, the effluvia will be very powerful. Smell this blossom; scarcely any scent is perceptible; but, strange to say, the oil which is obtained from the berry, or fruit, by boiling—which, when cold, is a substance like wax—is frequently made into candles, and will emit a very pleasant perfume in burning."

"What is the size of the fruit, and what is it like?"

"The fruit is smaller than a pea, and shaped like an acorn; but to see a plantation in full beauty, you should visit it when it is first putting forth the young leaves, which are of a pale, delicate yellow, streaked with bright red."

"It must be very beautiful, Dighton; yet these cinnamon laurels, with their vesture of shining dark green

leaves, are most pleasant to behold, and the eye rests upon them with gratified satisfaction. Nature has been most bountiful, as in all her phases she presents the means of enjoyment to the intellectual powers of her sons."

"Stop that *jabbaton*, Gus; and, Dighton, tell your niggers to begin. What are those queer-looking weapons they have in their paws?—they look like a heathen marrow-spoon, with sharp edges, and pointed at the tip."

"Those heathen-looking marrow-spoons, as you call them, are cinnamon peeling-knives; but I doubt, Atkins, if by your description any one would recognise a long knife, which is convex on one side, and concave on the other, and whose point is curved."

"What caste is it that prepare the cinnamon—are they a high caste?"

"They are a very low caste, indeed, being a division of the fourth caste, and are called *Chulius*; now, do you not perceive the aroma?"

"Very strongly; but do ask your clerk to explain the process, for our edification."

And immediately Dighton desired the burgher-clerk to explain the process, and as the peculiar burgher lingo would be unintelligible to our perusers, unless they had been resident in the Cinnamon Isle, and if that were the case, we feel quite satisfied that they would have seen the process too frequently gone through to read our description, we will, in good, honest, simple, intelligible English, describe the operation of cinnamon-peeling, which usually takes place twice in the year; the first crop is the best and most abundant, this is obtained between April and August, and the second between November and January. The cinnamon peeler squats on the ground,—for it cannot be dignified with the name of sitting—and cuts off the shoots of a year old, which are of the thickness of a finger, and vary from one to three feet in length. He strips off their leaves, and with his knife then makes an incision the whole length of the shoot, and separating the bark from the wood, he carefully scrapes off the grey outer skin, and the green inner rind, leaving the bark free from all fleshy substance, and about the thickness of parchment, of a greenish-white colour. This is spread out to dry in heaps, and the power of the

sun soon changes the bark to a brown hue, and causes it to roll round closely. It is then tied up in bundles or sheaves, and is sent to the market for sale.

"We are very much obliged to you, Dighton, for all the trouble that you have taken to gratify us. The perfume is most pleasant that is exhaled from the fresh-peeled bark; but to what use do you apply the leaves, which they are so carefully gathering into heaps?"

"We extract oil from them. I have told you that we do the same from the berry; from the refuse we distil a golden-coloured, fine-flavoured fluid, which is called cinnamon-water, and from the root we frequently make camphor."

"You apply the cinnamon laurel to many purposes, and it appears to thrive in this white sandy soil."

"Yes; all that the bush requires for its growth and luxuriant perfection, is a sandy soil, powerful sun, and frequent irrigations."

"I say, Dighton, you have forgotten the white ants; they seem to thrive here *unkinmon*. Do you not make some decoction from them—soup or oil—which? For I am quite sure they ought to be applied to some purpose, or exterminated, or they will soon eat the colonists up. They are no disciples of Malthus, I am certain, nor have the least regard for surplus population, nor the price of provisions—but they are all folks with large appetites, and larger families."

"It is very strange, certainly; but cinnamon-gardens are always infested with white ants, and they do comparatively very little injury to the bushes."

"Come, old fellows, let's leave these naked, filthy-looking niggers: as for me, I will never touch or look at cinnamon again: see that filthy beast spitting his red saliva over a heap of cinnamon. What would a nice girl say, just as you handed her a custard, after the last polka, if she could see or be told what contamination the flavoured of the custard she was imbibing had been subjected to?—it makes me shudder at the thought."

"Will you drive us to the Fort, Dighton? I want to go to Benn's to get some cravats, for my satin stocks are *werry* *ot*, as the cockneys say."

"With all my heart; but I will

make the bargain, that you shall come with me to the Pettah afterwards. I want to go to a Moorman about some goods which we expect out; it will be good fun for you."

"You are considerate, my boy; accept our thanks. I am going to do the grand, and talk regally."

"If you want to do the grand, you can't do better than take a lesson from the shopkeeper, Benn, whom we are going to. He is a most presuming, insolent blackguard; nearly got kicked the other day by the colonial secretary, for being impertinent to his wife; and said to one of the A.D.C.'s two days ago, that as he intended to write *merchant* after his name next year, he supposed he should be asked to the queen's ball. The A.D.C. told him that he did not think that he would be; at all events, if Sir Colin Campbell held the office of governor."

"A compliment to your body, Dighton—a shopkeeper to place himself on a level with a merchant."

"I can assure you, that my partner tells me he would not have dealings with Benn on any account. The fellow came out here—I believe worked his passage out—at all events, his wife and brats were steerage passengers. He is a shrewd fellow. Got some Moorman to trust him with goods; took a shop in the Fort; his wife, a fresh-coloured, good-looking woman, used to stand behind the counter to serve; the officers, *pour passer le temps*, used to go in and talk to her; well, they must buy something, and as Benn sold cheese, cigars, brandy, ham, wax-candles, anchovies, biscuits, preserves, saddlery, pickle, and trolley of all sorts, why, the dickens was in it if they could not find something they either wanted, or thought they did; and when their month's pay became due, Benn's bill made a great hole in it. Sometimes they would let the bill run, and were not articles clapt into it they say they never had! From little and little, Benn got on, until he had consignments sent out to him—and he now sells everything, from a pennyworth of pins to a lady's bonnet, every article for the table, and every description of gentlemen's clothing. I forgot, however, he deals in horses, builds carriages, has turned auctioneer, makes money that way, and will occasionally keep the money, and hand you a bill at two or three

months—by some absurd colonial regulation, you have no redress for this but to wait for your money, although the auctioneer has been paid, in hard cash, for your goods—he puts your money in his pocket, and hands you a bill with his valuable signature."

"At all events, Dighton, he seems a persevering man, and if he were a worthy character, would deserve great praise for raising himself from his original obscurity."

"Wait, Whalmer, until you have seen him, and if, even with all your philanthropy, you can have a kindly feeling toward him, I believe you will be the only one in the island who has. He is a low, London shopkeeper, in every sense of the word, and a most—I will not say what I was about. Here we are at his shop; you may all get out; I won't set foot on the beast's premises."

"Nor I," said Otwyn, "for he was most impertinent to a brother-officer, because he asked him to let his bill stand over for a month—regularly bullied him; if it had been me, I would have knocked him down, big as he is, or, at all events, have had a trial for it."

Whalmer and Atkins walked into a spacious shop, crowded with every imaginable article—provisions, saddlery, articles of clothing, both for the masculine and feminine genders, stationery, books, artificial flowers, wines, spirits, bottled beer—in short, *everything* was to be found stowed about in most admirable disorder, or, as sailors say, 'everything *a top*, and nothing to be found.' Windows and doors, of course, wide open; and a burgher stood staring at them as they walked in.

"I want some thin cravats—either muslin or thin silk; have you got any?"

"I dun know?"

"Call somebody who does know, then."

Still the burgher remained unmoved, staring at them.

"Why do you not call your master, or some one who can speak and understand English?"

"Hush, Tom, don't be so impatient. Go, will you, and call Mr. Benn."

Away walked the burgher, most deliberately, and they waited for about five minutes.

"I ain't going to wait any longer,

Gus; if this fellow won't come, I will go."

And they were walking towards the door, when a tall man, with a very yellow skin, small, cunning eyes, and dark hair, dressed in colonial costume, namely, white jacket, waistcoat, and trousers, the shirt collar unbuttoned, and cravat loosely tied, came forward.

"I could not come before; I was writing. Do you want me?"

"No; but I want some muslin cravats; have you got any?"

"I don't know. Ferrara, have we any muslin cravats? I know the sort you want—me and the Smiths always wears them."

"Then you can continue to do so for me. Come, Whalmer."

Out walked the two gentlemen, leaving Benn standing in the middle of his shop, staring like a stuck pig.

"I tell you what, Dighton, never, as long as I am in the colony, will I have anything from that insolent ruffian, Benn; he kept us waiting five minutes, and, instead of apologising, told us he had been writing. I walked out of his shop; I believe he looked *rather conglomerated* as we turned on our heels."

"I only wonder that he condescended to come at all. You can get all you want in the Pettah, and much cheaper; and even if you do not like going there, his neighbour, Hantz, has all the articles Benn has, is much cheaper, and is an honest, civil fellow, although he is a burgher."

"I am glad," said Arthur Otwyn, "that Benn *riz your dauder*. Why didn't you kick him? You are an independent chap—you are neither a civil or military servant, so could not be hauled over the coals for ungentlemanly conduct, in kicking an insolent shopkeeper."

"I only wish he had, or would give me an excuse for doing so, as if this be a specimen of a colonial English shopkeeper, the sooner they are kicked back to old England the better; for even in these days, when everybody tries to be every body's equal in England, shopkeepers are obliged to be attentive and civil, or they are soon done up."

"I can assure you, that colonial shopkeepers assume intolerably impertinent air—fellows who at home would stand hat in hand to you, here think

themselves upon an equality with us merchants, kick and abuse the natives, and term themselves English gentlemen."

"More fools the natives, for not turning round, and giving them a good kicking in turn. If all English shopkeepers in colonies resemble Benn, a precious set they must be; they would soon be obliged to shut up shop, though, if all gentlemen were to resent their insolence by withdrawing their custom."

"Come, come, Tom—do let us change the subject: none of us will have any dealings with Benn—that's settled; and as for kicking a tradesman because he is insolent, that will never do, keep out of his den, and he can't annoy you."

"Well, Gus, as you like, for the beast is not worth talking about. Close shave, that."

This was said as the wheel of the carriage grazed a pillar, which is placed in the middle of the narrow road, going out of the fort to the Pettah of Colombo.

"We shall fall foul of a brillock-bandy, or get locked with another carriage. Your horse-keeper seems a careless dog; tell him to be more careful."

"I wish that I could; for not a word of his lingo do I speak, and not a sound of ours does he understand beyond '*stop*,' and the names of the principal shops; but they tell me that accidents rarely happen, although from the manner in which bullock-bandies, palanquins, phaetons, gigs, and saddles, horses, get jumbled together, we, fresh ones, think there will be a smash."

"That's very fine talking; but all these colonial-built vehicles may be used to this work—my mother-country's precious limbs are not; besides your carriage can be mended or replaced, so, you may say, could my limbs; but I would *rather* not see them stand in need of restoration."

"Don't talk such nonsense, Tom. What do you mean by Pettah, Dighton?"

"It is a part of Colombo, so called; but I believe it signifies native bazaar, or market-place."

"There seem decent sort of streets here, but I do not see any shops."

"We shall come to them presently; the horse-keeper has turned down one of the side streets, and it is in these

side streets of the Pettah that the burghers live."

"I see some good-looking girls among them; pity they are so dark, though."

"Just like you, Otwyn—always looking after the pretty women. What you call girls, are in age children, or, at least, what would be so at home. They marry at twelve, thirteen, and fourteen, and look like shrivelled hags at thirty; at twenty, all freshness is gone, and they either become shapeless masses of flesh, or shrivelled fleshless skin and bone."

"My own blessed lovely countrywomen! It is the fashion of authors to laud and extol eastern skies and Asiatic beauty, black eyes beaming luxuriously, warm souls, &c. &c.; but let them come among these women, and would they not prize our own mild, gentle, intelligent, blue-eyed, white-skinned, modest countrywomen. Ah, woman! how are ye degraded in the East!—ye have lost all the impress of your original purity."

"Pull up, Gus—look at those queer shops, open to the passers-by; these are the same as those in the Moormen's quarter of Galle, only larger. Look at that brawny chap, nude from the waist upwards, with a dirty-white cotton night-cap stuck on his shaven poll; he has been chewing betel, and is sending forth his red spit in a slimy stream. Look at him again; the brute is wiping under his arms, and—ugh—he is putting some rice into the same handkerchief that he has been wiping himself with—the disgusting, filthy beast."

"Do not talk about it, Tom; you quite nauseate me. How strange is this scene—so dissimilar to anything European! Look at these wicker trays, with the red chillies, white rice, round, black pepper-corns, and yellow tumeric, spread on them for sale. See the two pendant bunches of plantains suspended from the roof—one bright yellow, and the other a delicate green; the blending of the colours is so harmonious, that they look as if they had been arranged by an artist."

"Make a sketch, Gus; only do it to the life—spit, handkerchief, and all. Not a bit of it—you artists never do stick to truth, you put into the picture what you like, and leave out the rest."

"Fortunately, Tom, there are few

men of education whose minds are so debased as to delight in what is indelicate, or disgusting; therefore why should an artist portray what would necessarily recall disagreeable or unpleasant remembrances? You admire, Tom—and very naturally—a beautiful woman, Nature's most perfect handiwork; when her portrait was taken, should you desire, or wish the artist to depict her suffering under some of the many diseases to which poor humanity is liable?"

"Certainly not, Gus; but I should beg of the lady to put on all her finery, and make herself as smart as a carrot half-scraped. I do believe that what you say is quite correct—you are a clever dog, Gus; only a *little* too long-winded sometimes. We often hear of poetic licence; that you grant yourself, and you are strongly disposed to allow artistic licence, as well."

"Now, will you get out with me, you fellows?—for here we are at Marcar Lebby Tanby's, the gentleman who I am going to transact business with. But there he stands in *propria persona*—come along, my boys."

Out they all jumped, and followed Dighton into a large shop, or warehouse, crowded with every imaginable article, and were received by a Moorman—a large, handsome fellow, with a magnificent black beard and whiskers, although his shaven head was as innocent of hair as a delicate woman's hand. He wore on his naked scone a round cap, embroidered in many colours; a garment made somewhat in the fashion, only longer, of a lady's dressing jacket—this was made of a most showy chintz, which had been originally intended for bed furniture, or window curtains. Under this was a white shirt, with jewelled studs, six in a row; and to complete this *picturesque masculine* costume, his lower limbs were concealed in the comboy, or petticoat, made of checked red and yellow cotton. His ankles and feet were stockingless and shoeless. The comboy was bound round his waist by a silk handkerchief; and in the folds formed by the comboy were deposited his betel-box, a huge watch, with ponderous chains, to which was suspended half-a-dozen large old fashioned seals. This *baby in petticoats* was a fellow nearly six feet in height; and, although very brown, indeed, was

is manly in appearance, and is I find some—as who? Why, lady, I find, as handsome as your lover, or that good-looking fellow with whom you danced the polka so energetically at Mrs. —'s party, and with whom you flirted so outrageously—it is he, all the ladies said so—after you found he was in the *Royal Horse Grenads Blues*, an eldest son, and heir to a good fortune. How you did try to hook him! don't be angry, or look so cross, your dearest friend is our authority. But we must return to Marcus Lebbe Lamby.

"Silence, gentlemen!" said the Major, holding up his four fingers flat on his forefinger. "I find tall master, looking at Dighton. Suppose master no come Pettah day—morrow morning I go I not talk master, ship soon come, master talk I plenty word *dem tings*—master come inside, I talk master."

"Wait here, and look about you—it is all strange to you—I shall be above five minutes settling this business."

While Dighton is talking with Tamby about invoices, prices of goods, discount for ready money, and nine per cent for credit the expected time of the ship's arrival, the scarcity of the putrid articles required by Lamby, and which Dighton had for sale &c., we will stop in the shop with the three gentlemen.

"Gentlemen, look here—this is a magnificent North's ark, or a shop which has every thing to sell. In this case we ribbons for ladies' caps, flower for their bonnets, lace for their necks and gloves for their hands. Next to these are shooting-guns, a full set of pistols, some knives and four bottled fruit and snakes in paint, powder flint, shooting-belt, high bow, cloth trousers, and coats were a little more than for the ladies, felt hat, artificial flowers, men's socks, writing paper, and some chintz for covering seats."

"Atkins, here is a dinner service—a dishing silk bonnet, feathers, flower, and aul, in the tray dish. Here are pots and pans of all sorts and sizes; a

lot of ladies' French shoes are quickly reposing in the frying pan. Here is a handsome claret jug filled with tooth brushes, lots of champagne glasses, a cut glass dessert dish, filled with packets of brown Windsor soap. This soap tureen contains packets of scented hair powder. What's in this case?—claret and in oil painting representing the Vicar of Wakefield buying the gross of spectacles from the Jew. What have you found, Whidney?

"Here are some cognivins of the Queen and Prince Albert, in close proximity to a side of bacon. Here is some cold towelling lying on a piece of ham. Here are jars of preserves next to the writing paper, some in clove paste and steel pens are all together in a bottle of tin fruits are standing on. The way to keep him—and the account books have some records of their standing on them. Whilst the catkins of Lamby's biscuits have formed in intimate acquaintance with some pocket handkerchiefs and a thimble, slobbering bib."

"Ha, ha, ha! Yes, I shall expire at the idea, here are papers of needles of all sizes in this plated teapot, in the glass milk ewer are champagne, whilst in the bread and butter plate is a card of blonde rice. In the glass butter caddy some not for full in the spoon a pair of cuds; some pill mint lozenge in a bottle of blacking on the plate, some hair brushes for the fish kettle in the gridiron are brushes for the hair and ladies' socks in that contrived card is a chess scoop, in the lower one are nail brushes, and in this one are some metal tweezers and buttons."

"You am very much obliged," said Dighton, coming from the next shop where he had been settling business matters with Marcus Lebbe Lamby, to their mutual satisfaction.

"It is enough to make a man sit and on his hands and feet, to see the extraordinary heterogeneous mass of articles that are accumulated in this shop, I am certain there is everything here which can be required by man, woman,

* A though this may appear a caricature yet the truth of the above inventory will be admitted by those who have visited a Moorman's or Parsee's shop, or store, as they are frequently called, where, as a naval friend of ours said, "you might find everything from a fine needle to an anchor for a seventy-four—from lace for a lady's neckerchief to a roll of canvas for sails."

man, or child, in their lifetime. By the way, Mr Moormin, do you sell collins?"

"No have got, but suppose master want, can get."

"Tom, don't rest upon so serious a subject, you see the Moormin believes you are in earnest. We should be very careful in our dealings with the natives, or they will be too apt to form a very indifferent opinion of our country, and I fear, from the conduct that is too often evinced towards them, and exhibited out here, with very little cause."

"Well, Gus, I was wrong, I'll allow; but you know that I say things in a fit, and think afterwards, when I am full of my fun. Now, Dighton, shall we go?"

"Yes, if you choose, but let me recommend you to get what you want from Fumby, his articles are good, and he charges a fair price. Good bye, Fumby; don't forget to send the mus and chicken in the morning to Maudslayi."

"Plenty Salamu gentlemen. I no forget and *tomorrow* I suppose gentlemen want *tomorrow* I got all I need—so *tomorrow* true price still."

"Very well, Fumby, look me out some thin cravat, and send them to Archibald Boyd in Colpetty. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, master, I plenty buy, moorin come and make *tomorrow* me to Colpetty, master like, can take no like, no take."

All right, Fumby, if all event, you are civil—no like Benn, he hate."

"Salamu, master. I send plenty to gentlemen no like Benn, he plenty *tomorrow* true price."

"You are right, Fumby, and if all well, no one would doubt it here."

Aw y stepped the quartette into the palm-grove, Dighton calling out to the house-keeper, "Glad I see you, and addressing his companions, said—

The Moormin is enormously wealthy, yet will be as thankful if you spend a little peace with him, as if he had not a penny in the world. Crowded as his house is, he is that he is very of a liberal in spirit, and that he is not a fool, and he wanted me to send for a cargo of *morning papers*, as he said he had heard that we used them in England, not

having the least notion to what use they are applied."

"That bears Brigher—don't it, Gus? How thoughtful you are—penny for your thoughts."

"I was thinking what could be in the sacks that are piled up in those balconies, behind the portion that has not hung up in front. Can you tell me, Dighton?"

"The bins are filled with paddy and grain; the owners of the houses have matted off part of the verandah,—not balcony, Whilmer, out here—to form a sort of store-house; and this is the great political question that now agitates Colombo."

"Political question. Dighton—I don't understand you."

"I will enlighten your ignorance; but you must be patient, and listen attentively, for, as Atkins will say, it's a long *jambition*. The colonial government here forbids the natives to mat up the verandahs; it prevents a free entrance and passing down the crowded streets and thoroughfares, thereby causing disease and death, or else we issued to the police to pull them down and accordingly down they tear all the mats. So far so good, for every precaution to guard against infectious disease should be taken at all times, but more especially in a tropical climate, and many people of dirty habits. But the political question now *arises* is, whether the verandah is part of the house or not. The colonial government say that the ground belonging to the house extends only to the outer wall but that the verandah has been built on crown land which has not yet been put to public use, and it is therefore an encroachment upon the street, having been added and put without permission, and they need demand the value of the ground occupied by the verandah. The inhabitants contend that it is part of the house, in the first place, and, in the second, that if it were an encroachment on the street originally, as it has never been noticed since Europeans first settled in the island, both at that time have admitted and met with no objection. How it will all turn out, I cannot tell, but it is a well-ventilated political matter; but, as the governor likes a surplus revenue, and as the colonial secretary is a person in the

of all crown lands, I think the million will cry out."

"But, Dighton, suppose they make these folks buy the ground upon which the verandahs are built, the owners will then have a right to mat them up, brick them up, or what not—for a man has a right to do what he likes with his own—has he not?"

"Not always in a colony; the exclusion of the air, by matting or brick-ing up the verandahs, would easily be got over by an ordinance forbidding the enclosure of the verandahs, as it was prejudicial to the health of the inhabitants."

"Well, all I can say is, that, by jingo! when I have my estate, no governor or secretary shall interfere in my domestic arrangements."

"Tom, do not utter such radical sentiments. The convenience of the few must give way to the benefit of the many; and assuredly the governor is bound to legislate for the benefit of all; and if enclosing the verandahs, thereby excluding the air, preventing it from passing freely through the public thoroughfares, is calculated to engender disease, it is his bounden duty to prevent it, as far as lies in his power. But, Tom, I do not think Sir Colin Campbell would attempt to interfere with you, or any one else, if you or they choose to build a house on your own estate, or in a garden; for, being a detached dwelling, others could not suffer from any particular mode of building your domicile."

"Fudge!—I shall not heed you, Gus; for as you are a menial, a hired mercenary, in short, a civil servant, you dare not censure your master's acts, and are not capable of giving an unbiassed opinion. I should not be surprised, Otwyn, if Gus is looking forward to be colonial secretary himself, some day, and is thinking how *very pleasant* the per centage will be."

"I say, Dighton," inquired Otwyn, "how is it you are so very noticent in all colonial matters?"

"My partner has initiated me into the politics and personal characters of the colony and colonists; as he is a member of council, in the first place, an old resident in the colony and a merchant, in the second, it is very natural that he should be *au fait*, and fully informed on these matters."

"How refreshing the sea breeze is

this evening, here especially, after the oppressive heat of the day. This Galle Face is *the drive*—in short, the Hyde Park, of Ceylon; unfortunately the women do not look like our rosy English belles; what listless, pale, sallow creatures they seem to be. Look at those equestrians, how languidly they sit: no life, no apparent enjoyment taken in the exercise; but they appear as indolent as the ladies who are loling in their carriages."

"I am told, that let the most lovely, vivacious woman be in India, China, or Ceylon, for two years, she will lose the principal part of her beauty, the whole of her vivacity, becoming indolent and listless."

"Those womenkind in that phaeton do not seem listless now; look how eagerly and curiously they are staring at us. I am not naturally bashful, but they almost put me out of countenance."

"You will get used to being *gawked* at; a comer to a colony is as much canvassed as a new political character is at home; every one is on the *qui vive* to ascertain who, what he is, why he has come, and which place he is to fill. This laudable curiosity is not confined to the female portion of the community, but is most sedulously shared by the masculine. Occasionally the good folk will state what post he is to fill, before the individual himself has the least idea of it. When it occurs, which it generally does, that the individual in question is appointed to a totally different office, they then state that he is not fit or calculated for *that* place; but *the one* they had given him previously was just the thing for him."

"They are too good. Doff your castors, my boys—here comes the governor."

Our party bowed respectfully to Sir Colin Campbell, who graciously acknowledged the salutation.

"What a set of bores!—not a creature, with the exception of the military, take off, or even touch, their hats or caps to the governor; it is very bad taste, to say the least of it."

"They think nothing of that sort of thing in a colony, where each individual tries to assume the position which can only belong to the governor, and appears to imagine that insolent familiarity with his superiors, will

ensure him the station in society which he tries to usurp.

"I detest that sort of thing, Dighton. Folks who adopt this line of conduct only prove their ignorance, and how little pretension they can have either to the position or rank of a gentleman, for you will invariably see that a man who is well born and educated, will most scrupulously render homage where homage is due, and it is only the vulgar minded upstart who will attempt, or even attempt, the contrary line of conduct.

"Quite right, Gus, and I coincide in every word you have said, is every honest right minded man must do.

I do not like the idea, Dighton, of these horse keepers leading the horse by running at his side; it seems cruel to make a human being keep pace with a beast of burden. See there!—what a piece of ostentation—a man driving a phaeton, with a horse keeper running on each side of the carriage—surely he might let them sit behind they would be as ready to render my neck any assistance, should it be required, as they now w—

"Cust in Whitman goes a great way—the horses very seldom go quickly, and these fellows are habituated to their work, but some people are introverted as to the horse keeper to drive him then however, uses the difficulty of finding men capable of driving a fourth every horse keeper can lead a horse, not one in a hundred can drive. There is an instance of it—that is a brother merchant's carriage. See, one fellow, the coachman, *is driving*, whilst the horse keeper runs at either side of the carriage. The moment the carriage returns, the coachman will throw down the reins and off he walks, it is his business merely to drive—not a thing about the carriage or horses will he do. Each horse has a horse keeper for his especial service, for these blacks will not attend to more than one horse, then the horse must have a grass cutter, for the black who claims him would think it beneath his dignity to cut or fetch his grass. He have me, these chaps take good care they are not overworked.

"I am positive they are very lazy, and will shirk work if they can, nevertheless, I shall not make my horse-keeper run by the side or the head of my horse, I shall drive a gig with a

hood, and he shall sit behind. I am sure that the horse must be much less fatigued, by having his head thus drawn down, as the horse keeper must inevitably lean heavily on the bridle, and this must be very apt to throw the horse down.

"You are quite right as to the throwing down, for there is scarcely a horse which has been three months in Ceylon, whose knees are not broken, and this very circumstance has caused driving seats to be introduced, as the folks have a cue for their horse knees although they have none for the horse keeper's legs. To prove to you how little these negroes care about running—in hiring a horse keeper, if you tell him that he will be required to drive, he then demands higher wages, as he considers that extra work not belonging to his capacity is a horse keeper, although the driving would, as you would say, and every one naturally suppose, prove more agreeable and less fatiguing, than running at a horse's head.

"Chacun a son gout, as the French say, and as much as it would not be mine to keep pace with a horse, how ever slowly he might trot. How attentively and silently you are gazing round you, Whitman—are you in love, old boy? W—h—d—m— how many times am I to call you, before you will reply to me?

"I beg your pardon, Otwyn, I was attracted by the singularity, beauty, and Oriental character of the scene and view. There the boundless ocean, dashing in waves of white foam on the beach with a ship in full sail, gliding over it, bosom the canoe of the natives lightly floating on and humming over the ocean whilst close to the beach this carriage drive is made, and a green round encloses green sward, where in high bred Arab horses are curveting bounding and prancing, in the full enjoyment of existence. On the opposite side is the race course dotted over with white posts, and the earth clothed in green, over which more horses are cantering in high glee, whilst the carriage road, which divides the race course from the green sward, is thronged with carriages of every shape filled with Europeans, whilst then Eastern attendants run at the side of the vehicle. At the back of the race course runs the Lake of Colombo, the banks studded with droop

ing palms, the leaves gently waving in the evening breeze, overshadowing the clear waters, on which float the pink lotus and white water-lily; whilst our dwelling (Ackland Boyd's), with the verandah overgrown with creepers, and the grounds crowded with gorgeous-coloured flowering shrubs, fill up the vista of beauty on this side; looking from which, with nought to impede the view save the stand on the race-course, you can distinctly see the grey, time-mossed ramparts, which encircle the Fort of Colombo. It is the most varied panorama of nature that my eye ever dwelt on; and although nature may assume a more sublime character, never can she bear a more pleasing, characteristic, or Oriental one."

"Wut, weh, Gus, as the waggoners say at home: you have expended much breath, fine language, and valuable time, in describing the Galle Face of Colombo, whose only beauty, in my eyes, consists in being able here to enjoy the cool breeze from the sea; as for the lake, I know what abominations its water conceals, and the gorgeous shrubs in the ground attract and harbour lots of mosquitoes, to whose ravenous propensities my poor body will bear most painful and veracious testimony. Now to speak of the bipeds and quadrupeds. The women look sallow and stupid; the men nasty, bilious, and impertinent; the horses are brutes, with ~~we~~ ^{axe} necks, cat hams, broken knees, and who prance from sheer viciousness."

"I should much like to know," said Otwyn, "which description would be thought most correct—Whalmer's or Atkins'? I say they are both good and true, although at first sight this may appear enigmatical."

"Not at all," replied Dighton, for the description given by Whalmer is that of a poet—one who is a sincere worshipper and lover of nature; while Atkins looks at all around in a matter-of-fact point of view, and possibly discovers blemishes and defects where Whalmer would only see beauties."

"Your idea is a correct one, Dighton, for I honestly confess that I adore nature under all her ever-changing phases; whilst Tom, I verily believe, would find something to dislike in the most picturesque landscape."

"Certainly I should, if the landscape were in Asia, for I neither like the heat of the climate, character of

the scenery, nor the inhabitants of this quarter of the globe. Come, let's stretch our legs a bit, and have a walk; the sun is setting, and it is tolerably cool. Sto—p—c, you nigger," shouted Tom Atkins.

He did s—t—o—p, and the party commenced taking a constitutional walk on the race-course.

"How gloriously the sun is setting—sinking into the bosom of the sea in majestic tranquillity, as his parting beams illumine the green waters on which they glitter in thousands of sparkling rays; whilst over the azure vault of heaven float violet, crimson, and golden-tinted clouds, which, as we gaze, fade away, assuming fantastic forms. No language can describe the gorgeous, glorious, magnificent beauty of the sun's rising and setting in the tropics; the ever-changing and numberless hues which tint the clouds in constant succession, is beyond tongue, pencil, or pen to represent. See, Sol is now dipping; he almost appears to be toying with the waters, into whose bosom he is sinking, and on whom he is throwing his lurid beams. How gloriously bright is the sun's colour, and how noble is the arch! Gradually he sinks—lower—lower—lower; and he has now gone to illumine another quarter of the globe, casting around his life-imparting beams."

"For once in my existence, Gus, I, even I, could not stop you; how well you do jaw about commonplace things. Pity you are not an M.P., for I believe that you would make even a poor-law or Irish repeal debate palatable, by the language which you would use, and similar, wherewith you would embody your ideas."

"I say, Whalmer, what a lover you would make. No chance for a poor fellow like me, if you tried to cut me out with your fine speeches. I should like to find a nice girl, who could talk well. Can you recommend me one, Dighton, for I am in sad want of a dear, nice, little ~~cosy~~ ^{cozy} wife?"

"I do not think you will find such as you want out here, Otwyn; nice girls in a colony, or presidency, are rare commodities; but there is the 'Mary Bannagher' expected out soon, perhaps there may be some on board her who may do for you."

"Thank you, Dighton, for nothing; girls who come out on spec, as merchants send their goods to the colonies,

when they can't find purchasers at home, would not suit me at all—I always suspect such articles to be damaged."

"I quite agree with you, that no girl worth marrying need leave home to find a husband, as even in dear England nice girls are not overabundant; but this does not apply to the ladies I allude to, and who are expected by the 'Mary Bannaher,' as they are the daughters of the officers of — regiment, who are ordered for service here."

"What was that you said, Dighton," inquired Whalmer, eagerly. "Did you say the — regiment was expected out here?"

"Yes, I did, Whalmer, does it interest you?—is your true love one of the officers' daughters?"

"No, indeed; but one of the officers' wives is a relation of mine—a most lovely, intelligent, highly-cultivated creature; and much as I should like to see her elsewhere, I shall grieve to see her here, as I fear, with her education and habits, a colony will be most dissonant to both."

"How in the world, Gus, is it that we never heard of this before?—the regiment was not under orders when we left England."

"I can only account for our ignorance on this subject, by the length of time that we spent loitering everywhere, on our way out, which had the least object of interest connected with the spot; and we know that somehow we were always missing letters, as those which did come to hand constantly referred to others which we had not seen."

"I am very sorry the regiment is ordered out, for Constance's sake, glad as I shall be to see her again. I fear her residence in Ceylon will be most unpleasant to her, and I can only hope that she has not accompanied Devereux."

"Be sure that where her husband is she will be at his side; for her sense of duty alone would not permit her to remain in England apart from him, to say nothing of the strong affection she has for Devereux. I pity her mother, though, deeply; it must have been a terrible blow for her to have parted with a daughter so dearly beloved as Constance is, more particularly when each was to dwell in a different quarter of the globe."

"What a pity, Gus, it was that Constance would not have you; for I never saw two people more calculated for each other."

"Come here, Tom—we shall rejoice you two directly," said Whalmer, looking towards Dighton and Otwyn—"let me entreat you never to allude to this subject before living mortal; think if, in this gossiping place, her name were to be coupled with mine in any other way than as being relations."

"My dear Gus, do forgive me—it was very thoughtless; but rest assured that if any man dared insinuate a slander against Constance Devereux, I would blow his brains out."

"That would not be the way to wipe away the stain the slander would have cast. The fair fame of a woman is too precious to be placed in the custody of the chattering multitude; and our aim in life should be, not to give cause by word or deed for the propagation of *slander*, and thereby avoid the necessity of resenting it."

"You are always right in these things, Gus—my only excuse is, my thoughtlessness at all times; and I am very glad it was only Dighton and Otwyn who heard what I said—as they know all about the affair, no harm is done; and I am sure they are not the sort to chatter about other people's business."

"Be more cautious in future, Tom—caution is what I wish to impress upon your mind; you are honest and open-hearted yourself, but all those we meet have not those estimable qualifications. This intelligence has saddened me, and recalled circumstances which I deemed had been buried in the bosom of the past. But I must shake off this melancholy, although I wish my cousin could have loved me well enough to have become my wife; and I know too well the value of her noble disposition, cultivated mind, and lovely person, not to feel acutely my loss. As she is another's wife, it is my duty to think of her only as a near and dear relation, and to banish every other feeling from my heart. I thought that I had succeeded in this; but the sudden intelligence that we are likely soon to be inhabitants of the same town, has undeceived me. I shall go home, as I wish to be alone."

"Not a bit of it, Gus—I will not

let you ; let us rejoin Dighton and Otwyn, finish our walk, bid them good bye, and then, if you like it, we will return home together. Now then, old boy, let us toddle towards them."

Whalmer and Atkins rejoined Dighton and Otwyn.

"When did you say the 'Mary Bannaher' was expected, Dighton, as you may imagine we are particularly interested in her arrival, as Captain Devereux, who is married to a relation of ours, will be with his regiment?"

"The ship is expected daily ; and, believe me, it will give me great delight to renew my acquaintance with Mrs. Devereux ; at all events, we shall then have one gentlewoman in the colony."

"I wonder if she is as lovely a wife as she was a girl," said Otwyn ; "for I always considered her the finest creature I ever saw ; and she was so clever, and used to sing so beautifully. What a sensation her arrival will cause ! I shall mention to Sir Colin Campbell, that Captain and Mrs. Devereux are expected with the regiment ; for it was only yesterday evening that the governor was speaking of the kindness he had received from Mrs. Devereux's father. I am certain that he will be very glad to see the beautiful little girl, as he called her, now grown into a lovely woman."

"Thank you, Otwyn," said Whalmer ; "it will be but right to apprise the governor that his old friend's daughter is coming out. It is quite dark—why, it is seven o'clock ; we will say good bye, as it is time to go home to dinner."

"Good bye, then, till to-morrow evening ; if we do not meet before, we shall be sure to see each other at the Queen's House."

"I think it very kind of Sir Colin Campbell to have us all on the same day—it is very kind, indeed."

"You may thank me for that, Atkins, do you suppose the governor troubles his head as to who is asked on Thursdays?—not a bit of it ; it is his A.D.Cs. that make out the list, and as one of them is an old school-fellow of mine, I asked him to invite our squad. I tell you, when the governor makes out the list—it is on the special Tuesdays, when only favourites and personal friends are invited,

those are the pleasant dinners—up-stair ones, as they are called."

"Good bye" and "good bye" was echoed by all ; Dighton taking Otwyn in his carriage, to set him down in the Fort, at the Queen's House, while Whalmer and Atkins walked in the contrary direction towards Colpetty, each with a thoughtful brow, but the former with a saddened one. Whalmer broke the silence by saying—

"Look, Tom, in the direction of the lake ; what myriads of fire-flies are hovering over it ; a cloud of them are frisking about in the air, alighting on the drooping leaves of that palm, causing its foliage to be illuminated. Now see, some few are settling on the leaves of that lotus floating on the lake ; two or three have crept into the flower, and sparkle like brilliants in its bosom ; more have alighted on the other aquatic plants around, and the waters glisten with a million minute specks of light. Now they wing their flight upwards in innumerable numbers, and the air appears to be replete with a shower of the sun's rays, whilst many are settling on the tall banana, the outline of whose leaves is distinctly defined by the dazzling specks of fire on them. This is beautiful ; but to me the sighing of the night breeze, and the rolling of the waves on the beach, have a mournful sound, telling of departed visions of bliss—whilst the brilliant fire-flies, floating and disporting in the air, flickering hither and thither, are as the bright hopes that I once indulged in—meteors most pleasing to mental vision ; but as the sunshine of the morrow will disperse these glittering insects, so that which has been the sunshine of another's life, has deprived mine of its essential stream of light. Moore's beautiful lines involuntarily are recalled to my mind, as visions of the past flit before memory's eye :—

"All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest ;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest."

"We must return home, my dear fellow, you are low-spirited ; and I am almost tempted to believe that it is catching, for I feel rather down in the mouth myself. But this won't do

at any price; so we will walk into the hotse, take our baths to purify our outward man, eat our dinner to invigorate and restore exhausted nature, drinking lots of Bass's pale ale to

quench our thirst, and imbibing any quantity of Moett's champagne to raise our spirits. Come, Gus, in with you; ten to one my toilette will be completed before yours."

CHAPTER VI.

FROM 1795 TO 1805—BRITISH RULE—KANDY—CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE—GOVERNMENT UNDER NATIVE SOVEREIGNS AND RULERS—CUSTOMS—MODE OF SMELTING IRON—GOVERNOR NORTH, FIRST ENGLISH GOVERNOR—SUPREME COURT OF JUDICATURE ESTABLISHED—KANDIAN WAR—FEARFUL MASSACRE OF BRITISH TROOPS—DASTARDLY CONDUCT OF MAJOR DAVIE—SUMMARY OF POLITICAL EVENTS IN CEYLON—FALSE POLICY OF GENERAL MACDOWALL—BRAVERY OF MAJOR JOHNSON.

BEFORE we enter upon the history of Ceylon under the British, as the subjugation of Kandy forms a prominent feature of our rule, we will give a sketch of the character of the people, and the government of that nation under the dominion of their own sovereigns and rulers. All those authors who have written upon Ceylon remark, with great justice, the difference of character that is observable between the inhabitants of the mountainous and those of the lowlands and maritime districts. It is an insult to a Kandian to call him a Cingalese, as the Kandians hold the latter in contempt. The Kandians term only the inhabitants of the lowlands, Cingalese; and the natives of the latter, when speaking of the former, invariably make the same distinction—calling them Kandians, and not Cingalese. The Kandians are a purer race, possessing much nobility of character—are daring, courageous, and generous; whilst the Cingalese are cowardly, servile, and mean. and the nobles of Kandy assert (and it was stated to us by a Kandian noble of high rank, and the highest caste) that the vices of lying and thieving, now so fearfully prevalent in Ceylon, were introduced into the Kandian provinces by the Cingalese, who had acquired these intolerably despicable vices from intercourse with the Portuguese and Dutch. Robert Knox, who passed twenty years in captivity at Kandy, thus writes of them, in the seventeenth century:—

"Of all the vices, they are least addicted to stealing, the which they do exceedingly hate and abhor; so that there are but few robberies committed amongst them. They do much extol and commend chastity, temperance, *truth in word, and actions*; and confess that it is

out of weakness and infirmity that they cannot practise the same, acknowledging that the contrary vices are to be abhorred."

After making this statement, he gives the following one, which is somewhat contradictory, as regards their propensity to *lying*. But great allowance must be made for the position in which Knox was placed; as his protracted captivity for so long a period (during which time he had received many promises relative to his release) would not predispose him to place much reliance on their veracity, or enable him to give an unprejudiced opinion as to the national character. Notwithstanding, there is much truth to be found in the succeeding quotation, which gives, on the whole, a fair estimate of the Kandian character:—

"In understanding, quick and apprehensive; in design, subtle and crafty; in discourse, courteous, but full of flatteries; naturally inclined to temperance, both in meat and drink, *but not chastity*; near and provident in their families—commending good husbandry; in their dispositions, not passionate—neither hard to be reconciled when angry; in their promises very unfaithful—approving lying in themselves, but disliking it in others; delighting in sloth—deferring labour till urgent necessity compel them; neat in apparel; nice in eating and not much given to sleep."

For the bravery, which we deem inherent in the Kandians, and their love of country, no better proof can be offered than the determined, vigorous, and protracted resistance opposed to the attempted subjugation of their country by the Portuguese, Dutch, and British. And this dislike to the imposed yoke of a foreign power exists to no small extent at this moment;

for, at the time we now write—August, 1848—an insurrection has broken out at Kandy, where they have crowned their king;* whilst the Cingalese have tamely submitted to foreign rule for more than a century and a-half. The difference of person apparent in the Kandians and Cingalese, is as marked as their mental dissimilitude. The bearing of the Kandian is haughty and erect; the complexion, bright bronze, or brown; the eye large—meeting the observer's fixedly and undauntedly; the brow high—nose, well formed and prominent; and the expression of the face intelligent. While, on the contrary, the deportment of the Cingalese is servile and crouching; their complexion of a yellowish brown; the eye, although of good size, seldom fully opens, and endeavours to avoid looking fixedly on the observer; the brow low: the nose less prominent, and not so well formed, as that of the Kandian; and the expression of the countenance has a character of servile, low cunning.

Although it is affirmed by writers that the Kandians and Cingalese are both descended from the same parent stock, we disagree with them materially, as the Kandians have all the distinctive marks of a nobler race, and purer blood—being, in our opinion, the offspring of Malabars, who had intermarried with the Veddahs, or aborigines of Ceylon, whose blood has remained pure, owing to non-admixture with foreign conquerors; as Kandy remained a free, warlike, and independent state long after the lowlands had experienced the yoke of numerous conquerors, of various nations: whilst the Cingalese are the descendants of the followers of the Indian King, Singha, or Wijeya, who conquered Ceylon long anterior to the Christian era, and the aborigines, or Veddahs. But the race has deteriorated, both physically and mentally, by constant admixture with the various tribes and nations who have conquered, colonized, or visited the lowlands and maritime districts.

Although Buddhism inculcates the practice of chastity and continence more than any other heathen religion, yet in no part of Asia is the observance of these virtues less practised than by

the followers of Buddha, and more especially in Ceylon, where the want of chastity in woman, which pervades all classes, beginning with the highest and descending to the lowest caste, is lamentable in the extreme. This appears to have been a national failing, from the earliest records of the island; but in a work intended for general perusal it would be unadvisable to quote *verbatim et seriatim* from Knox on this topic, who expatiates fully and strongly on the total disregard evinced by the women for chastity. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to the following extract from that author:—

“Whilst a woman would flee from the contact of a man of a lower caste than herself, so would she desire and seek it most anxiously with one of her own caste, or of a higher one.”

At this time it is the crying sin of the natives, even among women professing Christianity; and many murders arise from the excited jealousy of husbands and lovers, who come unexpectedly, and find a paramour with the women; when the ever ready knife, or any other weapon that is near, is seized hold of, and bloodshed ensues.

The government of Kandy was an absolute and despotic one, the king having unlimited power over the lives and property of his subjects: in fact, the Kandian nation being the slaves of the monarch—slavery was permitted, and practised to a great extent throughout the kingdom. But the king was not only lord paramount of the soil, the whole produce of which he could claim, if it pleased him so to do; but he claimed and enforced equal ownership over the persons of the cultivators.

The men of the next rank to the monarch were the two adikars, or prime ministers; and these adikars also acted as judges, and to them an appeal could be made, should a suitor feel dissatisfied with the decision of the governor of his province—and from the adikar a final appeal lay to the king in person; but the king reserved to himself the power of inflicting capital punishment, and human life was constantly sacrificed in the most wanton manner, and on the most puerile

* A full account of this will be given in due course.

occasions. These adikars were appointed by, and held office during the king's pleasure. After the adikars came the dissavaes, or governors of provinces. A certain number of this body were appointed to the command of the king's troops; and these held a superior rank to their fellows, whose business it was to receive and pay into the royal treasury the tribute to the king, and maintain peace and order in their provinces. The dissavaes, like the adikars, received their appointment from the king, who would disgrace them, depriving them of their offices, and putting them to death, or torturing them, as caprice dictated. The next in rank and power were the ratramahatmeers, who acted as deputies to those dissavaes, who commanded the king's guards, or troops, by preserving proper order in their provinces during the dissavaes' necessary absence from their districts, whilst on duty at court. Under these ratramahatmeers were many inferior officers, who obtained their posts either by bribery or from the patronage bestowed by their superior. When the dissavae or ratramahatmeer travelled through his province, to administer justice, he was attended by the whole of his inferior officers. Before the dissavae or ratramahatmeer was borne a long whip made from the fibres of the talipot palm, which was the emblem of their official rank, and also used by them as an implement of punishment. This whip was constantly kept in motion when borne before these officials; and the sound produced served to warn all travellers, or passers-by to clear the road, and leave a free passage, and also to apprise those who had complaints or charges to prefer, that the dissavae or ratramahatmeer was at hand. When a complaint had been substantiated, which, in the estimation of the official, called for corporeal punishment, the criminal was straightway stripped, tied to the first tree, and flogged with the whip which a short time previously had given notice of the judge's approach. This business concluded, the dissavae would resume his way, to enact the same scene elsewhere. Fines, imprisonment, and torture were the other punishments inflicted by the dissavaes and ratramahatmeers, in the course of these periodical visitations, which were conducted with great state, ceremony,

and parade; and were also very lucrative, as the dissavaes and ratramahatmeers were bribed to decide in the briber's favour, and consequently whoever could or would administer the largest bribe almost invariably gained his suit. But on the reverse of this pleasant picture stood a despotic monarch, who, from the merest whim, would take from them their rank and wealth. Knox, after referring to the above facts, writes:—

“ But there is something came after, that makes all the honour and wealth of these great courtiers not at all desirable—and that is, that they are so obnoxious to the king's displeasure, which is so customary, that it is no disgrace for a nobleman to have been in chains—nay, and in the common gaol, too; and the great men, too, are so ready, when the king commands, to lay hold on one another, as he to command them, and glad to have the honour to be the king's executioners, hoping to have the place of the executed.”

In the foregoing quotation is found a summary of the uncertain tenure of place and power, when held from or under a despotic monarch, who even dictated what description of dwelling his subjects were to build or inhabit. It may appear almost paradoxical that a nation should have suffered *one* man to tyrannize over their persons, actions, and properties, to the extent which the Kandians permitted under their own kings, and should yet rebel against the mild rule of the British government. But such is the anomaly presented by human nature, that we will cheerfully and willingly endure what we voluntarily submit to, or our forefathers have borne before us, however intolerable it may appear to others; whilst the supposition or knowledge that we are to be forced into a particular line of action, dictated by a novel or foreign power, who rules with its own laws, although the administration of those laws may be equitable, and for our benefit, produces a feeling which causes us to consider ourselves aggrieved, and we rebel against the foreign yoke. This is not only a national feeling predominant amongst the Kandians, but will be found in every quarter of the globe, and is applicable to the inhabitants of every country.

Knox, after describing the various

modes adopted for building their dwellings, says :—

"For they are not permitted to build their houses above one story high; neither may they cover them with tiles, nor whiten their walls with lime; but there is a clay which is as white, and that they use sometimes. The poorest sort have not above one room in their houses—few above two, unless they be great men; *neither doth the king allow them to build better.* The great people have handsome and commodious houses. They have commonly two buildings—one opposite the other, joined together on each side with a wall, which makes a square court-yard in the middle. Round about against the walls of their house, are banks of clay to sit upon. Their slaves and servants dwell round about without, in other houses, with their wives and children."

This author speaks of the ancient remains of grandeur which were found in Kandy (and these will be noticed in a chapter devoted to the antiquities of Ceylon). In writing of their cultivation of rice, the staple commodity of food for the nation, he tells us that their ploughs consisted of "a piece of wood, shod with iron [these primitive ploughs are used in the interior at the present day, and to them are yoked buffaloes or bullocks] proper for the country." He describes minutely the Oriental custom of treading out the grain from the husk, "and this is a far quicker and easier way than threshing; at reaping also they are excellent good, just after the English manner." He also states, "their rents were brought to the king thrice in each year, and were generally paid in the produce of the soil, and not in money." Besides these, however, whatsoever is wanted in "the king's house, and they have it, they must, upon the king's order, bring it." Knox describes the state of learning in the Kandian dominions, to have been in a fearful state of degradation, to what it had been in former times; and it is certain that for centuries, the inhabitants of Ceylon had been retrograding in learning, arts, and sciences, more particularly since the Portuguese and Dutch had obtained a footing in the island. "Their learning," says Knox, "is but small; all they ordinarily learn is, to read and write, but it is no shame to a man if he can do neither—nor have they any schools

wherein they might be instructed in these or any other arts." The Kandians polished the precious stones found in their dominions by a species of grinding-stone, still in use among them, and which is very similar to an European one. They smelted the gold found in their rivers, in furnaces, formed of a species of white clay, found inland, and they fashioned the precious metal into ornaments for the head, nose, ankles, fingers, and toes; and in the gold were frequently set precious stones and gems. We subtract the succeeding lines from Knox, as giving a most accurate and interesting account of the mode adopted by the Kandians to obtain iron from the ore. He commences by saying, that the ore was found throughout the country, and that it generally lay about five or six feet below the surface of the earth :—

"First they take these stones and lay them in a heap, and burn them with wood, which makes them softer and fitter for the furnace. When they have so done, they have a kind of furnace, made with a white sort of clay, wherein they put a quantity of charcoal; there is a back to the furnace, behind which the man stands that blows. Behind the furnace they have two logs of wood placed fast in the ground, hollow at the top like two pots; upon the mouths of the two pieces of hollow wood they tie a piece of deer's skin, on each part a piece, with a small hole, as big as a man's finger, in each skin. In the middle of each skin, a little beside the hole, are two strings, tied fast to as many sticks stuck in the ground, like a spring, bending like a bow this pulls the skin upwards."

He then describes minutely the process of blowing, and continues :—

"As the stones are thus burning, the dross that is in them melts, and runs out at the bottom, where there is a slanting hole made for the purpose. Out of this hole run the dross-like streams of fire, and the iron remains behind, which, when it is purified as they think enough, they drive through the same slanting hole; then they give it a chop half way through, and so fling it into the water: they so chop it that it may be seen that it is good iron, for the satisfaction of those who are minded to buy."

The state of religion observable

among the Kandians, anterior to, at the period of, and subsequent to Knox's captivity, will be noticed hereafter; and we will for the present bid adieu to the ancient Kandians, and resume our history subseculively, from taking possession of the Dutch settlements in Ceylon by the British, in 1796. Mr. Andrews was sent as ambassador to the Kandian court, by the Madras government, to obtain Rajah Singha's ratification to the preliminary treaty, and to negotiate a definitive one on more enlarged principles, by which the Kandian nation was to have enjoyed privileges and advantages which they had not possessed in tranquillity for more than two centuries. Ten armed vessels were to have been placed at the king's service, entirely free from our superintendence, to carry on foreign and home trade; and the *scravys*, or salt marshes at Putlam, then most profitable, and which had been in the possession of the Dutch, from whom they had passed into our hands, were to have been given up to Rajadhi Rajah Singha. Our ambassador could not succeed in bringing matters to a termination, as the king of Kandy required various alterations to be made in the proposed treaty, to which Mr. Andrews was not authorised to accede.

The first pearl fishery, under our government, took place during this year, and yielded upwards of sixty thousand pounds. The proceeds of the several fisheries under the Dutch and English will be given in a portion of this work, devoted to the produce of Ceylon.

In the year 1797, an insurrection was caused by the employment of Malabar Duboshes, or collectors of the revenue and other duties; these offices had been formerly filled by the Cingalese *arachys*, or headmen, but the Madras government had displaced them, substituting natives of the Malabar coast in their stead. These trivial disturbances were speedily quelled, and entirely subsided, when the Cingalese were reinstated in their official appointments.

The king of Kandy, during this year, made overtures to us for a renewal of the negotiation, and conclusion of the treaty; but before a definitive arrangement was entered into, Rajadhi Rajah Singha died, after a tolerably tranquil reign of seventeen years. Although he had five legiti-

mate wives or queens, as well as concubines, he did not leave any male issue; and he bore the character of an indolent, voluptuous man, "addicted to love and poetry, and to nothing else [this is extracted from 'Davy's Ceylon'], and who ruled his subjects with an easy yoke." The following is the personal description of Rajadhi Rajah Singha, given by Boyd in his "Miscellaneous Works":—

"He is about thirty-six, or thirty-seven years of age, of a grand majestic appearance, a very large man, and very black, but of an open, intelligent countenance, as I found afterwards on a nearer approach. On the whole, his figure and attitude put me in mind of our Harry the Eighth. He wore a large crown, which is a very important distinction from the other princes of the East."

In the following year, 1798, Ceylon was made a King's Colony, and the Hon Frederick North, afterwards Earl of Guilford, and a worthy successor to his learned and philanthropic progenitor, was appointed governor of the island, and arrived there in the month of October.

Historians differ, as to whether it was a nephew of one of the queens, or a son of a sister of one of the concubines of the late king, that Pilimi Talawe, the first adikar or prime minister, raised to the throne of Kandy, under the title of Sri Wikrama Rajah Singha, to the exclusion of the royal family; as Prince Mootoo Sawme, the chief or first queen's brother, was the legitimate heir to the crown. This step was taken by Pilimi Talawe to further his own ambitious views, as Sri Wikrama was but an automaton on the throne, whose actions were directed by the first adikar, Pilimi Talawe, who imprisoned the chief queen of the late monarch Rajadhi, and several relatives of the royal family; whilst Prince Mootoo Sawme, with his adherents and followers, made their escape from Kandy, and placed themselves under the protection of the British government at Colombo.

During the following year the importation of slaves was prohibited, and torture and barbarous modes of punishment abolished in our possessions in Ceylon. In the month of February, Governor North granted an interview to Pilimi Talawe, and the prime-mi-

nister appears to have been most cautious in his mode of proceeding with our government, as this interview was merely a complimentary one; but in a subsequent one, in September, he offered to assassinate the monarch, Sri Wikrama, whom he had raised to that dignity, if the English would assist him to ascend the throne, that he, Pilimi Talawe, would govern Kandy as the English would dictate. This ignominious proposition was rejected in the manner it merited, and the governor made Pilimi Talawe understand, that neither the monarch, or nation, which he had the honor to represent, either aided or abetted murder, or assassins; but undaunted by this prompt and determined refusal of Governor North to aid him in his criminally nefarious project, Pilimi Talawe made many after-communications of the same nature, which were rejected with the scorn and contumaciousness they merited.

The first English seminary was established at Colombo, for the instruction of natives within the year; thus we find that immediately after Mr. North held the reins of government, and when naturally in a new colony, there were many important political, and commercial subjects to engross the governor's attention and time; that gentleman had been employing his leisure hours in endeavouring to ameliorate the sufferings, and improve the condition, of his sable fellow-man. Governor North abolished the importation of slaves, torture and barbarous modes of punishment, and established a seminary for the instruction of the ignorant and benighted natives, and that within the space of twelve months. Noble conduct of this nature needs no comment or praise, and each one in reading this may apply the following text to himself, "go and do thou likewise."

In the following year, 1800, Governor North agreed to send an ambassador to the king of Kandy, as the first adikar, Pilimi Talawe, had made overtures of an honorable nature, in the name of Sri Wikrama, in his official capacity of prime-minister. The Rev. Mr. Cordiner writes:—

"In order to elude the arts of the adikar, the governor promised that Major-General Macdowall should be sent as ambassador, if the consent of the

king were previously obtained to his carrying with him a sufficient military force to maintain his independence. It was at the same time proposed, that if the king should approve of it, he should transport his person and his court for greater safety to the British territories, there to enjoy all his royal rights, and to depute to Pilimi Talawe, the adikar, the exercise of his power in Kandy."

The king of Kandy consented to the requisition, and General Macdowall started for Kandy on his embassy, escorted "by the light company, and four battalions of his Majesty's 19th foot, five companies of the second battalion of the 6th regiment of coast sepoys, five companies of the Malay regiment, a detachment of the Bengal artillery, with four six-pounders, and two howitzers." Now, the utility of the caution evinced by Governor North in sending an ambassador, with a powerful escort, was displayed, as on the road the deputation met with opposition from the natives, and several skirmishes resulted, not without suspicion that Pilimi Talawe had secretly instigated the rebels to this contumacious mode of proceeding. Our ambassador and his escort finally reached Kandy, where a series of lengthened interviews ensued between Sri Wikrama and General Macdowall, which terminated in the general returning to Colombo, without having been able to effect a new treaty, or alter the position of affairs then existing between the British and Kandian governments.

Events of an historical nature remained in *statu quo* during the year 1801, but the following year was fraught with circumstances of interest, as well as with those of deep importance in a political point of view. The Supreme Court of Judicature was now first established, and vaccine inoculation was introduced. At the beginning of the year the king of Kandy sent his second adikar as ambassador to our government at Colombo, when a satisfactory treaty was entered into, which ensured the safety, and permission to carry on commercial intercourse, to the subjects of the two powers. Shortly after the new treaty was ratified it was violated by the Kandians, who committed the first act of aggression, by plundering some British subjects, who had purchased

Areka nuts in the Kandian dominions. Governor North demanded that restitution should be made of the stolen property, or that the parties should be reimbursed to the full value of their merchandize. This demand Pilimi Talawe, in the name of his sovereign promised to comply with, but postponed the fulfilment of his promise, and after repeated demands had been made by our government for the required compensation, which were constantly met by puerile evasions, Governor North threatened the king of Kandy with hostile proceedings if the demanded and promised restitution was not forthwith made. War was declared against the Kandians in the January of 1803, and General Macdowall, at the head of a considerable force, marched for Kandy. These troops consisted of "two incomplete companies of Bengal artillery, with the usual proportion of gun lascars, two companies of his Majesty's 19th regiment of foot, the entire of the 51st regiment (625 strong), one thousand Ceylon native infantry, one company of the Malay regiment, and a small corps of pioneers." Colonel Barbut also set out for Trincomalee, commanding "one company of the Madras artillery, five companies of the 19th regiment, the greater part of the Malay regiment, and a necessary proportion of lascars and pioneers." These divisions, in their respective marches, did not meet with the slightest resistance, and although each had pursued different routes, arrived almost simultaneously at the Kandian seat of government, which they found undefended and deserted, and our large army, which consisted of more than three thousand men, took undisturbed possession of Lanka-Diva's capital, the palace of which had been fired before the retreat of the Kandians, and was partially destroyed; but in some of the apartments were found "pier glasses, statues, particularly those of Buddha, sets of glass and china-ware, and a few golden cups adorned with silver filagree." In the arsenal, or what was used for the store-house for their warlike weapons, a large quantity of arms of various descriptions were found by our troops, and appropriated. Mootoo Sawme was now proclaimed king by Governor North, and he was crowned with all due ceremony at Kandy. This prince was

the legitimate heir to the Kandian throne, as he was the brother of Rajadhi's chief queen, and he had placed himself under the protection of the British government, when Pilimi Talawe placed Sri Wikrama on the throne, after the decease of Rajadhi without male issue. A treaty was ratified by Governor North and Mootoo Sawme, to the effect that the British merchants and soldiers should be indemnified for losses sustained previous to, and during the war, that a portion of land was to be given up for the purpose of constructing a road from Colombo to Trincomalee, that the province of the Seven Korles, which is a tract along the western coast, should be made over for ever to the British, that the king should not form any alliance without the concurrence of his Britannic Majesty, and that an European force should be kept in Kandy, for the preservation of order. To all these considerations Mootoo Sawme readily agreed. A force was now sent to Hangrenketty, about sixteen miles from Kandy, commanded by Colonel Barbut, in pursuit of the fugitive Sri Wikrama, which was nearly drawn into an ambuscade, but owing to the caution of the colonel, a timely retreat was effected, although the object for which the troops were sent remained unaccomplished. Pilimi Talawe evinced much penetration in the mode of warfare which he adopted with our troops, being fully conscious of the inferiority of the Kandian soldiers if opposed to them in regular engagement. He harassed them by hovering about the capital, cutting off supplies, and all communication between Kandy, Colombo, and Trincomalee. A detachment of our men were nearly taken by Pilimi Talawe, which had been sent out to commence a negotiation with some chief in the vicinity, and our soldiers barely escaped annihilation, and were necessitated to retreat into Kandy precipitately. A reward of ten rupees was set on the head of each European, and five rupees on that of any of the native troops in the service of the British. This harassing mode of warfare was beginning to make inroads on the health of our troops, when a negotiation was opened with General Macdowall by Pilimi Talawe. The adikar proposed to surrender the person of the deposed monarch, Sri

Wikrama, into the hands of the British, on the condition that he, Pilimi Talawe, should have supreme authority in Kandy, under the title of Oettoan Komarayan, or great and supreme prince, and that Mootoo Sawme should retire to Jaffnapatam, receiving a pension from the Kandian government. Unfortunately for the honor of Britain, this degrading proposal was acceded to by General Macdowall, who returned to Colombo, withdrawing a large body of the troops, leaving Kandy under the command of Major Davie, with a garrison of only one thousand men. Pilimi Talawe having found that his nefarious scheme for obtaining power, and raising himself to the highest dignity had succeeded, now resolved upon attempting to obtain possession of the person of Governor North, and for this purpose requested a conference might take place at Dambadiva, about fifty-seven miles east of Colombo, and which had been a royal residence. Governor North being most anxious for peace, and to avoid bloodshed, acquiesced most readily to Pilimi Talawe's proposition. A day having been fixed upon for the conference, namely, the 3rd of May, the governor went to Dambadiva, attended by a numerous suite and guards, whilst a detachment of three hundred soldiers met Governor North at that place. These precautions were necessary to guard against the treacherous designs of the perfidious Pilimi Talawe; and had it not been for this armed force accompanying the governor, in all probability he would have been made prisoner, as the adikar *had a body* of armed men awaiting the governor's arrival, but he *had not* any proposal, or fresh negotiation to enter into. Finding it impossible to seize the person of governor North in the face of his escort, Pilimi Talawe broke up the conference, after a nominal ratification of the former treaty.

General Macdowall returned to Kandy, and took the command of the garrison on the 16th of May, and most unfortunately for the sake of humanity, and of Great Britain's honor, he was taken seriously ill, and compelled to leave Kandy on the 11th of June following, leaving the garrison under the command of Major Davie. Our pen almost refuses to perform its task, and record the horribly sickening de-

tails of the fearful massacre and sacrifice of human life, brought about, and entailed on his victims by the cowardice and pusillanimity of our man, who dishonoured and disgraced the country that gave him birth, the king he served, the commission he held, the uniform he wore, and the sword which he ought to have wielded. So long as there is power in language, or truth in history, the name of *Major Davie* will be execrated and loathed, as denoting all that is vile, despicable, dastardly, treacherous, and mean—

“Veritatis complex oratio est;”

Therefore we resume our history.

From concomitant circumstances, we are induced to believe, that Pilimi Talawe only waited for the absence of General Macdowall to attack the weakened garrison of Kandy; the power of the troops was diminishing daily, either by desertion or sickness. They were under the command of Major Davie, a creature unworthy the name of man, who had neither the courage nor ability for an office which placed in his keeping and power the honor of his country, and the lives of his fellow-creatures.

Within a few days after the general was forced to leave Kandy, Pilimi Talawe besieged the garrison, and Major Davie surrendered by capitulation; and it was stipulated that Kandy should be delivered up forthwith, with the whole of the military stores, and that the British troops should retire to Trincomalee, being allowed to retain their arms. Before sunset on the day the surrender had been made, our garrison had evacuated Kandy. Major Davie, marching at the head of our troops, leaving 150 sick Europeans in hospital, who had not been named in the articles of capitulation, and for whom no provision was made, to be dealt with as their savage, barbarous enemies might choose. Our troops, consisting of seventeen officers, twenty British soldiers, two hundred and fifty Malays, one hundred and forty gun lascars, accompanied by Mootoo Sawme and his attendants, reached Wattapalawa on the Trincomalee road, when their progress was intercepted by the river Mahavelliganga, at all times a rapid stream, but at that season much increased by the late rains. Major Davie in vain at-

tempted to get the men across; and no mention had been made of this river in the articles, therefore their enemies, the Kandians, were not bound to provide them with boats or rafts; and they now stood on the surrounding heights, jeering at the position our troops were placed in. Mootoo Sawme, Major Davie, and the officers, with their followers, remained on the banks of the river during the night, and their attempts to procure rafts the following morning proved abortive. Observing their irresolution, some Kandian chiefs opened a communication with Major Davie and his perplexed followers, and these chiefs offered to provide boats, *on the condition that Mootoo Sawme was delivered into the power of the Kandians.* Major Davie, for a short time, hesitated, *but finally agreed to this dishonourable, base, infamous, atrocious proposition,* and communicated his determination to the unfortunate prince, or rather king, Mootoo Sawme.

"Is it possible," he exclaimed, "that the triumphant arms of England can be so humble, as to fear the menaces of the Kandians?"

But his expostulations were lost upon the dastardly, cowardly Davie, and Mootoo Sawme was delivered to his enemies—a living holocaust, presented by British officers to the demons of disgrace and cowardice.

No language is sufficiently powerful to express the dishonour brought on the name of Great Britain by this infamous act. The law of nations, as well as those of good faith and honour, were violated: Mootoo Sawme fled to us for protection, placed his person in our keeping, confiding in our honour; we accepted the trust reposed—nay more, caused him to be crowned king in his own dominions, and entered into an alliance with him; then broke our faith with him, by listening to, and accepting the overtures of a rebel, thus deposing the monarch whom we ourselves had crowned. He retreated with our troops, still trusting in British probity, when he was shamelessly handed over to his enemies, by one of that nation to whom he had confided the safe-keeping of his person. And the man who was guilty of this atrocity was a *soldier*, and one who ought to have guarded the honour of his country, and the persons of those who placed themselves under the pro-

tection of Great Britain. Shame on the name of Davie!—dishonoured it is, and will be as long as time shall endure, and we spurn the name from our pen, as we would a loathsome reptile from our path.

Mootoo Sawme was taken before the usurper, Sri Wikrama and his adikar, when Pilimi Talawe put the following question to him:—

"Was it proper for you, being, as you are, of the royal family, to fly to the English for protection, and join them in fighting against your country?"

"I am at your mercy," the unfortunate Mootoo Sawme meekly replied.

Some further questions were put, and received humble replies, when this wretched prince was ordered to suffer the most barbarous tortures, and be impaled alive, thus meeting death in his most terrific and agonising form. This sacrifice of Mootoo Sawme did not appease the insatiate Kandians, who, finding that their former demands had been agreed to, now refused to provide the promised boats, insisting that the British troops should lay down their arms, and return to Kandy. No attempt at resistance was made by Major Davie to this unprecedented demand—no expostulation used as to the breach of faith now exhibited by the Kandians; all they required was readily agreed to, and Major Davie, with his officers, were separated from their men, and the arms of the whole party taken from them. The men were then marched into a narrow pass, strongly guarded by their armed Kandian escort, and ordered out, two by two, and the question put if they would serve under the Kandian king? When a negative was given, these poor fellows were taken some distance from the main body, and butchered in the most horrible manner by their savage enemies. At the conclusion of this revolting slaughter of the soldiers, the officers shared the same fate—but three European and one Malay officer being spared. The names of these were, Major Davie, Captains Rumley, Humphreys, and Nouradeen. The first three lingered out their lives in a wretched captivity among the Kandians, but Captain Nouradeen's fate merits more particular and honourable notice. The Kandians, not yet glutted with blood, returned to Kandy, and murdered the whole of the hun-

dred-and-fifty sick European soldiers in hospital. What must have been the agony of these men whilst this revolting massacre was taking place? Left unprotected, in a hostile country, by their commanding officer, whose duty it was to have provided for their safeguard, prostrated by sickness or wounds they had received whilst fighting under their country's banner, and in her monarch's cause, unprovided with arms, prostrated by bodily infirmity, prevented thus from availing themselves of the means of self-defence, with which nature had provided them, their mental sufferings must, indeed, have been most terrible. Nor can we be surprised, if, in their dying agony, they forgot their duty as Christians, and cursed the man whose cowardice, want of firmness, and inhumanity, had left them to meet death, inflicted by the hands of barbarous enemies.

It is the bounden duty of an historian to be impartial, and draw notice to the conduct of those placed in responsible positions; therefore we deem it necessary to animadvert upon the line of policy adopted by General Macdowall. In the first place, it was a decided breach of faith, and violation of our treaty with Mootoo Sawme, *the monarch whom we had crowned*, to enter into a negotiation with Pilimi Talawe, and agree that he should be the viceroy of Kandy, thereby deposing Mootoo Sawme, and agreeing that he should retire to Jaffnapatam. The overtures of the crafty Pilimi Talawe had not the excuse of being made in the name of the king, whom he acknowledged, and whose prime minister he was, namely, Sri Wikrama, but were made in his own name and for his own benefit, as he consented to deliver the person of his monarch into the hands of the British. General Macdowall evinced but an imperfect knowledge of human nature, *even in listening to, much more in acceding to, the propositions of a man who was alike a rebel and a traitor to his king and country.* He who was faithless to the country which gave him birth, and the monarch whose confidential servant he was, could not be relied upon, or be expected to keep faith with the British, whom he only availed himself of to use as a step in ascending the ladder of his ambition. In the second place, General Macdowall is to be censured, for prematurely withdrawing

so large a body of troops from Kandy, leaving only one thousand men in garrison, in the midst of a hostile, treacherous nation, who could, from the natural defence of the country, cut off all communication and supplies; added to which, this small body of men was left under the command of an officer totally incapable and unfit to have so important a trust reposed in him. The fearful consequences attendant upon the whole of the mistaken line of policy pursued by General Macdowall in this disastrous business, has been seen in the fatal results recorded in previous pages. No attempt at palliation can be made for Major Davie's misconduct; and, for the credit of Great Britain, such transgressions of the laws of honour and humanity are rare. The result of Davie's pusillanimous cowardice, in acceding to all the unconscionable demands of his Kandian enemies, met with awful retribution in his own person, and those of his brother-officers; but their sufferings could not restore to life the hundreds of slaughtered men who had fallen victims to the savage brutality of the Kandians. To a well-regulated mind, death is always preferable to dishonour, and this feeling is generally deeply imprinted on the heart of the British defender of his country; and fortunate it is that the contrary sentiment is rarely met with among Britain's sons; for, were it otherwise, and conduct such as Major Davie's of frequent recurrence, we should become a byword among the nations of the earth, instead of being honoured and respected where the name of England is known.

We expressed our intention of noticing the heroic conduct of Captain Nonradeen, whose life was spared at Wattapola by the Kandians. This officer was a Malay, then commanding the Malay regiment; and Pilimi Talawe had used every persuasion during the period our troops occupied Kandy, to induce Captain Nonradeen to leave our service, and enter that of the Kandian, promising him high rank and riches. All these offers were steadfastly refused; and when he was made prisoner, Pilimi Talawe renewed them, tempting Captain Nonradeen with life, rank, and riches, if he would serve Sri Wikrama; but the answer he received was, "that he (Captain

Nouradeen) was already the servant of a mighty king, whose uniform he wore, and that he could not serve two masters." Finding all entreaty and persuasion useless, threats and tortures were essayed; but these proved alike futile, in inducing Captain Nouradeen to become traitor to the country which he served; and this noble, heroic fellow was put to death by Pilimi Talawe. The contrast presented in the character and conduct of Nouradeen and Davie need no concluding comment.

In August, desultory warfare and ravage commenced between the British and Kandians, when Sri Wikrama, stimulated and intoxicated by his late successes, threatened to attack Colombo, but refrained from doing so; and in September, he besieged Hangwelle, a fort of little importance, in our possession, and suffered a severe defeat.

At the commencement of the year 1804, the Kandians prepared and attempted a general invasion of the British settlements, but were repulsed on all sides; great havoc was made among their troops, and the losses they sustained were considerable. Shortly after this, Pilimi Talawe again made overtures of an amicable nature to our government; but the severe punishment the British had met with previously, after listening to his treacherous propositions in 1803, were too vividly impressed on their minds to permit them to hold further intercourse of a friendly description with so treacherous a man; and, therefore, the overtures made by Pilimi Talawe were rejected with the contempt they called for.

In the month of February of the year 1805, the Kandians again invaded the British territories; but the result was the same as that which they experienced the preceding year, viz., that of loss and defeat. A body of our troops, consisting only of three hundred men, followed by numerous

coolies and servants, and commanded by Major Johnson, were ordered to the interior. This brave officer fought his way from Batticaloa to Kandy, and was there surrounded by the troops of Sri Wikrama. Nothing daunted, he cut his way through them, and proceeded in his road to Trincomalee, although constantly harassed by the Kandian troops, who opposed the progress of this undaunted body of men. This small army, headed by Major Johnson, reached their destination with comparatively small loss, having had to pass through a hostile country, and constant skirmishes having taken place between them and the Kandian troops—thus showing what energy and bravery could perform when commanded by an officer possessing firmness and valour. The war was carried on with much determination and bravery on both sides; and the king of Kandy proposed a cessation of hostilities, which was agreed to by the British, although no formal treaty was entered into, and peace continued till 1814.

In July of this year, 1805, Governor North was relieved by Sir Thomas Maitland, who succeeded to the appointment of Governor of Ceylon. Governor North returned to England with the good wishes of all the native British subjects of that island; and certes, Great Britain is indebted to the abilities of the Hon. Frederick North, the first English Governor of Ceylon, for retaining this bright colonial gem in the British diadem. Governor North left the colony in a comparative state of tranquillity, no fresh hostilities having been renewed with the Kandians until 1814; and he found it a scene of disorder, warfare, and bloodshed. Mr. North left Lanka-Diva's verdant shores with the satisfactory conviction, that he had done much to ameliorate the condition, physically and morally, of the benighted inhabitants of Ceylon.

RUINS.

I.

Shall we tread the dust of ages,
 Musing dreamlike on the past,
 Seeking on the broad earth's pages
 For the shadows Time hath cast;
 Waking up some ancient story,
 From each prostrate shrine or hall,
 Old traditions of a glory
 Earth may never more recall?

II.

Poet thoughts of sadness breathing,
 For the temples overthrown;
 Where no incense now is wreathing,
 And the gods are turned to stone.
 *Wandering by the graves of heroes,
 Shrouded deep in classic gloom,
 Or the tombs where Egypt's Pharaohs
 Wait the trumpet and the doom.

III.

By the city, desert-hidden,
 Which Judæa's mighty king
 Made the Geni, at his bidding,
 Raise by magic of his ring;
 By the Lake Asphaltian wander,
 While the crimson sunset glow
 Flings its radiance as we ponder
 On the buried towns below.

IV.

By the Temple of the Muses,
 Where the climbers of the mount
 Learned the soul's diviner uses
 From the Heliconian fount.
 By the banks of dark Illyssus,
 Where the Parææ walked of old,
 In their crowns of white narcissus,
 And their garments starred with gold

V.

By the tomb of queenly Isis,
 •Where her fallen prophets wail,
 Yet no hand has dared the crisis
 Of the lifting of the veil.
 By the altar which the Grecian
 Raised to God without a name;
 By the stately shrine Ephesian,
 Erostratus burned for fame.

VI.

By the Libyan shrine of Ammon,
 Where the sands are trod with care,
 Lest we, bending to examine,
 Start the lion from his lair.

* Palmyra, or Tadmor.

Shall we tread the halls Assyrian,
 Where the Arab tents are set,
 Seek the glory of the Tyrian,
 Where the fisher spreads his net?

VII.

Shall we seek the "Menc, mene,"
 Wrote by God upon the wall,
 While the proud son of Mandane
 Strode across the fated hall?
 Shall we mourn the Loxian's lyre,
 Or the Pythian priestess mute;
 Shall we seek the Delphic fire,
 Though we've lost Apollo's lute?

VIII.

Ah, the world has sadder ruins
 Than these wrecks of things sublime;
 For the touch of man's misdoings
 Leaves more blighted tracks than Time.
 Ancient lore gives no examples
 Of the ruins here we find—
 Prostrate souls for fallen temples,
 Mighty ruins of the mind.

IX.

We had hopes that rose as proudly
 As each sculptured marble shrine;
 And our prophets spake as loudly
 As their oracles divine.
 Grand resolves of giant daring,
 Such as Titans breathed of old,
 Brilliant aims their front uprearing,
 Like a temple roofed with gold.

X.

Souls of fire, like columns pointing,
 Flame-like, upward to the skies;
 Glorious brows which God's anointing
 Consecrated altar wise.
 Stainless hearts, like temples olden,
 None but priest hath ever trod;
 Hands as pure as were the golden
 Staves which bore the ark of God.

XI.

Oh, they built up radiant visions,
 Like an iris after rain;
 How all paradise traditions
 Might be made to live again.
 Of humanity's sad story,
 How their hand should turn the page,
 And the ancient primal glory,
 Fling upon this latter age.

XII.

How with God-like aspirations,
 Up the souls of men would climb,
 Till the fall'n, enslav'd nations
 Trod in rhythmic march sublime:

Reaching heights the people knew not,
 Till their prophet Leaders led—
 Bathed in light that mortals view not,
 While the spirit life lies dead.

XIII.

How the pallid sons of labour,
 They should toil and toil to raise,
 Till a glory, like to Tabor,
 Once again should meet earth's gaze.
 How the poor, no longer keeping
 Count of life alone by groans,
 With the strong cry of their weeping,
 Start the angels on their thrones.

XIV.

Ah, that vision's bright ideal,
 Must it fade and perish thus?
 Must its fall alone be real,
 Are its ruins trod by us?
 Ah, they dream'd an Eldorado,
 Given not to mortal sight;
 Yet the souls that walk in shadow,
 Still bend forward to its light.

XV.

Earnest dreamers, sooth we blame not
 If ye failed to reach the goal—
 If the glorious real came not
 At the strong prayer of your soul.
 By the path ye've trod to duty,
 Blessings yet to man may flow,
 Though the proud and stately beauty
 Of your structure lieth low.

XVI.

Low as that which Salem mourneth,
 On Moriah's holy hill;
 While the heathen proudly scorneth,
 Yet the wrecks are glorious still:
 Like the seven columns frowning,
 On the desert city down,
 Or the seven cedars crowning
 Lofty Lebanon.

XVII.

Poet wanderer, hast thou bent thee
 O'er such ruins of the soul?
 Pray to God that some Nepenthe
 May efface that hour of dole.
 We may lift the shrine and column,
 From the dust which Time hath cast;
 Choral chants may mingle solemn,
 Once again where silence passed;

XVIII.

But the stately, radiant palace,
 We had built up in our dreams,
 With Hope's rainbow-woven trellis,
 And Truth's glorious sunrise beams—
 Our aims of towering stature,
 Our aspirations vain,
 And our prostrate human nature—
 Who will raise *them* up again?

THE FAIRFAX CORRESPONDENCE.

THE history of England, during the period of the civil war, is, perhaps, that to which we most often recur, and with most advantage. The great questions which agitate society were certainly never discussed with more consummate power than was brought to the argument by the respective parties in the protracted contest; principles were never more nobly exemplified in act than by the great men in the royalist and the republican parties. Life, and more than life, was perilled, in the cause; and it is well for England that the battle-field and the scaffold have tested the fidelity of her Hampdens and her Charleses. We sympathise with what is excellent in all. The same reader finds his heart elevated and his affections purified by the "Defence of the People of England," and by the "Eikon Basilike." There is a passage of Coleridge, in which he speaks of the love with which noble spirits, whom opposed views of truth have separated from each other in their earthly warfare, may be supposed to be mutually affected in another life, which, though of some length, is of such beauty that we cannot but present it to our readers:—

"When I have before me on the same table the works of Hammond and Baxter; when I reflect with what joy and dearness their blessed spirits are now loving each other; it seems mournful thing that their names should be perverted to an occasion of bitterness among us, who are enjoying that happy mean which the *human* TOO-MUCH on both sides was perhaps necessary to produce.

"If ever two great men might seem, during their whole lives, to have moved in direct opposition, though neither of them has at any time introduced the name of the other, Milton and Jeremy Taylor were they. The former commenced his career by attacking the Church Liturgy and all set forms of prayer. The latter, but far more successfully, by defending both. Milton's next work was then against the prelacy and the then existing Church Government—Taylor's in vindication

and support of them. Milton became more and more a stern republican, or rather an advocate for that religious and moral aristocracy which, in his day, was called republicanism, and which, even more than royalism itself, is the direct antipode of modern jacobinism. Taylor, as more and more sceptical concerning the fitness of men in general for power, became more and more attached to the prerogatives of monarchy. From Calvinism, with a still decreasing respect for fathers, councils, and for church antiquity in general, Milton seems to have ended in an indifference, if not a dislike, to all forms of ecclesiastic government, and to have retreated wholly into the inward and spiritual church communion of his own spirit with the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Taylor, with a growing reverence for authority, an increasing sense of the insufficiency of the Scriptures without the aids of tradition and the consent of authorised interpreters, advanced as far in his approaches (not, indeed, to Popery, but) to Catholicism, as a conscientious minister of the English Church could well venture. Milton would be, and would utter the same, to all, on all occasions; he would tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Taylor would become all things to all men, if by any means he might benefit any.

"The same antithesis might be carried on with the elements of their several intellectual powers. Milton, austere, condensed, imaginative, supporting his truth by direct enunciation of lofty moral sentiment, and by distinct visual representations, and in the same spirit overwhelming what he deemed falsehood by moral denunciation and a succession of pictures appalling or repulsive. In his prose, so many metaphors, so many allegorical miniatures. Taylor, eminently discursive, accumulative, and (to use one of his own words) *agglomerative*; still more rich in images than Milton himself, but images of fancy, and presented to the common and passive eye, rather than to the eye of the imagination. Whether supporting or assailing, he makes his way either by argument or by appeals to the affections, unsurpassed even by the schoolmen in subtlety, agility, and logical wit, and unrivalled by the most rhetorical of

the fathers in the copiousness and vividness of his expressions and illustrations. Here words that convey feelings, and words that flash images, and words of abstract notion, flow together, and at once whirl and rush onward like a stream, at once rapid and full of eddies; and yet still, interfused here and there, we see a tongue or islet of smooth water, with some picture in it of earth or sky, landscape, or living group of quiet beauty.

"Differing, then, so widely, and almost contrariantly, wherein did these great men agree?—wherein did they resemble each other? In genius, in learning, in unfeigned piety, in blameless purity of life, and in benevolent aspirations and purposes for the moral and temporal improvement of their fellow-creatures! Both of them wrote a Latin Accidence, to render education more easy and less painful to children; both of them composed hymns and psalms proportioned to the capacity of common congregations; both, nearly at the same time, set the glorious example of publicly recommending and supporting general toleration, and the liberty both of the pulpit and the press!"

In the great civil war we have three nations engaged in the scene. Scotland in the struggle gaining advantages, which suggested to Ireland a similar course—for in the lessons learned at the trial of Stafford was the hope inspired that led to the disastrous rebellion in Ireland. At this interval of time, it would be well that events which cannot be forgotten—however much oblivion were to be desired—could be recorded, disentangled from the language of violent feeling; that the spirit in which men acted could be shown rather in the representations which they themselves would give of their conduct, than in the colouring of their enemies; that we might learn what they sought to realise to themselves, and thus, perhaps, find something to console humanity for inevitable suffering. This is what constitutes the charm of biography to such a degree, that, be the vanities or the vices what they may, of any one who pictures to us the real movements of his mind and will, it is impossible not to suggest feelings with which every one will sympathise—

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

There is no period of history richer in memorials of every kind than that of

the civil war. No contest, of which, as far as the English were actors, the motives influencing everybody that bore a part in the transactions have been more distinctly communicated. The state papers of each party—the flying pamphlets—the lampoons—are all before us; and every now and then some private repository unlocks its ponderous and marble jaws to let out volumes of vaporous letters. Verily, we are, in England and out of it, wherever the English language is spoken, a reading public. There is nothing hidden that we do not wish revealed; there is not a word spoken in the ear that we are not desirous to have proclaimed on the house-top.

The Fairfaxes have a name in English history. The poet of Elizabeth's day, and the general of Cromwell's, have won it for them. The family describe themselves as of a Saxon stock, seated at Northumberland before the Conquest. The name, sometimes spelt Fairvex, is said to mean fair hair.

The rise of the family, like that of so many of our nobility, was through the law. How many of them struggled on in the more obscure grades of the profession, or its kindred occupations, is not recorded. The first whom the pedigree takes notice of, in this walk of life, is Sir Guy Fairfax, a judge of the court of King's Bench in 1478. The judge was a prosperous man. He built a castle at Steeton, in Yorkshire, and established the principal family residence at that place. He was, in point of fact, the founder of the family. The earlier history is as authentic as the descent of the Britons from Dardanus, of an ancient Greek family from Apollo or Jove, or of one of our own squires of the western province from some Dalcassian prince of dateless celebrity.

The judge of the King's Bench was succeeded by a judge of the Common Pleas. William succeeded Guy, and increased the wealth and condition of the family. The heir of William—himself a William—was high sheriff of York in the reign of Henry the Eighth. Your prosperous lawyer marries well, and rarely dies without a child and a will; and one of these gentlemen added by marriage the lands of Denton to the family estate. But the Reformation now came, and one of

the pious Fairfaxes was shocked at a son of his assisting at the sick of Rome. He disinherited him, at least he did his best. But it was not as easy in good King Henry's days, to cut off entails as in those that followed. The Denton estates, it was found, were secured beyond the power of the relentless parent. They descended to Sir Thomas, and he is ancestor of that branch of the Fairfaxes, with whom we are chiefly concerned.

Our concern with them arises from the fact that for two centuries they appear to have carefully preserved such correspondence on matters in any way interesting to the family as occurred during that interval. That correspondence is often curiously illustrative of public events. On the marriage of one of the Fairfaxes to the daughter of Lord Culpepper, the papers which form what is called the "Fairfax Correspondence" were removed to Leeds Castle. Leeds Castle is now the residence of Mr. Thomas Wylchem Martin. Some alterations in the castle were made in the year 1822, and some useless lumber sold. Among the rest, an old alder chest, filled with Dutch tiles. It was sold to a shoemaker, for a few shillings. Under the tiles were found an enormous mass of manuscripts. Their value was not at first suspected. "Some of the parchments," says Mr. Johnson, under whose editorship the two first volumes of the correspondence were issued, "had been cut into slips for shoemakers' measures, and a fragment of one, a grant of lands to Sir Anthony St. Leger, is now before me in the form of a child's dumplet." Some of the letters Mr. Hughes, who

purchased the whole collection from the shoemaker, recovered from the thread papers of the village mantuamakers; others had been taken by a gentleman's servant, and had found their way into the collections of Mr. Judge, of the Board of Green Cloth, and of Mr. Upcott, the well known collector of autographs. They were nearly all recovered, and the whole form that valuable and richly illustrated series of manuscripts from which this work has been prepared.

Sir Thomas returned from the siege of Rome. He was knighted by Elizabeth in 1576, and died in 1599. One of his children was Edward Fairfax of Newhall, the translator of *L'asso*. The correspondence, unfortunately, does not commence early enough to give us any notice of the poet of whom it seems strange that more has not been told us by the compilers of literary biography. We are not without hopes that of Fairfax's works something may yet be recovered. There still exists, or at least there did exist not very long since, a rhymed history of Edward the Black Prince. There are eclogues, of which a fair copy, made for a Duke of Richmond, perished in the fire of the banqueting house of Whitehall, but the originals are preserved, or were, when Mrs. Cooper was given by the family an opportunity of publishing one of them—a poem, conceived in the strange style of allegory of which we find many examples among the Italian poets of that age. A lamb, which seems to represent true religion, is misled from its proper pastures by a fox, which we suppose represents heresy of some kind or other.—

The fox (who e forth Malpudus bordered nigh)

Spied from his lair the ~~ov~~ underling innocent

That wauy in the clole shade did lie

At last the hot beam her tender limbs might shent

And soon he judg'd by her harmless lool

It was a fish might easily take the hook

He busk'd him boon and on his sandal coat

He lunkled close a slunkid's hairy skin,

And wore the vizard of a smooth faced sk

All smut without, none spied the devil within

With wanton skips he bouds the harmless sheep,

And with sweet words thus mofur'd did creep

Du sister lamb, puer n of th' fleecy lam!

His wiles are successful; he wins her away from home; but it would appear that she as little understands his purposes in this strange adventure as we those of the author—

"In vain he sighed, he glanced, he shook his head—
Those hieroglyphics were too hard to read."

Dryden's "Hind and Panther" is an

amusing, though surely a most unmanageable allegory. There is no part of it in which anything like the violence is done to the imagination that seems to be Fairfax's delight. Our fox, when he has got the spiritual lamb into his power, proceeds to dress her up in some such disguise as his own:—

"Her silver rug from her soft hide he clipt,
And on her body knit a canvass thin,
With twenty party colours evenly stript,
And guarded like the rainbow's zebra skin."

What follows is fancifully conceived and expressed:—

"There mourned the Black—the Purple tyrannised;
The Russet hoped—Green the wanton played;
Yellow spied faults in such as love disguised;
Carnation still desired; White lived a maid;
Blue kept his faith unstained; Red bled to death;
And forlorn Tawny wore a willow wreath."

"All these, and twenty new-found colours more,
Were in the web of that rich garment wrought;
And who that charmed vesture took and wore,
Like it were changeable in will and thought.
What wonder, then, if on so smooth a plate,
He stamped a fiend where once an angel sate?"

The readers who feel any interest in unriddling these mysteries will find a good deal on the subject in Rossetti's *Comment on Dante*. Indeed, Fairfax's eclogue is so like one that he gives from Boccaccio, that we think it not impossible it may be a translation, though printed as original. Nothing would be more probable than that, among poems not published or arranged for publication by the author, such a mistake should occur. Among the manuscripts left by Edward Fairfax, is a *Treatise on Witchcraft*, said to record instances of its effect on members of his own family. This surely would be worth publishing by one of the many book societies which have done so much to illustrate ancient manners and habits of feeling. Such of the poems of Fairfax as now exist ought to be published, if it were only for their importance as specimens of that mastery over language and versification which has produced greater effects on our literature than in any other instance that we remember to have followed from the works of a man known exclusively by translation.

"Spenser and Fairfax," says Dryden, "both flourished in the reign of Queen

Elizabeth, great masters in our language, and who saw much farther into the beauties of our numbers than those who immediately followed them. Milton was the poetical son of Spenser, and Waller of Fairfax; for we have our lineal descents and clans as well as other families. Spenser more than once intimates that the soul of Chaucer was transfused into his body, and that he was begotten by him two hundred years after his decease. Milton has acknowledged to me that Spenser was his original, and many besides myself have heard our famous Waller own that he derived the harmony of his numbers from 'Godfrey of Boloigne,' which was turned into English by Mr. Fairfax."

The family records are ambiguous on the subject of the poet. While it is plain that he and Charles Fairfax were educated and provided for by their father, with as much anxiety as his other children, there is reason to believe that they were the offspring of some irregular marriage, or that their legitimacy was doubtful. Charles met his death strangely. At the siege of Ostend, of which he was governor, he was struck by a piece of the skull of a French marshal, whose head was shivered by a cannon-ball.

Sir Thomas of Denton, was suc-

ceeded by another Thomas, the first Lord Fairfax. He was a diplomatist and a soldier. He was sent often by Elizabeth into Scotland, to conduct negotiations with King James. He was knighted before Rouen by Essex—a distinction won by his conduct in the field.

The "Correspondence" gives us one or two letters, which are of no great interest, occasioned by some misunderstanding between him and Lord Sheffield, Lord President of the North. The misunderstanding, whatever it was, seems to have soon cleared away; for we next find him at Lord Sheffield's, who undertakes to adjust some family differences between the Denton Fairfaxes, and the branch of the family that were settled at Steeton. Lord Sheffield's unpirage seems to have reconciled the feuds. Of the principle on which he proceeded, the memoir gives us no inkling; but when the award was finally made, each of the conflicting houses found that a daughter of the arbitrator was assigned to its heir. Sir Philip of Steeton obtained the Lady Frances, and Ferdinando of Denton found himself betrothed to the Lady Mary.

Sir Philip was not of age when he married. He fell into profligacy and habits of foolish expense. He was a prey to sharpers, and bargains being going, his granduncle of Denton wished to get the benefit of them for himself. He purchased from his improvident nephew; but the improvident nephew had provided against this, by having made secret conveyances of the land

thus sold, in the form of leases, which rendered the bargain a bad one for all but the lawyers who were called in to adjust the equities between persons, none of whom seem to have dealt quite fairly with each other. Lord Sheffield plainly tells Uncle Thomas, that if Philip has power to sell, he may as well get a bargain as another; but that he (Lord Sheffield) will do what he can to try and preserve the property for the children of Philip. While the old gentlemen were trying to cheat each other, observing all the approved forms of courtly etiquette, Philip dies in his twenty-eighth year, and Lady Frances did not long survive.

A letter of Thomas to his brother Henry, a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, is worth quoting for a singular trait of superstition. That the devil should be seen in bodily shape was then as natural, as that a headland should be exhibited when a storm blew away the fogs. Jonathan may believe or disbelieve the sea-serpent; but that the devil moved about on the sea, in personal figure, and was constantly seen by mariners, was a matter that admitted of much less doubt than the existence of America itself. "Many of our merchant-ships," says True Thomas, "be cast away upon the seas this storm; and there is great talk that the devil should be seen upon the sea; and this morning I heard it credibly spoken that the devil was upon the Thames, in a sculler, and when he was in the midst of the water he vanished away, so that none could tell what way."

"He took the oar—the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro—
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see
The devil knows how to row.'"

Sir Thomas lived at Denton. If gentlemen will live on their estates, they must reckon upon such inconveniences as attend on landed property. Gipsies will squat on their demesnelands—poachers will snare or shoot their game. The Sir Something Lucies will never be able wholly to make such a world as they strive to fashion this into, and get rid of the Shakspeares out and out. Those who have nothing but the gifts of nature, cannot,

after all, be dispossessed of all things by squires, however respectable; but while Thomas might, perhaps, not know whether his uncle, who translated Tasso, was dead or alive, who could have imagined his peace trampled on by one with whom, of all men in the world, we should have imagined him likely to live in good neighbourhood? Who could think of Tobias, Archbishop of York, committing a trespass on the grounds of his

respected neighbour? Yet such is what we learn from the next letter. How the squire, or knight, addressed the bishop, the Fairfax records give us no means of knowing with precision; but Tobias of York answers like a man who does not wish to be questioned; and we, on the whole, approve of this fulmination:—

“TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL SIR THOMAS FAIRFAX, OF DENTON, KNIGHT.

“Bishophthorp, 21st of May, 1613.

“SIR,—Whereas by your letter this day to me directed, you said you are sorry that your great respect of me hath begotten in me so great a contempt of you, that you appealing to me for the wrongs done you in my own house, by my own servant, myself would not vouchsafe the hearing, much less the reformation of so great an injury; and that this, my suffering, hath given encouragement to other my servants and followers riotously to hunt your grounds, under pretence of a warrant from me, affirming that they will do the like again; and some others of my servants not contented with the killing of deer there, do threaten your servants to beat and wound them. You thought to acquaint me herewith to see if I be more feeling of the second than of the first, and desirous to know my mind therein. My answer to your said letter is, first, that you never had greater respect of me than I have had regard of you, all due circumstance considered; secondly, that the supposed wrongs done you here, if any such were, proceeded not from any servant, but an officer of mine, who alleged himself to be much provoked by you; which, to examine, I had then no leisure, being otherwise employed, and feared withal lest multiplying of words between you might rather incense than qualify choler; thirdly, if any of my servants or followers have riotously hunted your grounds, as you allege, I pray you be persuaded they had no warrant from me, nor any of mine that I can learn, to hunt at all in any your grounds, much less to threaten any of your servants, which faults, if they have committed, either within doors or a-field, the laws of God and man are open to give you self-sufficient satisfaction at their hands, but not at mine, who never offended you, as the searcher of hearts best knoweth, to whose heavenly direction I commend you and your proceedings, as well herein as in all other your lawful and laudable actions.

“Your ancient loving friend,

“TOBIAS EBORCEN.”

Sir Thomas had a large family; and we have letters to young officers, who find it hard to live on their pay, and to young clergymen, who are compelled to ask more from their parent than he finds it convenient to give. Ferdinando Fairfax, Knight, the hope of the family, is addressed in a letter directed to him, at his brother's chambers in Lincoln's Inn. The old gentleman—not so old neither—writes to each in the language that he thinks most suitable to their position in life, and its conventional proprieties. Henry Fairfax, the young clergyman, is told—“That the service of the church is the happiest profession that can be: all other services be bondage, but this is perfect freedom. If it be honour to serve a king, it is more to serve the King of kings, and after his rewards there is no wants.” Ferdinando is told of some money, that there is some fear an agent has applied to his own purposes—“I pray God, he make not a semblance of sanctity the cloak of evil dealing.” The young officers, who were in the Low Countries, were startled by a visit from their father, who came to share in the dangers and the glories of their way of life. Frederick, the elector palatine, the son-in-law of James, had, without consulting his father-in-law, accepted the crown of Bohemia, and Austria and Spain were in arms against him. The war was, or was represented to be, a war of Catholics against Protestantism; and England—the nation, not the king, for he regarded the conduct of the Bohemians as that of revolted subjects—rushed into the quarrel with the ardour natural to men who thought great principles involved in the contest. “Scarcely,” says Hume, “was the ardour greater with which all the states of Europe, in former ages, flew to rescue the Holy Land from the dominion of infidels.” In a letter from William Fairfax, written from Rotterdam, he tells one of his brothers that—

“The report of Spinola's intention to prevent our passage, has brought my white-headed father into the Low Countries, who, since his coming amongst us, is grown forty years younger than he was before. He resolves to make one, and to that end has provided himself with horse, and arms, and all other necessities. He is received

here with very great respect: the memory of his former actions, as well in these parts as in France, being the chiefest cause thereof. If it please God that he return no more alive, my request shall be to Mr. Selden, to grace him with an epitaph: a better quill than his can never be set on work; and to employ a meaner were but to detract from him that doth deserve so well."

A postscript to this letter says:—

"Since this time we are come to Wessell, on our journey towards the Palatinate. My father was never in better disposition—he takes his lodgings with me in my straw mansion, in the field before Wessell. We lie within sight, and almost shot of the tower: we ex-

pect to come no nearer it, although a bridge is made to pass the Rhine. How long we shall stay here is yet uncertain, as we are to frame our course according to those of our enemies, Spinola being (as far as we yet can understand) on both sides of the river with his troops."

The father did not die. Selden was not called on for an epitaph; but William's fancy was directed to the subject, and he tried his own hand, as in Ireland men of this generation build monuments to each other, that gentlemen may themselves be gratified by learning what good can be said of them. Sir Thomas had the pleasure of reading his son's lines, which are but so-so.

ON THE VALIANT AND VIRTUOUS KNIGHT PRUDHOME.

"Is Prudhome dead? Yet heavens defend
His virtues with his breath should end.
Religion, virtue, wit, and spirit,
This corpse of his did late inherit;
Whilst, therefore, these on earth reside,
It can't be said that Prudhome died;
There's only then enclosed here
The casket where these jewels were."

The old gentleman does not appear to have remained long abroad. In about a year after the date of his son's letter and verses we find a letter from Lord Sheffield to the father, mentioning some short-lived successes of the English, and saying that the good conduct of his son William, in the Palatinate, had been highly spoken of at court. By a comparison of dates it appears that at the very time Lord Sheffield was writing this gratifying letter to the father, both sons had already perished. Lord Sheffield's letter is dated 2nd of November, 1621. Both received their death wounds in the defence of Frankenthale on the 5th of the previous October. A mo-

nument erected to them in the church of Frankenthale was spared by Spinola, when he took possession of the place three years afterwards, when every other memorial of the English was treated with insult. A picture of William, which was in one of the rooms at Denton, when seen by Prince Rupert, inspired him with a similar feeling of military courtesy, as we are told by Brian Fairfax that "at the sight of this picture the generous Prince Rupert, who lay at Denton, on his march to York, 1644, commanded the house should not be injured for his sake." Such incidents brings back to us Milton's noble sonnet, entitled—

"WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

"Captain, or colonel, or knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deeds of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them and him within, protect from harms.

"He can requite thee, for he knows the charms,
That calls fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er land and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.

"Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower :
 The great Emathian conqueror bade spare
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
 Went to the ground ; and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare."

In the year 1621, when Sir Thomas lost two sons at Frankenthale, he was also tried by the death of two others, one killed in Turkey, the other at Montahan.

We are next introduced to another son, whose unambitious life was probably happier than that of his more aspiring brothers. Henry Fairfax entered the church, and was nominated by his father to a small living at Newton Kyme. He married Mary Cholmeley—one or two of whose letters are preserved, and are among the most interesting in the "Correspondence." "All the time of the civil wars, from 1642 to 1646, their little parsonage-house was a refuge and sanctuary to all their friends and relations on both sides." He afterwards removed to Bolton Perry, the parish where his father lived. When in college—Trinity College, Cambridge—he and George Herbert were "familiarily acquainted. Their dispositions were much alike, and both very exemplary for learning and piety. He survived his wife many years, and spent the latter years of his life in a pious solitude. His notes upon the Bible, and other papers, at Denton, do show his learning and diligence in reading that sacred book and the ancient fathers. His recreation was antiquities and heraldry."

"Charles Fairfax embraced the profession of the law, was a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, to which Society he bequeathed some valuable MSS., and distinguished himself by the acuteness of his intellect, and the probity of his character. It was this gentleman who, from various sources, collected the 'Analecta Fairfaxiana,' so much prized by his successors ; and it may be remarked, that the care with which the family records of the Fairfaxes are preserved is almost without a parallel. In no other collection are there to be discovered such a mass of letters and documents, public and private ; pedigrees, not only of the different branches of their own family, but of all the families with whom they were connected by intermarriage ; seals, mottoes, arms, and the varied paraphernalia of heraldic honours. All the Fairfaxes contributed

something to this curious depository, which covers a period little short of two centuries ; but Charles Fairfax, who was an accomplished antiquary as well as lawyer, laid the foundations in his own Collections, and in the indefatigable zeal with which he prosecuted his inquiries. This gentleman had a large family, and was enabled, by the success with which he followed his profession, to make a sufficient provision for them. During the early years of his life, he devoted himself to his profession, but in the civil war he was tempted to accept a commission of colonel of foot, which command he executed with great reputation, acquiring the intimate friendship of General Monk, to whom he stood firm with his regiment, in Scotland, when the rest of the army wavered. He marched into England with Monk, and was made Governor of Hull in 1659, which he resigned to Lord Bellasis, and had a pension of £100 a-year out of the port of Hull settled upon him and his heirs by a patent from Charles II. He died at Menston in 1673, at the advanced age of seventy-eight."

The "Correspondence" next introduces no less a person than Wentworth—afterwards Earl of Strafford. An election contest, in which Wentworth sought Sir Thomas's interest in Yorkshire, was the occasion of the first letter between them. Like everything from Strafford, it is a manly and gentlemanly letter. At an after period, Sir Thomas himself was a candidate for the representation. There are five or six letters of Wentworth's, written some years after, which the editor of these volumes gives, not from the "Fairfax Correspondence," but from a private collection of Mr. Bentley's, which are of yet more interest than those on public affairs. They are letters to the mother of his brother's intended wife, and to the young lady herself, and are written in a temper of the highest and most perfect courtesy, and with the kind of consideration for the interests and feelings of all the parties concerned, that, whatever be the opinion the reader may form of Strafford's poli-

ties, cannot, even at this day, be read without kindness towards this generous-minded and much injured man.

Who comes next? Who but Hobson, the university carrier, immortalised by Milton. Hobson had made a fortune by his trade, and "perpetuated his memory by building a stone conduit at Cambridge, which he supplied by an aqueduct, setting 'seven lays' of pasture-ground towards its permanent maintenance." Readers, have you heard the phrase of Hobson's choice? Well, Hobson's choice was the choice Hobson gave his customers. The mode of travel in his day was chiefly by saddle-horses, and in Hobson's stables were forty horses always ready for customers. Hobson saved his own time and temper, and avoided interminable discussion by allowing no discretion whatever on the subject. Whoever came to hire a horse was compelled to take that next the stable-door. The petition of the University of Cambridge in his favour is worth transcribing:—

"TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF HOLLAND, CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

"Petition of the University of Cambridge to Henry Earl of Holland, Chancellor of the University, that that Carrier, Thomas Hobson, may be allowed to travel with his Waggon, as usual, notwithstanding the King's Proclamation.

"RIGHT HON. AND OUR SINGULAR GOOD LORD,—We are earnestly requested by our trusty and ancient carrier, Thomas Hobson, to be humble petitioners that your lordship will be pleased to procure him a toleration to travel between Cambridge and London with his waggons with four wheels, without incurring the danger of the penalty mentioned in his Majesty's late proclamation. Upon his information we have well considered of those inconveniences which will happen to his Majesty and the University carriages, without those waggons be suffered to go as they have done; for, first, it is impossible for him to carry from us to London, those great vessels of fish for provision for his Majesty's household; secondly, the passengers, whereof most are scholars, women, or children, that travel to or from in them; thirdly, books, trunks, or other necessities for our scholar, without danger of overthrowing, and great loss and spoil of such things as are committed to his charge in them: all which have heretofore been safely conveyed at reasonable rates from the city of London hither, and so from us to that place,

covered, and by him secured from harms and damage to the persons and owners; which cannot possibly be undertaken in carts, without greater charge and inevitable danger; the ways being deep in winter, and the carts more subject to overthrowing, and so spoiling of the owners' goods, and endangering the lives of those that pass in them. This our request for him, and that petition concerning this matter, which we are informed he hath lately delivered to your lordship, we refer wholly to your wisdom, and that honourable care and favour which you have always had, and showed to us and those which anywise do good, or wish well to this University, or any the members of the same. So with our most bounden thanks for all your lordship's most noble and honourable favours to us, we beseech you still to continue as ever heretofore, our most worthy patron and protector; and with our hearty prayers to the Almighty for your long life and happiness, we rest,
"Your Lordship's most humble servants, &c."

Hobson's name is not unlikely to obtain a place in general history, when history is written from original documents, instead of being, as it for the most now is, but compilations from compilations. In return for the information which the editor of these volumes gives us about the university carrier, we are able to refer him to a curious document, well worth examining by those who are engaged in the study of the early part of the reign of Charles the First. In the library of the Royal Irish Academy is a manuscript volume, presented by the late Sir John Newport, containing copies of the orders of the lords of the council, and letters addressed to the lords lieutenants of counties, directing the assessment of what was called a voluntary loan, to be repaid in eighteen months, from the landholders, merchants, and merchant strangers of England, and the citizens of the cities and towns therein, including the judges and law-officers, but specially excluding "all members of the peerage, with whom it was not purposed to deal for the present." The original documents, of which Sir John Newport's volume is a transcript, were found during the period in which he held the office of controller-general of the exchequer, amongst a large collection of papers deposited in the rolls' office; and as Sir John very justly considered them

to afford interesting materials to elucidate the history of the civil wars, he had two copies made, one of which he presented to the British Museum, and the other to the Royal Irish Academy.

The sum at which each person in the different counties was assessed is given in these lists. The first letters to lords lieutenants, &c., demand "the payment of what may be collected into the exchequer in such reasonable time as you shall set down," but urge strongly "the necessity of our occasions."

The second set of letters are written in yet more peremptory language. They are dated in September, 1625, after Charles had dissolved the parliament in anger at their not supplying his wants, and when the exigencies of the moment compelled the crown to resort to every means that could be devised to obtain money.

A third set of letters was issued in December, 1625, to lieutenants of counties that had delayed certifying. Payment was required by this third set of letters to be made within twenty days from the delivery of the former letters.

In Sir John Newport's letter to the Academy, accompanying his valuable present, he observes—

"The great inequality of the extent of the demand on the several parties thus assessed varying in a great degree with their capacity of resistance to its enforcement, will be quite apparent on examining the tests, as well as also the urgency of the measure from the repetition of the letters from the Lords of the Council at short intervals of time deprecating further delay, and censuring that which had occurred."

In the last charging the town of Cambridge, the first name that occurs is Hobson the carrier. The entry is as follows:—

"Thomas Hobson, the carrier, £40."

Hobson died in the year of the plague. His death was the subject of many an elegy and epigram at Cambridge. He died in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He had outlived so many generations of students that it

seemed a thing out of the course of nature that he should die at all. This is plainly the feeling in which Milton's two poems on his death are written, as plainly appears, not alone from the poems, but from the very titles given them—

"ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER, who sickened in the *Time of his Vacancy*, being forbid to go to London on account of the Plague."

The critics wonder that Milton should have allowed such things to appear in the collected editions of his minor poems. The critics! Why, Milton could never have written his greater poems, if his mind did not act with that freedom which exercised the play of all its powers. What did these solemn gentlemen mean?—what do the persons at this day mean, who reprint the bedlamite abuse of Milton for these things and such as these? Do they imagine Milton a man altogether made as themselves? Do they fancy that there ought to have been nothing of playfulness in his fancy when a young man in college, and nothing of sympathy in his after years with the state of mind in which his college years were passed? Do these men know what Imagination is? Have they any conception whatever of it? Do they know that when the mind survives in healthy action, no one faculty is ever destroyed or dead; that it disappears from view only because lost, as it were, in fuller light; that of the highest genius the glorious prerogative is the almost unconscious command of all its powers at all moments—

"Imagination, honourable aims,
 Let us commune with the thou that cannot die,
 Science and song, delight in little things
 The buoyant child surviving in the man"

To the last hour of his life, in spite of trials such as visit man rarely in our peaceful times, joyousness of spirit seems to have accompanied our great poet; and though the humour of an university be a scholastic thing, and though fun about a senior fellow of this kind was at Cambridge a sort of topic likely to elicit jokes of no great estimation beyond the circle of their combination-rooms and clubs, we yet think Milton's verses are well worth preservation:—

"Here lies old Hobson : Death has broke his girt,
And here, alas, has laid him in the dirt.

Death was half glad when he had got him down ;
For he had any time this ten years full
Dodged with him between Cambridge and the Bull.

"And sure Death could never have prevailed,
Had not his weekly course of carriage failed ;
But lately, finding him so long at home,
And thinking, now, his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn
In the kind office of a chamberlain,
Showed him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pulled off his boots, and took away the light.
If any ask for him, it shall be said :
'Hobson has slept, and newly gone to bed.'"

The picture of the chamberlain attending the old carrier, is, we think, by no means an unamusing one, and is a trait borrowed from a state of manners that had already passed away, or was passing away. It remained longer in the old inns in the city than else-

where. The second poem on the same subject deals with higher topics. The same principle of motion that keeps the ancient heavens fresh and strong was necessary for the university-carrier. Let him cease to revolve, he must cease to be:—

"Like an engine moved with time and weight,
His principles being ceased, he ended straight.
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath.
Nor were it contradiction to affirm,
Too long vacation hastened on his term.

"*Fuse* was his chief disease, and to judge right,
He died of heaviness that his cart went light.
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life but thensome."

Of Goethe they tell us, that when dying, he cried : "Light ! more light !" Over the grave of Herder is a monument, on which is inscribed, with what is described as the characteristic aspi-

ration of his mind, "*Light—Love—Life !*" Milton tells you of his carrier with a solemnity worthy of a German biographer in his happiest hour of invention :—

"That even to his last breath, there be that say't,
As he were pressed to death he cryed 'More weight,'
But had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier."

Wordsworth himself, inspired by recollections of his ancient waggoner, has scarce equalled the lines that follow :—

"Obedient to the moon, he spent his date,
In course reciprocal, and had his fate
Linked to the mutual flowing of the seas—
Yet, strange to think, his *wan* was his increase.
His letters are delivered all, and gone,
Only remains this superscription."

* "Hobson's inn at London was the 'Bull,' in Bishopsgate-street, where his figure in fresco, with an inscription, was lately to be seen."—*Watson*, 1791.

We have a good many letters of Yorkshire election politics, for which we must refer our readers to the "Correspondence." Fairfax failed in his efforts for the country; but Charles wanted money—wanted money so badly, that one of his ways and means was to summon, for the sake of the fees, a class of persons heretofore omitted, to receive the honour of knighthood; and Sir Thomas thought it a good moment to buy a peerage. In the list of the persons assessed in Sir John Newport's manuscript volume, we have him assessed for York city £10; for Yorkshire, the West Riding £15; and for the North Riding £30. It was easier to ask for these sums than to get them, as may be inferred from what we have already told our readers. Sir John Newport's inferences—that sums were assessed, bearing in the direct proportion of the inability of the persons assessed to give effectual resistance, is maintained not only by the fact of extravagant taxes being imposed on foreign merchants, but by the fact that lieutenants of the counties had the power, both of remitting the demand altogether from some, and increasing it on others. The Fairfaxes had no taste for paying money in this way, and we find one of the letters from his son Ferdinand, of a kind well calculated to give his father pleasure. He says:—

"My Lord Scroope is pleased to follow the course of other lieutenants of counties, which is to get all deputy lieutenants, with their government, relieved of their privy seal; and, therefore, sir, you need not pay, or, if you have paid, the collector may re-deliver it, who, I doubt, not by this time, hath special directions to forbear such."

Of the collector's re-delivering the money, there was but a poor chance. However we have pretty good reason to believe that Sir Thomas was slow to part with it. He had no objection to give his money to Charles, but Charles must give good value for it; and so he addressed the court at some length stating the services which, in his estimate, entitled him to a peerage. The services seem to have been acts of such friendliness to James, before his accession to the

throne of England, as led Queen Elizabeth to entertain very serious doubts of his loyalty. This feeling of Elizabeth was, he says, exhibited when he asked for some place that fell vacant at Berwick. Elizabeth's answer was, "That she would put no Scots there while she lived." The services which he mentions, seem to have been but of small moment, and the evidence by which he endeavoured to support the statement, such as it was, is such as to impress us with the notion that all that was meant to meet the public eye, would scarcely sustain a claim for the humblest favour of the crown. The memorial, however, does not state that he had bargained to pay for the Scottish barony of Cameron, the sum of £1,500. Sir Thomas drove a hard bargain, and expressly stipulated that he should pay no fees of any kind. Nothing could be more civil than the bearing of Sir Thomas and Charles's agents to each other during that stage of the transaction in which the money was reckoned and paid. He gave them bags to pack the moneys in, and sent them off to the post town with horses and servants. They were profuse of courtly promises of remembrance, and in token of undying friendship were to send him "pistols and other things." Sir Thomas bought his peerage, and paid for it; and began to assume the style. Never was man under a greater mistake. He had no more right to the title than John of Tuam—at least so thought they of the offices through which the patent was to pass. The heralds, too, had their claims; and it was a Scottish peerage. The new peer had to be naturalized in Scotland—nay, the commissioners contrived to mix up "Nova Scotia" in the matter. Poor Sir Thomas, who thought it too bad to be made a subject of one Scotland, fretted himself to fiddle-strings at the thought of having to contribute to the plantation of another. For a moment he appeared to have conceived Queen Elizabeth's own horror at Scottish kings and Scottish peerages; and at that ominous hour, the devil might have bought his soul cheap. Sir Thomas seems to have written letters of complaint, and the official people issued writs against him. Mr. Johnson's inference is, that he did not pay the

money. Whether he was obliged to endure this additional fleecing or not, scarcely adds to the shabbiness of the whole transaction.

The first Lord Fairfax lived to 1641; passed his life in retirement; seems to have had a diligent eye to the main chance; and was on the whole a respectable country gentleman. He was fond of breeding horses; nay, wrote a book on the subject. But steed and book have long since vanished from their stalls. The country gentleman could scarcely at that period have been better employed than in assisting to introduce better breeds of cattle into the country, and the book is one which, even at this day, we should give some thing to see. Its title is, "Conjectures on Horsemanship; what Lessons the Breed of each Kingdom or Country is fitted for." Works of his on military subjects are still preserved in manuscript; he also left manuscript volumes of prayers and verses.

Of Ferdinando, the second lord, these volumes contain several letters. He had become a member of the House of Commons early in life, and was a good man of business. A thoughtful observer of all that was passing, he preserved a character for talent, by the practical good sense of avoiding any prominent part in the debates. His father, estimated him lowly. He thought he would make a good justice of the peace; nay, he saw that he did, but that he should conduct military affairs, was a thing which was not to be looked for. We suspect that doing the business immediately in hand well, is the best augury of similar success in any other; and that in an age when every gentleman in England was exercised in the use of arms, and when the tenure by which he held his lands implied an education for military service, there was nothing wonderful in the wide element of good sense rendering a man, already distinguished in the peaceful business of life, a distinguished man in the scenes of war that life was

not unlikely to present, and which in point of fact it had, in some shape or other, presented to every generation of Englishmen, till the regular existence of standing armies separated the duties of the soldier and the civilian.

The military reputation of the second Lord Fairfax is lost in that of his son, the great parliamentary general. His successes in many of the well-fought fields of the early years of the civil wars were such as to prove that his father had judged rashly, when he thought his son unequal to the conduct of military affairs. As Lord Ferdinando commanded a body of foot at "Marston Moor" we hope in some future portions of the "Correspondence" to have his account of that memorable field. The editor of these volumes says that he "commanded at the great battle of Marston Moor." This is inaccurate in any meaning that can be given to the words. The inaccuracy probably arose from the fact that the right wing of the parliamentary forces was commanded by Sir Thomas Fairfax, for our author is not the only writer who has confused father and son in their account of the fortunes of this eventful day.

Lord Ferdinando died in 1648; like his father, and like all the Fairfaxes, he "relished versing." Among the unread poetry of these times are the Psalms, put by him "into exact verse." He also gave much time to mathematics.

The Fairfaxes not only manufactured poetry at home, but they also kept a poet. A Mr. John Favour seems to have celebrated earnestly the weddings of the family, and the births, which followed with praiseworthy punctuality. Deaths of wives would occur at times, and John Favour came with his weeping elegies. John's was the language of comfort and consolation. When a daughter of Lord Ferdinando's died, to her husband he says emphatically:—

"'Twere not unseemly to congratulate
Your lot,
Nor need you, sir, her want so much condole,
As joy that once you had so sweet a soul.
.
.
Israel's consort, racked with torturing throes
Expired,
Yet her survived a little Benjamin;
More than ten children yet you do embrace."

Such were the topics which the family poet presented to the consideration of the afflicted husband. When her father died the name of Fairfax

was distinctly presented to the labouring imagination. He is dissatisfied with the old derivations :—

“ To give etymon from fair bush of hair,
A poor eulogium for a name so rare.
But were it so of old, now heaven's intent,
Being to create this name an instrument
Of public weal, declared by glorious acts,
We wrong no herald to call thee FAIR-FACTS !”

In a poem on Lord Ferdinando's death, which is printed, at length, as one of the family curiosities, among a number of virtues which we suppose him to possess in common with all men

who have been the subject of these sepulchral encomiums, we seem to distinguish something characteristic. We are told, that he—

“ Took all things cheerfully from Providence;
Welcomed both Hessay, Mgre, and Adderton;
Fretted nor chafed whether he lost or won.
He was a great commander in this nation,
Not of his soldiers more than of his passion.
Self-conqueror first, he grew more expert then
To fight abroad by some experience.
His swarthy brow by brightness was enshrined—
no threatening arm
Of flesh can daunt that spirit that doth depend
On heaven and a good conscience, his best friend.
So he adventurous in fields of blood,
Appear'd, and durst, in these ill times, be good.”

Good as he is, however, he dies. The poet has read the classics, and has learned from them a sufficient number of facts to satisfy him, not

only of the universality of death, but to what slight causes it is often to be attributed :—

“ What doth not Death usurp ?—what not destroy ?
The Teian poet, old Anacreon,
And Sophocles die by a raisin stone.
A slender fish's bone and smaller hair,
One Tarquin chokes,” &c.

The facts being thus on record, and the inevitable inference of our common mortality being proclaimed aloud by the inspired minstrel, he waxes en-

ergetic, and asks unanswerable, and, therefore, let us say, very impertinent questions :—

“ Pray, what's become of that deep-reading man,
Strafford ? profounder than the ocean ?
Hothams and Canterbury ? All asleep;
Being sunk and overwhelmed in their own deep ?”

Now, all things considered, we do not think that the gentlemen engaged in cutting off the heads of Strafford and Canterbury, have any right to taunt gallant cavaliers and true churchmen with the question of where they went. These are questions more easily asked than answered ; and, therefore, ought not to be asked at all. We never felt angry with Dante for placing in his “ Inferno” his enemies who were still

alive ; nor have ever quite relished the passages in which he supplies a warm corner to those whom actual death should have saved from this species of revenge.

The next name among the Fairfaxes of Denton is the most illustrious of all — Thomas, third lord, the great parliamentary general. The published volumes of the “ Correspondence” do not reach to his time ; and the account

of the family given by the editor, adds little to what we already know of him from a hundred sources of information. His only daughter was married to the Duke of Buckingham; and in the marriage, the Fairfax estates were settled anew, to the great discomposure of male heirs who had rights under the old entails. An extraordinary effort was made by them to work on the imagination of the general. The first Lord Fairfax had lived to 1641; long enough for him to have formed a judgment of the character of his grandson—a judgment which appears to have been as erroneous as that which our readers will remember him to have formed of Lord Ferdinando's. The male heir of the Fairfaxes did not, like De Foe, conjure up an apparition, to forbid the levying the fines, and suffering the recoveries, necessary on the occasion; but Charles, the uncle of the general, records two solemn conversations on the subject. The first was with his father, the first lord.

Not many months before his death, walking in his great parlour, at Denton, his son Charles only being present, he seemed much perplexed in mind, and addressed his son:—

“Charles, I am thinking what will become of my family when I am gone; I have added a title to the heir male of our house, and shall leave a competent estate to support it. Ferdinando will keep it, and leave it to his son; but such is *Tom's* pride, led much by his wife, that he, not contented to live in his own rank, will *destroy his house*.”

Charles proceeds to tell us that the old man adjured him passionately, to mention this anticipation of his whenever he saw the calamity likely to come to pass. His son would have thrust from him the execution of so unwelcome, and, we will add, so unmeaning, a commission; but he charged him not to fail, as he would answer at the dreadful day of judgment, and this he twice repeated. When Charles heard of the entail being cut off, and the probability of the estates descending in a different line, he, in the very same room at Denton, where he received the charge, faithfully acquainted the then Lord Fairfax of what his grandfather had said.

The Fairfaxes seem to have had

more fear of the general's robbing the family than they ought. In a life of the Duke of Buckingham we have met a statement that by his marriage with Fairfax's daughter he got the manor of Helmesly, which had been his brother's, and which became Fairfax's by some grant in the Commonwealth time, for arrears of pay. Buckingham, also, in the same way, got York House in the Strand; but an extract from Lord Fairfax's will shows that he took care that the family estate of Denton should accompany the title. Other lands are given to his daughter and her male issue, which seems not unreasonable; but the male issue of the Fairfaxes are preferred to his daughter's female children.

Whatever we may think of the general's arrangements with respect to property, nothing could be more miserable than the rank eventually proved which he had purchased for his daughter. Her husband's profligacies left her, at his death, in the most abject distress, and she died in the deepest pecuniary embarrassment.

The next inheritor of the title was Henry, son of the Rev. Henry Fairfax. A brother of his was the Brian Fairfax to whom posterity is indebted for much of the information which it possesses about the family. Brian edited the third Lord Fairfax's “Short Memorial,” a dull account of the animating events in which he had been engaged. Brian, like all the Fairfaxes, indulged an unambitious taste for poetry, which has, fortunately for their fame, been hitherto allowed to remain in manuscript. The specimens given here are by no means worse than much that is called poetry, as Southey would say, “by the courtesy of England.” The verse is the easy, fluent verse of Marvel, but it has not Marvel's delicacy of conception; still it is not displeasing; and provided he does not print too much of it, we shall not fall out with the editor, if future volumes make us better acquainted with Brian. His tastes manifestly were for country life. We have petitions from oaks, which are well enough; and in one case a vocal oak relates as much as it can remember of the third Lord Fairfax. The third lord unfortunately had “a grand talent” for silence, and even when he

did speak in his woodland rambles, his stutter was such, that the vocal oak did not always understand what he said—

“‘He was silent,’ says the oak, ‘and would only say
He wished his victories fewer every day.
Thus did he take his last farewell of me :
To him obeisance made each neighbour tree,
And at his funeral pile desired to burn.’”

The fifth lord died after some ten years' enjoyment of the title. His marriage with the only child of Thomas Lord Culpepper, of Thoresway, in the county of Lincoln, gave to his family Leeds Castle, in Kent, and lands of great extent in America. While he was yet at Oxford, some family arrangements made his guardians think it necessary to part with the estate at Denton, with which all his feelings were bound up. A lady, too, to whom he had been engaged, slighted him for a love of higher rank and larger fortune, and he determined to fly from Europe. He found a home on the western side of the Blue Ridge or Apalachian mountains. His modes of life appear to have been those of a very sociable and very generous man, considerate for himself and for others. The glimpses here given us of his relations both with the settlers and with Indian society are such as to make us hope that he may re-appear in some future volume of this varied history.

We must now lay down these volumes. It appears to us that the publication is conceived on too extensive a scale. The circumstance that passages of English history are casually illustrated by some of the letters is not a sufficient reason for narrating even the incidents thus illustrated at a length which, reminds us more of the old chronicles than of

Hume. The importance of Strafford's trial, for instance, may warrant its being treated at the length of some fifty or sixty pages, in an historical work on the reign of Charles I.; or even in this work if such extended narrative explained any of the letters given here; or if any information in the letters, for the first time published, varied any of the features of that well-known trial. But when no such reason can be assigned, we think it most unreasonable to repeat in a work such as this "Correspondence"—a narrative to be found in every library.

We think that in the future volumes compression should be studied—that references to familiar books should be given, and not extracts; and that in the selection of letters, no one should be admitted from the mere fact of its being found in these Fairfax papers. There is scarcely an object in printing any that do not, in some way or other, illustrate either some passage of history, or some trait of manners. In the volumes already printed, for instance, we think Mr. Stockdale's letters might, with great advantage to the book, have been altogether omitted.

On the whole, however, the book forms an important accession to the original sources of history; and we look with expectation, which can scarcely be disappointed, to its future volumes.

A.

MY BIRTH-DAY GUESTS.

BY JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

I.

Why cloud with gloom
 The day that sees me one stage nearer home!
 What shall forbid me taste
 Joy on this day, of these, perhaps the last.
 Go, get me garlands—flowers that soonest fall—
 Let us have mirth and melody, and all
 The dainty things that appetite may whet;
 Let us have more—much more.
 Wine than you fled before,
 More we shall need—more have we to forget.

II.

Come now, my friends, come all,
 Come uninvited, come without a call—
 Ye have dwelt in my heart
 Many a long night—nor with the dawn to part.
 Companions good and true! You would not soon away,
 Nor in the sleepless night, nor long-desponding day,
 Nor in the lonely wild, or lonelier crowd would fail—
 Nor once deny
 Your choice good company—
 Unwelcome and unbidden guests—all hail!

III.

My old friend, TIME!
 Still hearty—wearing bravely—in the prime
 Of thy four thousandth summer dost appear,
 Thy hand, my friend, draw near.
 Look well into my face. Seest on this brow
 The deepening traces of thy furrowing plough—
 Say, to thine own handwriting canst thou swear?—
 Long since didst thou begin
 My once luxuriant curls to thin—
 There!—take thy last year's gift—this handful of gray hair!

IV.

I would not grieve
 Thee for this night to spare, with thy good leave,
 My old familiar CARE!
 He comes in mockery—Mirth, be of my side,
 High crown the bowl, and in its rosy tide
 Drown the soul-sickening monster—down—down—DOWN!
 Alas! tis all in vain,
 He struggles up again,
 Triumphant rides the bowl. Demon! thou wilt not drown!

V.

As coffin lead,
 FRIENDSHIP! thy once warm hand is cold and dead;
 Thy sickly grin
 Seems as if smiled the confined dead within.
 Envy and gold, malignity and pride,
 Have torn thee, unreluctant, from my side.
 Thou com'st as the ghost
 Of my old friendships lost,
 And hid'st the unworthy thought my foes would blush to hide.

VI.

Love!—art thou there?
 Linger at distance, treacherous boy and fair.
 When earlier thou didst come,
 Alas for me that I did take thee home
 So soon to be undone.
 I tell thee 'tis too late for tears and sighs—
 Woman's exacting humours, lover's lies—
 Thou seest it comes to pass,
 I am not as I was:
 "I go," he cries, "be wretched and be wise."

VII.

I asked not *one*!
 What *all* my vanished hopes of birthdays gone!
 Silent ye stand.
 A mournful band, by Memory led on;
 Beckoning my soul to tempt the future day,
 Dark as my hope, and desolate as my way.
 What?—not gone yet!
 Suffer me to *forget*—
 You ask a tear, no more—'tis your's—away! *away*!

VIII.

Who comes so late,
 With knock portentous, thundering at my gate—
 Why burn our lights so dim?
 Chill runs the sluggish blood—shakes every limb—
 Care looks aghast, and Friendship flies him home—
 Time only blenches not, but bids him come.
 Let's rise and welcome him.
 Welcome, my friend unknown! Come, kindly come.
 What means that hollow moan!
 DEATH comes not yet. He will be here anon!

IX.

HE WILL BE HERE ANON!
 I doubt him not—I never knew him fail.
 Time! part we fair and friendly. I but go
 To pay a debt I would no longer owe.
 My best beloved, and lost, whose ashes burn
 Bright in this broken heart's funeral urn.
 I come!—I come!—welcome me home!
 Why stays my only friend,
 When I his steps attend—
 HE COMES NOT YET—HE WILL BE HERE ANON!

THEODORE HOOK.

LITERATURE, pursued exclusively as a profession, has for rather more than a quarter of a century proved to be a path to office on the Continent, and an impediment to any official employment in Great Britain. At the time of the Reform Bill, when the mind of England was roused to make a struggle against merely material influences, Earl Grey, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Lord (then Mr.) Stanley, united in resolving that the then administration should rally round it the literary and scientific strength of the age: their purpose was made known; and the public press—not merely the newspapers and political prints, but the literary periodicals, the pamphlets, and even the histories of the period—gave them an amount of support, without which, discredited as the Whigs for many years had been, they would not have made a stand in England. There was in that ministry one who claimed to be a “literary man”—one who professed that he valued his professional success at the bar as mere dust in the balance, when compared with his achievements in literature and science; and whose legal position was, in fact, owing to the general belief that “if he knew a little about law, he would have known everything.” To this man Lords Grey and Lansdowne, in an evil hour, deferred; they cared little for the exercise of mere patronage themselves, and they suffered him to make it a qualification for all new appointments, that the candidates should be “barristers of five years’ standing,” not perceiving that such a rule, once adopted, would give the appointments to almost all offices into the hands of the only minister brought into close contact with barristers—the Chancellor.

In the year 1835, on or about the 15th of June, there was a large and influential meeting of the leaders of the Whig party, at which some men of influence very freely assailed what Sidney Smith has rather imperfectly described as Lord Brougham’s system of “Barristration.” The quarrel between his eccentric lordship and Lord Melbourne, which began on that day, was never healed. Brougham insisted on retaining a professional qualifica-

tion for office, and on being, from his position, sole judge of professional merits; so that when the premier had a selection proposed to him for a commissionership, he found it often to be a Hobson’s choice—“This, or none.” Every one knows now that the condition of admission into the list of Lord Brougham’s protégées was the profession of a Chinese worship of the Chancellor’s superhuman powers, and that until such prostitution of mental power was complied with, every applicant for favour was received like a virgin seeking admission to the Magdalene, with “Go, and do thou likewise.”

Unfortunately, there were two eminent literary men, Theodore Hook and Thomas Moore, whose official career had been most unfortunate; and though it is demonstrable in both cases, that literature had nothing to say to their errors or misfortunes, they both furnished an excuse for that almost ostentatious neglect of literary merit, which signalled the second ministry of Lord Melbourne, and the last administration of Sir Robert Peel. Let us not be misunderstood: there was one section of literature to which Lord Brougham paid servile devotion—the newspaper press: he bent before it, like the savage before Robinson Crusoe’s gun, beseeching that “it would not go off, and kill poor Man Friday.” He exploded it himself one fine morning, with “The queen has done it all.” He was blown to a distance beyond the limits of his recuperative energies; but the evil he has done lives after him, and “the good” is not “interred with his bones,” in the first place, because “the good” has no existence; and in the second, because the bones are still above the earth’s surface.

The evil lives: literature is at this hour deemed a disqualification for political office in high quarters. Theodore Hook is quoted as a decisive instance of the unfitness of literary men for political life, and by none more frequently than by those who are deeply indebted to poor Hook for their position in political life, and their standing in general society.

Those who have not seen Theodore

Hook in his moments of *improvisation*—the nearest approach to poetic inspiration which the present century, at least, has witnessed—cannot understand all that was abnormal and all that was exceptional (not *exceptionable*) in his character as a literary man. He was the very incarnation of the genius of farce, but of farce carried to a height which approached sublimity. His writings convey a very imperfect and erroneous impression of the man. All that was impulsive and all that was natural in his extraordinary powers, he rendered subservient to personation. In speaking or writing he never was less serious than when he was strongest and loudest in his assertions of perfect sincerity.

Our view of his life differs from that of his biographer,* because we deny him the title of “a literary man,” which indeed he always repudiated; and from his reviewer in the *Quarterly*, because his career is set down as incident to literary life, instead of being one of the most erratic and exceptional that a literary biographer ever recorded. Hook, from the beginning to the end of his career, prided himself infinitely more on his conversational powers than on his literary talents; and all those who have ever known him will confess that he made no false estimate in the preference.

The real man of letters and the brilliant conversationalist of the saloon and the boudoir, are characters very rarely united, and when united, are still more rarely blended in harmony. We have before us a note from Hook, saying, “I do not thank you for your complimenting me on speaking *well* and *much* last night, for I wrote badly and little to-day: more water in the *well*, and less of *such* in the *much*, would have been an improvement.” We contend, in fact, that Hook’s errors arose not from his having adopted literature as a profession, but from his having misused every opportunity of this profession when he had shut himself out from all others. One evening, at a literary dinner, when his health was proposed *rather late* by the poet Campbell, he called himself “a literary scamp, and the most erratic of all comets in a copper-nicking system.” The *hooked-*

in pun, to use his own phrase, referred to an assertion made some short time before by a bookseller at table, that the profits made by literary men were so enormous, as to threaten the swamping of publishers. A brief survey of Hook’s career will show that the “scampishness” was the cause of all his errors and all his misfortunes, and that his literature alone saved him from absolute and premature ruin. We speak thus in no hostile spirit: it was impossible to be acquainted with Hook, and not to feel that he was greater and better in his inherent nature than he had ever shown himself to be, either in action or intention. As he said himself of one who still lives, “He was a great *perversion*!”

Hook’s father was an eminent musical composer. His brother, who was eighteen years senior to him, entered the church before Theodore was of an age to go to school, and his mother died when he was about fourteen years of age. Born in the same year as Sir Robert Peel and Lord Byron, he was their schoolfellow at Harrow, but was not personally acquainted with either. On his mother’s death, he easily persuaded his father to allow him to remain at home. Surrounded by a musical atmosphere from childhood—gifted with a rich, sweet, and powerful voice, he soon became distinguished as an excellent player on the piano-forte, and a singer both of pathetic and comic songs. He had long possessed his wondrous talent of *improvisation* before he became conscious of its value.

“While yet a child, and still unknown to fame,
He hid in numbers, for the numbers came.”

One evening, when he was about sixteen, intending to hoax his father, he sung, to his own accompaniment, two ballads, one grave and one gay, which he pretended to have received from a rival composer. The father pointed out some grave errors in the score, but expressed great admiration of the verses; they had, probably, little point or meaning, but they were smooth, easy, and flowing, as, indeed, were all Hook’s *improvisations*, under whatever circumstances produced. Hook told his secret; he was taken into a kind of partnership with his father, to whose music he wrote songs;

* “The Life and Remains of Theodore Edward Hook.” By the Rev. R. H. Dalton Barham, author of “The Life of Thomas Ingoldsby.” 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley, London. 1849.

and thus in boyhood he at once jumped into a kind of precocious independence. He had free admission to all the theatres, both before and behind the curtain. His puns and repartees became celebrated in the dramatic circles, and the actresses vied with each other in seeking the attentions of the lively Theodore.

The Rev. Mr. Hook saw the danger of such a life; he remonstrated successfully with the father, and took Theodore to Oxford, intending to have him educated for the bar. No one is admitted to the University of Oxford who does not sign the thirty-nine articles. It is said that a country squire, when asked by the vice-chancellor, "Will you subscribe to the thirty-nine articles?" replied, "With all my heart, sir—how much?" Hook had heard this story, which greatly tickled his fancy, and suggested to him that this part of the ceremony of matriculation might furnish material for frolic. When asked, "Are you ready to sign the thirty-nine articles?" he irreverently replied, "Quite ready, sir, or forty if you please!" The offended functionary closed the book, and was with difficulty induced to pass over the irreverent jest by the earnest entreaties of the elder brother. But Hook had seen enough of Oxford: he quitted it with a secret determination never to return, and, hastening back to London, resolved to become a writer for the stage.

His first drama, "The Soldier's Return," had a great run. The incidents were taken from the French, and much of the dialogue was borrowed from the same source; still there were quips and points which bore the impress of the Theodorian mint, such as when a landlord, being asked by a traveller, "Are you the master of this house?" replies, "Yes, sir, my wife has been dead these three weeks."

Much of the success of Hook's farces and comic operas was owing to the incomparable acting of Liston and Matthews, with both of whom he formed habits of the closest intimacy. They were older than he was; but they had a luxuriance of animal spirits almost as wild as his own. "Catch him who can," a farce written with special reference to the peculiarities of these great men, was one of the most successful pieces of the day. Many long years after, we have heard Hook,

who was a capital mimic, take off the grave, irresistible drollery of Liston, in some of the most telling points. Several other minor pieces rapidly followed, of which "Tekeli" was the most successful. This play is now only remembered by its casual mention in Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers"—

"Gods! o'er these boards shall folly rear her head,
Which Garrick trod, and Kemble lives to tread?
On these shall farce display Buffonery's mask,
And Hook conceal his heroes in a cask!"

Theodore was more hurt by this unkindness from his old schoolfellow than he chose to confess. He took revenge by several severe reviews of Byron's works in the *John Bull*, some years after; and he was one of the few critics who steadfastly maintained that the reputation of Lord Byron's poetry was far beyond its merits, and that his name would be almost unknown in a future generation.

"Gilbert Gurney" is almost an autobiography. It records the adventures of Hook in his "first burst of manhood" (his own felicitous expression); but we who have heard him tell those adventures with many variations, so as to make every fresh recital absolutely a new story, feel that the narratives in the book fall far short in spirit and raciness of the unrivalled style in which they were told by himself. Print cannot contain or represent the mellow voice, the sparkling eye, and the pantomimic gesture, all the more humorous because it was quiet and subdued—to say nothing of multitudinous allusions to some peculiarities of his auditors, who found themselves happily hit at a turn the most unexpected.

The hoax of getting himself and friend invited to dinner, by the retired merchant on the banks of the Thames, whose conservatory, as pretended surveyors, they threatened to remove, in in order to cut an imaginary canal, was one which Hook loved to tell, but which he varied so often that it was difficult to discover the facts on which it was really founded. Mr. Barham's version of this piece of consummate impudence, is that which we believe most nearly approximates to truth. Hook did go to a stranger's house, where he accidentally discovered that a large dinner-party was given; exerted his wondrous conversational

powers so as to charm the whole company, before his host could interfere to ask an explanation; was invited to dinner; kept the table in a roar; had a friend to call for him; and wound up the fun of the evening by going to the piano-forte, and improvising a song, in which he related the whole plot to his astonished auditory. The last verse, which, by the way, is not a little mangled in the *Quarterly*, was—

"I am very much pleased with your fare,
Your dinner's as prime as your cook,
My friend's Mr. Terry, the player,
And I'm Mr. Theodore Hook."

Theodore's great ally, at this time, was Mr. Thomas Hill—the Tommy Hill of all literary reminiscences—the *Hill* of "Gilbert Gurney"—the *Paul Pry* of Poole's clever comedy—and the contributor of all manner of absurdities in "Natural History to the *Black Days of the Morning Chronicle*." Hill was to Hook what the whetstone is to the razor; he was as proud of being the butt as others are of being the jester. He died some six or seven years ago, at the age of eighty-three; but twenty years before that, it had been the fashion to treat him as a Methuselah. James Smith asserted that the register of his birth had been burned in the great fire of London; Hook averred that he was one of the Little Hills mentioned as skipping in the Psalms; and George Colman gravely inquired whether he had been at all sea-sick when a companion of Noah in the ark! "Paul Pry" was not an exaggerated picture of Mr. Hill's inquisitiveness, and of his jumping to the strangest conclusions on the most conjectural evidence. He felt very bitterly the exposure of his harmless peculiarities on the stage, and spoke of Poole with not unnatural bitterness; but, strange to say, he was delighted with his delineation in "Gilbert Gurney;" and, on more than one occasion after the publication of the novel, asseverated the truth of many of the wildest adventures in which he had borne a part.

Towards the close of his life, Hook frequently declared that the adventures in his mad career of youth, the strange stories which he had heard, and the eccentric characters which he encountered, would have furnished materials for an entire library of "Sayings and Doings." We know

that he had formed plans and plots for a vast number of stories; and, judging merely from the outline which he improvised, we should say that he invented far better novels than he ever wrote. We well remember his sketch of "The Tufthunter," in which he designed to portray what would have been his possible course of life had he pursued his studies in Oxford. Hook undoubtedly owed his first introduction into the aristocratic circles to the Sheridans. In his greatness, and, alas! in his weakness, he was too like the richly-gifted head of the family. We doubt whether this was the source of his introduction to the Marchioness of Hertford; for he told a very different story, but with so many *variations* when questioned, that it would be useless to attempt to ascertain the facts. The marchioness, however, invited him to meet the regent, in Manchester-square, somewhere about the time that Percival's ministry was continued, to the great discomfiture of the Whigs; and Hook's improvised song was a very clever caricature of the correspondence between the prince's friends and the unbending Earl Grey—containing furthermore a large admixture of scandal, which, however acceptable to royal and loyal ears in 1811, would not now bear repetition. We have never seen a perfect copy of the song, but snatches of it were long circulated in fashionable society. A lady, whose title "slided into verse and hitched in the rhyme," had a descendant who, thirty years after, hearing the obnoxious couplet, supposed that it was an attack upon his lady, and wrote to Hook for an explanation. He received in reply a significant extract from the Table of Affinity at the End of our Prayer Books, cut out, if we remember aright, and pasted on a sheet of letter-paper. It was—

"A man may not marry his grandmother,"

for against this lady, not against the noble lord's wife, had the satire been directed.

The royal patronage, to which Hook was thus recommended, proved to be the great misfortune of his life. The regent declared, "Something must be done for Hook;" and in those days, every inconvenient *something* was understood to mean a colonial appointment. It is something of a digression;

but an example of the mode in which the colonies were administered in those days, which we have heard from high authority, deserves to be narrated.

Shortly after his return from the East, Sir Stamford Raffles was invited to a ministerial dinner, where he dwelt very strongly on the commercial importance of Java, its command of the trade of the Indian archipelago, and the certainty that its continued occupation would have opened to British manufacturers the commerce of China and Japan. It was naturally asked why this had not been stated before so valuable a possession had been handed over to the Dutch, almost as a matter of compliment, at the Congress of Vienna. Raffles declared that he had represented the facts in the strongest terms to the Colonial Office; and on subsequent inquiry, all his dispatches to Earl Bathurst on the subject of Java were found carefully preserved, but *unopened*. When such negligence was displayed by the head of the colonial department, what was to be expected from distant and subordinate functionaries?

Late in 1812, Theodore Hook was appointed accountant-general and treasurer to the colony of the Mauritius, with a salary and allowances amounting to about £2,000 per year. He was a man to whom the simplest arithmetical question would have been as difficult a problem as the bisection of an angle or the quadrature of the circle. He knew nothing of business; and to the latest hour of his life could never understand the regulation of an account—and he was placed at the head of an office in which differences of currency produced complications and perplexities which would have puzzled the first Cambist in the world.

During the five years that he remained on the island, Hook never visited his office, for the purposes of business, five times. He always asserted—and his biographers repeat the assertion—that his personal expenditure was below his official income; but the ratio between his expenditure and his income was an incomprehensible secret to Hook from the beginning of his life to his end—

"No matter where the money's found,
It is but so much more in debt,
And that was ne'er considered yet."

A raw, wild youth, of twenty-five, to

whom all matters of finance were as inexplicable as the Eleusinian mysteries, whose previous life had been devoted to attaining "the sublimity of scampishness," naturally shunned all contact with the calculations of the market-value of dollars, rupees, and all the variations of coinage in the four quarters of the globe. Speculation abounded in every direction; and Hook could not prevent it if he would, and would not if he could. It was one of his standing jests, that he never knew what were the duties of his office until he was made a prisoner for neglecting them. General Farquhar, the governor of the Mauritius, was a near relative of the lady to whom Theodore's brother, the Rev. Doctor Hook, was married. This was a serious disadvantage to the young treasurer—it saved him from the reproofs which his official negligence ought to have provoked, and encouraged him to pursue a career of thoughtlessness, carelessness, and extravagance, which could not but end in ruin.

It deserves to be remarked, that while Hook's novels contain abundant results of his keenness of observation at Madeira, the Cape of Good Hope, and St. Helena, there can hardly be found a passage relating to the Mauritius. His reviewer in the *Quarterly* states that the *Quixis* in his "Sayings and Doings," and other novels, were sketches from characters he met in the Mauritius; but we have good reason to believe that they might be much more easily identified with well-known frequenters of the Oriental Club-house, in Hanover-square.

Farquhar was compelled to return to Europe from ill-health; he was succeeded by General Hall, who deemed it necessary to order a general investigation, and audit of accounts. Those of the treasury were found to be in a most hopeless state of confusion. A clerk, who afterwards committed suicide, declared that 37,000 dollars had been paid into the treasury, for which no credit had been given. Even at this crisis of his fate Hook would not take the trouble of investigating the books of his office. The Commissioners of Enquiry found them such a mass of irregularities, discrepancies, and contradictions, that they believed them to be deliberately and designedly falsified. Deputy-Governor Hall took the same view, and ordered Hook to

be arrested on a charge of fraud and speculation.

Fraud and speculation there were without doubt, but in them Hook was no participator. He had left everything to the clerks and agents. They had taken advantage of his negligence, and for this delinquency he was morally and legally responsible. This was a view of the case which Theodore could never be brought to recognise. He denied that acceptance of office involved responsibility, and there was some plausibility in his argument. "If," said he, "they wanted the *balance* regular, they should have looked for a man of more *weight*."

Hook was sent home a prisoner; he had a protracted and unfortunate voyage of nine months, during which he and his companions suffered some severe privations. At Saint Helena he encountered, on his way to the Cape, Lord Charles Somerset, with whom he had been slightly acquainted in London. Lord Charles, knowing nothing of the arrest, said to him, "I hope, Mr. Hook, that you are not going home for your health." "My lord," replied Theodore, "I am sorry to say they think there's something wrong in the chest."

On landing in England he learned that the criminal process against him had been abandoned, but that he was to be sued as a debtor to the crown. The debt was never paid, and was never cancelled. Mr. Barham endeavours to show that Hook was treated harshly by the government; but assuredly it would be a strange principle to apply to officials, that when they are not guilty of crimes they should be allowed to escape the consequences of negligence. Taking the mildest possible view of the case, it must be confessed, that Hook's negligence was the most flagrant, gross, and culpable to be found in the whole of our colonial administration.

Soon after his return to England, Hook renewed an old acquaintance with Mr. John Wilson Croker, then Secretary to the Admiralty, and the most dreaded Aristarchus of the *Quarterly Review*. Benjamin D'Israeli thus describes the nature of their intercourse in his "Coningsby," representing Croker as Rigby, and Hook as Lucian Gay:—

"The other gentleman was of a different class and character. Nature had

intended Lucian Gay for a scholar and a wit; necessity had made him a scribbler and a buffoon. He had distinguished himself at the University; but he had no patrimony, nor those powers of perseverance which success in any learned profession requires. He was good-looking, had great animal spirits, and a keen sense of enjoyment, and could not drudge. Moreover he had a fine voice, and sang his own songs with considerable taste; accomplishments which made his fortune in society, and completed his ruin. In due time he extricated himself from the Bench, and merged into journalism, by means of which he chanced to become acquainted with Mr. Rigby. That worthy individual was not slow in detecting the treasure he had lighted on—a wit, a ready and happy writer, a joyous and tractable being, with the education, and still the feelings and manners, of a gentleman. Frequent the Sunday dinners which found Gay a guest at Mr. Rigby's villa; numerous the airy pasquinades he left behind, and which made the fortune of his patron. Flattered by the familiar acquaintance of a man of station, and sanguine that he had found the link which would sooner or later restore him to the polished world that he had forfeited, Gay laboured in his vocation with enthusiasm and success. Willingly would Rigby have kept his treasure to himself; and truly he hoarded it for a long time, but it oozed out."

We have reason to know that there is much truth in this rather ill-natured description. Hook certainly believed that Croker designedly kept him back in order to use him as a convenient tool, and he more than once took the characteristic revenge described by D'Israeli, in a passage which does no more than justice to Hook's unrivalled powers of mimicry:—

"His powers of mimicry, indeed, were great and versatile; but in nothing was he so happy as in a parliamentary debate. And it was remarkable that, though himself a man who on ordinary occasions was quite incapable, without infinite perplexity, of publicly expressing his sense of the merest courtesy of society, he was not only a master of the style of every speaker of distinction in either house, but he seemed, in his imitative play, to appropriate their intellectual, as well as their physical peculiarities, and presented you with their mind, as well as their manner. There were several attempts to-night to induce Lucian to indulge his guests

with a debate, but he seemed to avoid the exertion, which was great. As the night grew old, however, and every hour he grew more lively, he suddenly broke, without further pressure, into the promised diversion; and Coningsby listened really with admiration to a discussion, of which the only fault was, that it was more parliamentary than the original; '*plus Arabe que l'Arabic.*'

"The Duke was never more curt, nor Sir Robert more specious; he was as fiery as a Stanley, and as acrid as a Graham. Nor did he do their opponents less justice. Lord Palmerston himself never treated a profound subject with a more pleasant volatility; and when Lucian rose at an early hour of morn, in a full house alike exhausted and excited, and after having endured for hours, in sarcastic silence, the menacing finger of Sir Robert shaking over the green table, and appealing to his misdeeds in the irrevocable records of Hansard, Lord John himself could not have afforded a more perfect representative of pluck.

"But loud as was the laughter, and vehement the cheering with which Lucian's performances were received, all these ebullitions sank into insignificance compared with the reception which greeted what he himself announced was to be the speech of the night. Having quaffed full many a quag of toddy, he insisted on delivering it on the table, a proposition with which his auditors immediately closed.

"The orator appeared, the great man of the night, who was to answer everybody on both sides. Ah! that harsh voice, that arrogant style, that saucy superficiality which decided on everything, that insolent ignorance that contradicted everybody; it was impossible to mistake them! And Coningsby had the pleasure of seeing reproduced before him the guardian of his youth, the patron of the mimic—the Right Honourable Nicholas Rigby!"

We come now to the great event of Hook's life, the establishment of the *John Bull* newspaper. It is said to have been suggested by Sir Walter Scott, by Terry, by Croker, by Mr. Manners Sutton, afterwards Lord Canterbury, and by Canning. The simple truth is, that all these, and many more, could establish fair claims to a share in its organization. Hook had been from infancy a partisan of "Church and king," as this phrase was understood at Oxford in the most palmy days of divine right. He was

personally attached to George IV., whom he always believed to have been anxious to provide for him, but whose kind intentions he believed to have been baffled by some mysterious political intrigue. The queen's trial had dragged royalty through the mire, and had not allowed the Church to pass unscathed. Hook was resolved to rescue his friends, and to crush the Brandenburg-House party; a periodical of some kind was necessary for the purpose, and he long hesitated between a magazine and a newspaper. Mr. William Shackell, then an eminent printer, and as vehement a "Church and king" man as Theodore himself, turned the scale in favour of the newspaper, and the first number appeared on the evening of December 16th, 1820.

It was a ferocious and unscrupulous attack on all who had ever shewn a tendency to favour the cause of the queen. "It was," says Mr. Barham, "one of Hook's favourite maxims, that there exists some weak point, some secret cancer, in every family, the lightest touch on which is torture. *Upon that hint he spake.*" A more abominable principle was never adopted; Hook lived to see it carried to an extent from which he would have shrunk: *black mail* was demanded from every family which happened to have a blot on its escutcheon, until the weekly press of London became a nuisance that required to be abated.

Bull's favourite weapon was song, and Hook's powers of improvisation gave him unrivalled facilities in the production of satiric rhymes. On looking over these effusions, which Mr. Barham has published in his second volume, we find few superior, and many very far inferior, to songs which we have heard Hook improvise in the social circle. Their success was owing to their perfect applicability to the time; they embodied the current scandal and gossip of the day, just as his social effusions retailed the topics of conversation in the evening. One of the earliest and best is "The Hunting of the Hare," written to the old tune of that name, and designed to ridicule the visitors at Brandenburg House, and the number of addresses (some of them ridiculous enough) presented to the queen. Two or three stanzas will be sufficient:—

" Would you hear of the triumph of purity ?
 Would you share in the joy of the queen ?
 List to my song, and in perfect security,
 Witness a row where you durst not have been ;
 All kinds of addresses
 From collars of SS.
 To vendors of cresses,
 Came up like a fair ;
 And all through September,
 October, November,
 And down to December,
They hunted this Hare.

" Bold, yet half-blushing, the gay Lady Jersey
 Drove up to the entrance, but halted outside,
 While Lefton's fair tribe, from the banks of the Mersey,
 Who promised to keep her in countenance, shyed.
 But this never hinders
 The sham Lady I ———,
 Who stoutly goes indoors—
 Old Rush does the same ;
 Great scorn of all such is,
 But Bedford's brave duchess,
 To get on her crutches,
 Delighted the dame.

" And now ere I send off my song to the town-sellers,
 ('Twill fetch rather more than the speeches of Hume)
 We'll give one huzza to her pure privy-councillors,
 Lushington, Williams, Wilde, Denman, and Brougham,
 And Vizard, and Cobbett,
 And Hunt, who would mob it,
 And Cam, who would job it,
 As Dad did before ;
 And Worthman, the prate-man,
 And Pearson, the *plate*-man,
 And Matthew, the great man,
 Who found us this Hare."

Though Hook's share in the *John Bull* brought him in more than £2,000 a-year, independent of a liberal salary as editor, yet when the first excitement of novelty was over, and the death of the queen changed the aspect of political warfare, instead of directing his energies to the sustaining a property which might have yielded him a handsome provision for life, he neglected the paper, which soon sunk in circulation, almost as rapidly as it rose. Aristocratic and dissipated society was eagerly courted, and easily attained. Wit and humour graced the dinner-table and the drawing-room ; but when the serious had retired, *the fun* began. Then, in some remote chamber, the young men gathered round Hook, broiled bones and deviled biscuits inspired an artificial thirst, to be drowned in hot and strong potations, while every fresh draught seemed to develop new and unsuspected powers of entertainment in Hook, until mind and body sunk into col-

lapse, from pure excess of excitement.

At one of these *symposia* a dispute arose about marine painting. An amateur, who was present, maintained, in opposition to Hook, that a boat might be a beautiful object in a picture. Hook, at last wearied of the subject, exclaimed, " We have had enough of the boat, let go the *painter*."

No constitution could stand the frequent repetition of these scenes, but once engaged in them Theodore was unable to recede. The wholesome restraint which marriage would have imposed was not only wanting but unattainable. He had formed an illicit connexion with an amiable and faithful woman, whom he had never the courage to marry, nor the cruelty to discard. He was fondly attached to his children. One of his daughters, who had attained her twenty-first year during his last illness, came, accompanied by her sister, Louisa, to salute him on the morning of her birth-day.

Turning to a friend, who sat by the bedside, he said, "People say that I am fond of gaming, and I must own that I dearly love *Vingt-un and Loo*."

Hook's novels were almost as much *improvisations* as his songs, and like them they had immense success at their first appearance, but did not long retain their popularity. He received £2,000 for the second series of "Sayings and Doings," which was not, however, so successful as the first. But this source of emolument he soon abused. He received payment for works which only existed in their titles, and the manuscript thus paid for was not always forthcoming. Publishers soon began to exercise a caution which Hook resented; and thus the more painfully his pecuniary difficulties accumulated around him, the more perilously did he seem bent on destroying the only means by which he might be extricated.

It is not our purpose to criticise any of his novels. "Maxwell" is unquestionably the best, and the character of "Godfrey Moss," designed to represent his boon companion, the Rev. Mr. Cannon, is not exaggerated. But we must mention that Hook introduced acquaintances into his novels, and betrayed family secrets for the purpose of wounding feeling on very slight provocation, and often in sheer wantonness. Two characters, drawn with unmistakable accuracy in "Jack Brag," were caricatures of persons to whom he had been under the deepest obligations.

As Hook became more and more *habitué* of aristocratic circles, he drew off from the companions and associates of his early life, or treated them with a haughty capriciousness very painful to endure. It was symptomatic of this feeling that he lost no opportunity in the *John Bull* of assailing the dramatic profession, and that he speaks of everything connected with the theatres, casually mentioned in his novels, in a tone of contemptuous abhorrence.

His excessive "love of approbation" made Hook a great frequenter of the

clubs, where he was always the centre of an admiring circle. He strained his powers to win applause, and was forced to have recourse to artificial means to restore his exhausted spirits. This was repeated three, four, or five times at the different clubs to which he belonged, and of which he regularly went the round; and the "just one tumbler of brandy and water" at luncheon was not unfrequently doubled, and did not always stop there. Then probably came an aristocratic banquet, where there was no stint of lordly wines, an *improvisation* in the drawing-room, which taxed his mental powers to the utmost; "a half-hour at Crockford's," that is to say, two hours of gambling and dissipation, ending with a return home by *day-light*, because he had been advised *not to expose himself to the night air*.

The consequences of such a desperate course soon became manifest—increasing pecuniary embarrassments, decreasing health, ingenuity overtaxed to find means of raising ordinary supplies, the bottle. Over these last scenes we drop the curtain, and could wish that Mr. Burham had done the same. We wish only to remember the unrivalled conversationalist, whose writings, with all their brilliancy and all their wit, can never enable a reader to form an estimate of his wondrous powers. But we protest against his being regarded as a type of literary men: he belonged to the class reluctantly and by accident; he shrunk from any identification with literature, as if it were a pollution; he was a spendthrift, a tuft-hunter, and an adventurer, who made his intellectual powers subservient to his extravagance or his ambition, but never valued them as the means of obtaining fame. If ever intellectual scampishness could be predicated of anybody, he was the man, and he was not the first, nor will he be the last of scamps who was justly stigmatised, but not the less justly admired and lamented.

THE DEATH-BED OF JACOB BOEHMEN.

BY THE REV. R. S. BROOKS.

"And thus I shadow out the enthusiast mystic of the first sort—viz., the harmless species; at the head of which stands the illuminated Teutonic Theosopher Jacob Boehmen."—SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

The circumstances attending the death of this great philosophic mystic of the sixteenth century are faithfully detailed in the following lines.

When within the walls of Gorlitz, the Teutonic mystic lay,
Circled by his weeping dear ones, watching till he passed away:
When, with coming Death contending, the reluctant flame of life,
Leaping in its silver socket, scarce maintained the dubious strife:

It was daybreak; and the crimson of the purple skies had come,
Like a spirit, through the lattice, flushing all the sick man's room—
Lighting up his fixing features, calm as marble sculpture-wrought,
With something like their former tone of life and lofty thought.

Broader, brighter broke the morning, and the crimson hues are gone;
And, blazing all with gems and gold, upheaves God's glorious sun:
Was it this that stayed the life-tides, as they slowly ebb'd away?
Was it this that checked the spirit ere it soared to endless Day?

And the dying man upspoke and said—"Ope the door that I may hear
That soft music which is ringing wild and sweet within my ear.
Heard you not that strain exelling? Blessed sound! it sinks and falls—
Oh, Lord of Hosts, 'tis thy still voice* that to my spirit calls."

"Oh, strength of Love!—oh, Life of death!—My God, above this hour
Lift me. Oh, Saviour, strong the waves, but stronger is thy power."
Then to the wall he turned his face. "Now I go hence," he cried,
"To paradise, to meet my Lord." And simply thus he died.

And was it not a marvel in such an hour to see
How God did loose the fetters of his mind's long phantasy?—
How one like him so over-wrought, who had leaped beyond all rules,
To plunge in depths untrod alike by sages and by fools—

"Rapt† in the holy Sabbath"—"trod the centre and the ground
Of man's hidden nature"—shadowed over with a mystery profound—
"Heard the tones, and felt the touch of God"—"in seven days' vision dim
Saw the Spirit throned in thousand Lights"—"held his peace, and worshipped
Him."

To think that such a mind and man, on this his dying day,
Like a river issuing bright and swift from weeds which clogged its way,
Heard but the Heavenly Shepherd's voice, as the shadowy vale he trod,
Then laid him down like some dear child, and slept, to wake with God.

NOTE.—For a picture of Boehmen's extraordinary and interesting mind, the reader is referred to Coleridge's exquisite "Parable" in the "Aids to Reflection," and under the head of "Mystics and Mysticism."

* "After the fire, a still small voice."—1 Kings, xix. 12.

† Some of Boehmen's extravagant doctrines.

LAYS OF MANY LANDS.—NO. VI.

The Time ere the Roses were Blowing.

(FROM THE PERSIAN OF KAZEM ZERBAYEH,* IN REPLY TO MESEEHİ'S "TIME OF THE ROSES.")

I.

Brilliantly sparkle, Mcseehi, thy flowing
Numbers, like streams amid lilies upgrowing,
Yet, wouldst thou mingle the sad and sublime,
Sing, too, the Time,
Sing the young Time ere the Roses were blowing!

II.

Then was the Season when Hope was yet glowing,
Then the blithe year of the Spring and the Sowing;
Then the Soul dwelt in her own fairy clime;
Then was the Time,
Then the gay Time ere the Roses were blowing!

III.

Soon, ah! too soon, came the Summer, bestowing
Glory and Light, but a Light ever shewing
In the chill nearness the Autumn's grey rime.
Gone was the Time,
Gone the fresh Time ere the Roses were blowing!

IV.

Life is at best but a Coming and Going,
Now fitting past us on swift, now on slow wing;
Here fair with Goodness, there gloomy with Crime.
O, for the Time,
O, for the Time ere the Roses were blowing!

V.

Coldly, oh, coldly, goes Truth overthrowing
Fancy's bright palaces, coldly goes mowing
Down the sweet blossoms of Boyhood's young prime.
Give us the Time,
Give us the Time ere the Roses were blowing!

VI.

I am ZERBA'YEH, the Least of the Knowing;
Thou art Meseehi, the Golden and Glowing!
O, when again thou wouldst dazzle in rhyme
Sing of the Time,
Sing of the Time ere the Roses were blowing!

* Who died at Isfahan, in 1541.

The Everlasting Jew.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH V. SCHLEGEL.)

I.

There came a lone, worn Wanderer to
 A village inn by night.
 He sate him down apart, as who
 Would shun both Men and Light;
 Then, laying his knapsack on the seat, he
 Begged the host, with meek entreaty,
 To fetch him some cool draught.

II.

Hard by caroused a group of stout
 Young roysterers, wine-mad
 And oath-full; until one cried out—
 "Ho, Boniface, my lad!
 Come! bowl us in a fresh half-dozen,
 Though,—God's death!—one's blood feels frozen
 By thy vile vinegar stuff!"

III.

"Ay!" roared another, "six flasks more
 Of thine infernal swash!
 Quick, thou old sneaking screw! and score
 A long chalk for the trash!"—
 "Quick!" shout all at that wild revel;
 "Quick! or we'll kick thee to the Devil,
 Thou blue-beaked hell's-ghost hound!"

IV.

"Even as we kicked the Crucifix
 This morn at Moldendett!"
 One youth exclaimed; whereat the Six
 Laughed loud and louder yet.
 "By Gog! that *was* a feat worth money,
 By Gog and Magog! it *was* funny
 To hear how yelled the crowd!"

V.

Meanwhile the Unknown still sate apart;
 He neither stirred nor spake;
 Yet seemed there somewhat on his heart
 Which made it fain to break.
 Anon he sighed; his sigh resembled
 A ghost's groan; and the listeners trembled
 And paused, scarce weeping why.

VI.

"Ho! codger there!" at length cried one,
 "What devil makes thee mope
 In that dark corner all alone?
 Art Satan—or the Pope?
 Art bones or broth? Old, smoky fellow,
 Or young? Come forth, and show that yellow
 And frosty phiz of thine!"

VII.

The Lone One rose, and, drawing near
 The group, who shuddered all,
 Corpse-like, he spake them so,—“ Give ear !
 I am God’s Markéd Man and Thrall.
 I walk as one who is,—yet is not,
 The All-wise ravelleth weft ; and *His* knot
 What mortal shall unloose ?

VIII.

“ I am not young ; I am not old ;
 I live, yet have no life.
 Ask him who hath suffered woes untold
 From some volcanic strife
 Of passionate years, if he remember,
 Tombed in the grave of Life’s December,
 Its cancelled golden June !

IX.

“ I saw Him whom, amid vile men,
 That Cross *you* outraged bore” —
 —“ Ha !” cried all, starting,—“ Thou art, then” —
 —“ The same for evermore !—
 The same I have said, and not another ;
 One without a friend or brother—
 A Form whom even Death flees !”

X.

“ I saw The Man, and He saw me—
 He fell down at my gate !
 Under the weight of that Great Tree ?
 No ! under a World’s weight !
 “ One minute’s rest, here,” he said, turning
 His anguished eyes on me, but, burning
 With hate, I struck the Man !

XI.

“ No, Jesus !” cried I. “ Hence with thee !
 Go, and be crucified !”
 The Saviour sadly looked at me, •
 And sadly he replied,—
 “ Yes ! I, indeed, am going homeward,
 But thou shalt tarry till I come, warred
 Against by Fate and Time !”

XII.

“ And from that hour, through toils and tears,
 My Life has been a Death,
 Through toils and tears, for twice the years
 Given unto Cain and Seth.
 Behold my brow ! If not so *o’er-wan*,
 A mark—as that First Wanderer bore one—
 Still stamps me as alone !

XIII.

He speaks, and bares his brow—and lo!
 A cross of burning red,
 From whose dead luridness no glow
 Of rayéd sheen is shed!
 All shriek!
 * * * * *

Through long, long nights of fever
 That spectral Sign will haunt them ever
 In dreams of ghastliest guise!

XIV.

Was *it* a dream? No! though they tried
 To deem it such even there.
 They wasted thenceforth till they died
 In horror and despair;
 And where the wailful night-wind whistles
 Through Kühl's churchyard grass and thistles
 Their unblest bones noy bleach.

The Irish Language.

(FROM THE *Dan Mholadh na Gaidheilge* OF PHILIP FITZGIBBON, A KILKENNY
 POET.)

I.

The language of Erin is brilliant as gold;
 It shines with a lustre unrivalled of old.
 Even glanced at by strangers to whom 'tis unknown,
 It dazzles their eyes with a light all its own!

II.

It is music, the sweetest of music, to hear;
 No lyre ever like it enchanted your ear.
 Not the lute, or the flute, or the quaint clarionet,
 For deep richness of tone could compete with it yet!

III.

It is fire to the mind—it is wine to the heart—
 It is melting and bold—it is Nature and Art!
 Name one other language, renowned though it be,
 That so wakes up the soul, as the storm the deep sea!

IV.

For its bards,—there are none in the cell, cottage, or hall,
 In the climes of the haughty Iberian and Gaul,
 Who despair not to match them—their marvellous tones
 Might have won down the gods of old Greece from their thrones!

V.

Then it bears back your spirit on History's wings
 To the glories of Erin's high heroes and kings,
 When the proud name of Gael swelled from ocean to shore,
 Ere the days of the Saxon and Northman of yore.

VI.

Is the heart of the land of this tongue undecayed?
 Shall the Sceptre and Sword sway again as they swayed?
 Shall our Kings ride in triumph o'er war-fields again,
 Till the sun veils his face from the hosts of the slain?

VII.

O, then shall our halls with the Gaelic resound,
 In the notes of the harp and the *claoirseach** half-drowned,
 And the banquet be spread, and the chess-board all night
 Test the skill of our Chiefs, and their power for the fight.

VIII.

Then our silken-robed minstrels, a silver-haired band,
 Shall reawake the young slumbering blood of the land,
 And our bards no more plaintive on Banba's dark wrongs,
 Shall then fill *two* worlds† with the fame of their songs.

IX.

And the gates of our *Brughaidhs*‡ again shall stand wide,
 And their *cead mile fuille* woo all withinside,
 And the travel-tired wayfarer find by the hearth
 Cheery Plenty where now, alas! all is black Dearth.

X.

The down-trodden Poor shall meet kindness and care,
 And the Rich be so happy to spare and to share!
 And the Mighty shall rule unassailed in their might,
 And all voices be blent in one choir of delight!

XI.

The bright Golden Era that poets have sung
 Shall revive, and be chaunted anew in our tongue;
 The skies shall rain Love on the land's breadth and length,
 And the grain rise like armies battalioned in strength.

XII.

The priest and the noble, the serf and his lord,
 Shall sustain one another with word and with sword—
 The Learned shall gain more than gold by their lore,
 And all Fate took away he shall trebly restore.

XIII.

Like rays round a centre, like stars round the moon,
 Like Ocean round Earth, when it heaves in the noon,
 Shall our chiefs, a resplendent and panoplied ring,
 In invincible valour encircle their King.

XIV.

And thou, O, Grand Language, please Heaven, shalt win
 Proud release from the tomb thou art sepulchred in.
 In palace, in shieling, on highway, on hill,
 Shalt thou roll as a river, or glide as a rill!

* Bagpipes. † Viz., America and Europe. ‡ Public Victuallers.

XV.

The history of Eiré shall shine forth in thee ;
 Thou shalt sound as a horn from the lips of the Free ;
 And our priests in their forefathers' temples once more
 Shall through Thee call on men to rejoice and adore !

The Disinterred Kings.

(1790.)

(FROM THE SWEDISH OF LARS GULDA LEDBREKKER.)

I.

And there they lie, the Royal Ones ! There lie
 The pampered clay-gods of their time,
 The comet Kingdom-lights, erst blazing high,
 Now quenched in dust and slime !

II.

The bared sarcophagi how they shimmer in
 The unflattering Noon, as rottenest wood !
 How shew the pale escutcheons dimmed and thin,
 Last vanities of high blood.

III.

Doth horror crisp the hair upon the flesh
 Of him who passeth bier by bier ?
 Perchance !—yet Pride and Tyranny might refresh
 Their memories of Truth here.

IV.

How fearful is the sermon those dry bones
 Preach to each Mask in human form !
 God's thunders could not peal in louder tones
 ' O, Man, thou less than worm !'

V.

Even so !—for here lies the Sent-forth of God,
 Who scattered blessings in his path,
 Near him whom He made govern as a rod
 Of iron in His wrath !

VI.

No tears for them !—save those their angels weep,
 The as dead stone angels o'er their tombs—
 The sculptor's mockery of the Great who sleep
 'Mid monumental glooms !

VII.

How grim yon skull that erewhile proudly wore
 So many a blood-flecked laurel wreath,
 Upon whose lightest, slightest nod of yore
 So oft hung Life or Death !

VIII.

How shrunken lies the hand whose iron pen,
 By one cold stroke, from Power's high chair,
 So oft gave o'er the lealest, noblest men
 To dungeons and Despair !

IX.

How has the skeleton breast been doubly robbed !
 Robbed of the flesh that hid those bars—
 That hid the heart which all so vainly throbbed !
 Robbed of its gold and stars !

X.

O, Vanity ! Vanity ! This is all we learn
 From even the million-voiced Dead !
 This is the sole, whole guerdon our toils earn,
 This—and our daily bread !

XI.

O, Vanity ! Vanity ! We hear life but preach
 This lesson to our overfond
 Enthusiasm ; and Death itself can teach
 The Wisest nought beyond !

XII.

Rebury those dead carcasses, O, Men !
 Leave them to Darkness and Decay !
 God will one day retrieve us :—until then
 Let Mind forbear from clay !

Denmark after the Battle of Copenhagen.

(FROM THE DANISH OF ERNEST ADAMSEN.)

I.

Denmark rent the Wreath from her brow, and strewed
 Ashes amid her hair. Her face was wan,
 Wan, and altered from tears. The talisman
 Of her power was broken. Denmark lay subdued !

II.

Hark to those thunderous volleys that stun high heaven
 Hark to those terribler groans as closes the fray
 Empress of nations once,—a widow to-day,—
 Strike thy bosom and weep ! Thou bidest bereaven !

III.

O, why exist we longer ? We, the Disgraced !
 We, the O'ercome and Mocked of an upstart host
 We, who could still redeem, redouble the Lost,
 Yet are forefended, though the land lies a waste !

IV.

Smitten without and within ! Glory, Power, Worth,
 Perished ! Perished the world's, our self-Esteem !
 God ! it seems all a dream, a horrible dream !
 Some dark nightmare that rides the soul of the North !

V.

Where are the times when our fathers, disdaining rest,
 Carried their conquering arms o'er land and wave—
 Trampled in dust the thrones of ages, and gave
 Laws to the barbarous tribes of the North and West ?

VI.

Strike thy bosom, and weep, thou Fallen One, thou !
 Better thou never hadst borne a Victress's name !
 Then could not now thy fame o'erwhelm thee with shame !
 Then might the Wreath still bloom, though rent from thy brow !

The Widowed Yew.

(FROM THE NORWEGIAN OF ERIK BAROLF.)

I.

Nigh the churchyard of Neild
 Abode Wilberic Troll,
 The lonest lone-soul !
 His own hands had buried his wife and only child.

II.

Oft under the stars
 Would he rest by their graves,
 And up from their caves
 His thoughts would arise and pierce him like scymitars !

III.

“ Time I, too, were dead ! ”
 He would sigh to the Night.
 “ Dim grows mine eyes light ;
 The snows of seventy Winters lie on my head ! ”

IV.

In the churchyard grew
 A sad, strange tree,
 Death-sable to see !
 The villagers called it always The Widowed Yew !

V.

It mourned atweer
 The infant and spouse ;
 And under its boughs “
 Old Wilberic hoped to repose from this weary scene.

VI.

Ten long, long years
 He lingered still,
 Awaiting God's will
 With nightly vigils, and prayers, and pious tears.

VII.

When hark ! one morn,
 In the dawn so hoar,
 A voice at his door !
 “ Up, up, old man, who liest there so forlorn !

VIII.

“ Up ! Thou, ere the sun
 Be born of the wave,
 Shalt delve me a grave
 For an old, old man, a lone, oh ! so lone a one ! ”—

IX.

—“ And where shall it be ?
 Where wouldst thou it, friend ?”
 —“ Where the black boughs bend
 Of the Widowed Yew, in the shade of that woeful tree !”

X.

Old Wilberic Troll
 Arises with tears,
 And, arisen, hears
 Through the stilly air of the dawn the death-bell knoll.

XI.

With a light and a spade
 He hies to the ground,
 Soon to shew a new mound
 For, alas ! a stranger, under the Widowed Yew's shade.

XII.

“ O, woe !” doth he sigh,
 “ That my bones may not rest
 In the spot I love best,
 Atween the graves where my Minna and Dietric lie !”

XIII.

And he delves and he delves,
 And his task is done
 Ere the round red sun
 Has chased from their fairy-rings Titania's elves.

XIV.

But the stranger ? Is gone.
 Gone whither ? None know !
 He returneth no mo,
 But Wilberic's heart feels faint, and his lips wax wan.

XV.

And the Widowed Yew,
 Ere three days had rolled,
 O'ershadowed his mould !
 This tale the villagers tell ; and their tale is true.

Paul and the Hospodar.

(FROM THE SERVIAN OF IWAN TLEFFLIK.)

I.

Hark, Jeliska ! heardst thou not a knock ?
 Go, good maiden, go and ope the gate
 Though the moon shines bright the hour is late.
 And the stormy wind, how loud it blows,
 Blows as though 'twould shake the ocean rock !
 Go ! Some wandering pilgrim, well I guess,
 Claims from us what every Christian owes
 Unto every Christian in distress !”

II.

So spake Bathski-Dór, the Hospodár,
 And while yet the words were on his tongue
 One of a swart and bearded countenance
 Like a soldier-traveller from afar,
 Stood before him. Stout he seemed and young,
 And with fire and lightning in his glance.
 Word he spake not till the Hospodár
 Pointed towards the bench beside the hearth,
 Saying, "Cousin, these are days of dearth;
 Little cheer save bread and fruit and oil
 All we have saved from Autumn's golden spoil,
 Can we tempt thee with—but these are thine.
 Seat thee on the bench beside the hearth.
 Would that we could give thee meats and wine!"

III.*

—"Thy false hospitality I share not!
 For thy bread and fruits and oil I care not!
 By thy smooth words will I not be entreated!
 By thy hearth-flag will I not be seated!
 Bathski-Dór! I am here to slay and spare not!
 Bathski-Dór! I had a cherished brother.
 Him thy sabre wounded unto death.
 In my arms he breathed his dying breath.
 Oft I have tried, and tried in vain to smother
 The fierce wrath I felt against his slayer—
 Felt and feel—it haunts me even in prayer.
 Bathski-Dór! we twain must measure swords—
 Nay, man, sleep not! Mine are no child's words!"

IV.

Bathski-Dór upraised his hanging head,
 Opened his shut eyes, and calmly said—
 "Kinsman Paul! thou hadst a cherished brother,
 And my sabre wounded him to death—
 Knowest thou not that I, too, had another,
 Whom thy father slew at Vlókónvón,
 On the hill he sleeps this night beneath?
 Well! what therefore? Both men fairly fell,
 Both men fell, my brother and thine own,
 Not by treacherous guile or magic spell,
 But in open field, with naked blades.
 Still if thou seek vengeance upon me,
 Take it, cousin! Only hide till dawn.
 'Twere ill combating 'mid Night's dusky shades.
 Meanwhile, watch or slumber. Thou art free.
 I rest, I, though thousand swords were drawn!"

V.

But, list! hark!—the deep roll of a drum,
 And the summoning sound of many horns,
 And the tramp of steeds that go and come!
 And a cry—"Ho! Bathski-Dór! there waits
 Zervi-vân* one of her bloodiest morns!
 Bathski-Dór! the foe besets our gates!
 Up and arm, thou noble Hospodár!
 Up and arm for battle, thou and thine!"

* Servia.

VI.

Bathski-Dór hath donned his warrior-garb.
This is Servia's, this his country's call ;
 Yet before he mounts his coal black barb,
 With drawn sword he speaks his kinsman Paul—
 “ Paul ! thou shouldst have been a Servian, thou,
 Though thy father fled to far Croátia.
 Wilt thou clasp my hand, Paul ? Wilt thou now
 Turn, with me, thy sabre against Asia ?
 Or shall thou and I, like madmen, struggle
 Here unto the death with one another ?
 Shall we shed each other's blood because
 Thou hadst once, as I had once, a brother ?
 Perish such a pride-born, hell-born juggle !
 Kinsman ! thou shalt live to win applause
 From thyself, thy country, and thy God !
 Clasp my hand ! Thy gallant fathers trod
 That green soil I have not loved in vain—
 And thou wilt not shame them, though thou drain
 Thy last life-drop in fair Freedom's cause ! ”—

VII.

—“ Kinsman ! cousin ! thou hast spoken well ! ”
 So in answer spake the warrior Paul—
 “ Be all feuds forgot at Servia's call !
 Side by side we fight, knee-deep in gore !
 Side by side we fight, and if we fall,
 Servia's minstrels yet and oft shall tell
 How Paul stood till death by Bathski-Dór,
 And how *he* till death, too, stood by Paul ! ”

Sixteen hundred fifty, tenth of March—
 Such the night and time these words were spoken—
 And to-day a tomb, defaced and broken,
 Yet still standing, and a broken arch,
 Both with one half-worn engraven date,
 ‘ Sixteen hundred fifty, *twelfth* of March, ’
 Rise besides the slope of Dvilna-vár
 In White Servia. Two, so near to hate,
 Mutual hate a few brief hours before,
 Sleep in friendship there for evermore,
 Paul and Bathski-Dór, the Hospodár.

J. C. M.

A PROVISION FOR THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CLERGY CONSIDERED, IN A LETTER
TO THE EDITOR OF "THE QUARTERLY REVIEW."

SIR,—Your high station in the literary world is the cause why I thus address you. You are the conductor of a publication which commands an extensive circulation, and exercises a powerful influence over the national mind. The moral character of your publication is deservedly high; and its judgment upon important and critical subjects often such as to influence the decisions of the legislature in matters seriously affecting the public weal. Of this kind is the much-canvassed question of the payment of the Roman Catholic priests in Ireland. You have not hesitated, again and again, to express a decided opinion that such would be a wise measure; that it would go far towards solving "the Irish difficulty" in a safe and satisfactory way; that it is unobjectionable in point of principle; and must *interest* those who are at present the fomenters of public disturbance to take the side of the cause of order, and use their influence in tranquillizing and reclaiming a turbulent and excitable population.

If such effects would follow from the course of policy which you recommend, it is not surprising that it should have received your sanction. But there are others who view it with grave alarm, and to whom it appears only certain to produce the very opposite effects. And you cannot be surprised, neither, I hope, will you be displeased, if they entreat, on your part, a reconsideration of the whole case; and, on their own, enter their solemn protest against a measure, which they believe, upon no doubtful grounds, to be fraught with ruin to the British Empire.

You refer, in the commencement of the very able paper, to a pamphlet published nearly forty years ago, and entitled "*A Sketch of Ireland, past and present.*" I well remember that brilliant *brochure*: characterised by the vigour and the condensation of Tacitus, and not deficient in the penetrating sagacity which distinguished that sage historian. Its etchings of charac-

ter are graphic in the extreme. A few strokes of the masterly pencil completes the picture. Its outline of Irish misrule, and the bungling of British legislation, is strikingly just and vivid; and, couched in sarcastic asperity, much instruction is conveyed, which the legislator would do well to ponder. Do I err in supposing your reviewer the author of this well-known production; and that he regards, with a fond, parental partiality, this first promise of his literary renown? Assuredly, he may look back upon it with a just pride; as there are very few opinions which it contains which might not, even at the present day, be adopted and acted upon with advantage. He is but consistent in maintaining now, the judgment to which he gave expression then, respecting the expediency of paying the Roman Catholic priests. And it is not unlikely that, had not this early conviction been thus decisively formed, and maintained its hold, by a sort of prescriptive right, upon that ingenious writer's mind, he would, with increasing years, have seen increasing reasons to doubt the soundness of his first impression, and the cause of truth and of sound policy would now enjoy the benefit of an advocacy which would render it as irresistible as it is important.

It is from no abstract love of Popery that your reviewer advocates the payment of the Roman Catholic priests; neither does he entertain any factious or fanatical hatred of the Established Church, by which but too many who have taken up the same opinion are distinguished. He regards Romanism, if not with just abhorrence, at least with grave disapproval, and recognises, in the Irish members of its priesthood, a race of fanatical incendiaries, who have aggravated, if they have not produced, the worst evils of Ireland. And great injustice would be done him, if he did not get credit for a sincere attachment to the Established Church. But he

regards Popery in Ireland as an established fact, which, like the soil or the climate, whilst we may rail against, we must endure. And he conceives that its evils would be qualified, and not aggravated, by taking its priesthood into the pay of the state, and thus lessening their dependence upon the people.

For this notion, many plausible reasons might be given at the time when, by this writer, it was first entertained. The Romish priesthood, in this country, might be described as a race of quiet, inoffensive ecclesiastics, who had recently witnessed a formidable rebellion put down by a strong hand, and felt but little inclination to countenance a second uprising of the masses, which might be equally bloody, and equally abortive. Maynooth was, at that time, young in its operations, and had not wrought the mighty changes which have since been produced in the Roman Catholic mind. And few, if any, were possessed of the moral and political divining-rod, by which, from indications upon a tranquil surface, any sure conjectures might be formed respecting the elements of trouble or disorder which were concealed beneath. No wonder that an opinion became very prevalent amongst the enlightened and the educated, that the flocks were to be secured by securing the pastors; and that the pastors would be, full surely, gained over, if they were once, by the golden link of a state endowment, connected with the crown.

Such was, then, the wisdom of the wise; and such is still the conviction of many in whom an abstract and speculative idealism predominates over the plain and practical realities of our every-day existence. Nor is it surprising that the strongest minds, when thus impressed by some plausible delusion, retain their hold of it by a sort of spasmodic energy against which, reason, and conscience and experience, and common sense, utter in vain their admonitory reclamations. The conviction has passed into a habit; and age, instead of impairing its power, has only rendered its pertinacity incorrigible.

It is true that Popery was an established fact: that is, it was the creed professed by a vast majority of the people; but not in any sense in which its gradual removal might not

be looked forward to from the progress of spiritual illumination. It was an established fact, just as the saturation of the ground by superfluous moisture was an established fact; but one which did not forbid the remedial processes of artificial subsoiling and draining, by which superior systems of husbandry might be instituted, and much of the noxious element removed. And it would not have been more absurd to regard the first condition of the soil as its normal condition, which forbade all hopes of improvement, and set at nought the schemes of the practical agriculturist to make two blades of grass, or of corn, grow where but one grew before, than to regard the dark and semi-barbarous condition in which Popery held in thrall the native Irish, as one connatural with the race, and which equally defied the aids and the appliances of letters, and the power of the Gospel.

The proposition thus enunciated was never, perhaps, deliberately thus formalised by many, by whom, nevertheless, it was practically entertained. It was the suppressed premiss in the enthymeme by which they reasoned. Its admission was necessary, its denial would be fatal, to the validity of their conclusion. And it will, invariably, be found to have prevailed most amongst those whose first object was how Irish misaffection was to be best conciliated, and Irish turbulence most effectually subdued; and least amongst those whose first object was how they might best speed the progress of moral and religious improvement.

There have not, indeed, been wanting legislators, and these, too, who called themselves enlightened, who did not scruple to maintain that Popery was a religion *good enough for the Irish*. The late Lord Grenville was said to have thus expressed himself. But few, if any, could now be found to give open utterance to such a sentiment; while yet it is implied in their acts, which would tend to maintain an unscriptural creed, and to strengthen a decaying superstition, in the hope of thereby producing some temporary respite from the evils, both social and political, which superstition and ignorance never fail to engender.

What is the characteristic difference between the north and the south and west of Ireland? The one is predominantly Protestant, and is filled by

an industrious, a peaceable, and a thriving population. The other is predominantly Romanist, and its peasantry are the very types of ignorance, wretchedness, turbulence, and demoralisation. Why is this? The soil is richer, the climate more temperate, than that of Ulster. The farms are larger, the tenant-right quite as secure; the landlords, generally speaking, as humane and indulgent. The essential difference is alone to be found in the religion. The one are a church-going, a Bible-reading, a gospel-hearing people; they live in the light of the Divine Word. The other are the thralls of a system of error and of fraud, which makes the Word of God of none effect by their traditions. Hence the murders, the commotions, the disaffection, and the treason, by which they are characterised.

Let the inhabitants of these different parts of the island change places. Let the northern, with his scriptural Christianity, emigrate to the south, and let the southern, with his papal Christianity, take up his abode in the north, and the effects will be soon apparent. In the one case, a squalid wretchedness will supervene upon a progressive civilisation. In the other, the labours of industry will encroach upon the domain of idleness. Turbulence and disorder will disappear. In the sweat of their brow men will earn their bread; and sources of productive employment will be opened to the artisan and husbandman, which will cause pauperism to exhibit a diminishing proportion to the numbers of those who are enabled to procure for themselves a decent subsistence.

Can we be indifferent then, to any measures by which Popery, the fruitful parent of error and of crime, may be corroborated and aggrandised, while true religion is suffered to languish; and funds are allocated for the sustentation of a system which "darkens counsel by words without knowledge," while the clergy of the Established Church are regarded with severe discountenance, as the mere provisional occupants of a position to be ceded, by-and-by, to their and England's inveterate enemies?

But, it is time to consider the special grounds assumed by your reviewer for the purpose of justifying a state endowment of the Romish clergy.

The first is what he calls a ground "of justice"—

"The ministers of that church, forbidden, like our own, to earn a livelihood by manual labour or secular business, are, if tolerated at all, *entitled to be supported by the state*, which, upon our principle, is bound to provide spiritual instruction for the people. The state may regret that the instruction is not of a better kind; but there is no other possible, and you must give either *it or none*. And if all these higher reasons should fail, may we not ask, whether the Roman Catholic clergy have not as much right to *out-of-door relief* as the Roman Catholic or Protestant pauper? and we are confident that they often need it as much."

Now, it may be asked, upon what principle are ministers dissenting from the Established Church *entitled* to a state provision? Is it *because* of that dissent? That would be to promote, by a bounty, an opposition to the religion as by law established. Is it notwithstanding that dissent, and because of the peculiar merits of their teaching? These peculiar merits should be set forward, that we may judge of the tree by its fruits. Are they to be found in the system of which the same writer declares, "as an historical fact, that all the civil and political, and even social evils of Ireland, may be traced to the condition and influence of the Roman Catholic religion in that country;" and that—

"The most cursory observer cannot travel through Ireland without being everywhere struck by the difference between the Protestant and the Romanist districts—nay, between the manner and apparel of the individual Protestants and Romanists. In the former there is everywhere visible an approach to the British prototype, in industry, neatness, and loyalty: in the latter, everywhere the reverse. In those terrible annals of blood, which form so large a portion of the domestic history of Ireland, we hardly ever read of a Protestant culprit, or of a Romanist victim. . . . The difference is, we are informed, beyond all merely statistical proportion. It really does seem as if the Roman Catholic religion in Ireland was unfavourable to the development of the industry, the independence, and the respectability of the individual man."

And again:—

"In short, we have arrived, by accumulated experience, to the painful conclusion, that the Roman Catholic priesthood of Ireland are turbulent and disloyal; and the first and chief cause of all the crimes, disorders, and miseries of their unhappy flocks, of which they are the discontented pastors."

And again :—

"We do not believe the priests to be loyal; and we will not submit to the common cant of repeating fulsome encomiums, of which they that offer them, and they that receive them, are alike aware that they are mere conventional verbiage, without truth, and without value."

Is it of a system of which such are the fruits that merits can be alleged, which should entitle the professors of it to be an exception to the general rule; and would claim, in their favour, a distinction above dissenters of any other denomination, in virtue of which they should be considered entitled to a state endowment? This will not be pretended. It is not, therefore, for what they *have done*, the reviewer advocates their payment, but for what they may be expected to do, if they should be so paid.

"But the state is bound to provide spiritual instruction for the people, and although it may regret that the instruction given by the Romish clergy is not of a better kind, there is none other possible, and it must either give it or none." Either spiritual instruction is a thing indifferent, or a thing important. If the former, the state is not bound to furnish it. If the latter, it is bound to furnish it of the best and purest kind: and if the state be a Christian and Protestant state, it is bound to look for it in the Holy Scriptures, and to eschew, with a religious fidelity, the sanctioning, by a state endowment, of anything directly contrary thereto. It cannot be bound to uphold two *contradictory* systems: to pay the Protestant teacher for maintaining the supremacy and the sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures; and the Romanist teacher for maintaining the supremacy of the Church of Rome. This would be to proclaim an indifference to *all* creeds, which would negative an obligation to provide for any. I could understand an infidel, who, like Gallo, "cared for none of

these things" regarding "modes of faith" with contempt or scorn, and dealing by them with reference, solely, to some present or political emergency or convenience. But by the Christian government, or the Christian statesman, they cannot be viewed in that light. They are not to be permitted to play fast and loose with sacred things. If there be any moral or religious instruction which they "regret" that the people should desire to receive, they should be no parties to the communication of it. And if this instruction should be of a nature to counteract and discredit that for which they are bound to make a due provision, that would only render it the more incumbent upon them to avoid all encouragement of it by a state endowment.

But it is added, "if all these higher reasons should fail, may we not ask, whether the Roman Catholic clergy have not as much right to *out-of-door* relief as the Roman Catholic or Protestant pauper? and we are confident that they often need it as much." We have lived to hear and to read strange things; but this is the strangest of all! What! a poor-law as a provision for the sustentation of the teachers of spiritual darkness! A poor-law, properly understood, contemplates, not the perpetuation, but the extinction of pauperism. Its end is, not merely to relieve distress, but to diminish want by promoting industry; and it is either ill-constructed, or badly administered, when such an end is not attained. Does your reviewer mean that it should thus operate upon the pauper priests, whom he thus contemplates as objects of public charity? If he do, he would defeat his own object, which is to organise in the pay of government, a body of stipendiary ecclesiastics. If he do not, there is no force in his argument. If, however, that body, or any portion of them, be reduced to the deplorable condition which he describes, there can be no doubt that their application to any of the poor-law unions would be attended to by the guardians, in preference to those of any other paupers who might present themselves as candidates for relief.

Secondly, the writer contends for a state provision on the ground "of equity." The property at present in the hands of the Established was originally in the hands of the

tures respecting the manner in which it would work, which would prove an acquaintance with the present condition of Popery in Ireland.

The Earl of Ellesmere's proposed endowment, which is that to which your reviewer refers, would be miserably insufficient for the purposes intended. It would amount to no more than the recognition of a principle—and it would require far more extensive drafts upon the treasury than that respected nobleman seemed to think at all necessary. The secular Romish priesthood of Ireland, not to talk of the regulars, at present greatly outnumber three thousand; and the late Dr. Curtis, the Roman Catholic primate, in his evidence before the parliamentary committee in 1825, declared that they were not half enough. Adopting the calculation made in France of the proportion which should be observed between the flock and the clergy, which was laid down as one priest to every thousand of the population, this would give, supposing the Irish Roman Catholics seven millions, seven thousand secular priests. And if your reviewer does not know that, in the late negotiations carried on between the government and some members of the Romish prelacy, it was stated, on the part of the latter, that five hundred a-year would be required for each parish priest, he is one of the few who is ignorant of that fact; so that, if any serious attempt is to be made to redress the grievance of which he complains, a sum nothing short of three millions and a-half would be annually required from the public treasury; while the expensive Romish ritual, as Dr. Curtis calls it in his evidence, and the magnificent places of worship which Romanism everywhere affects, would require large additional sums, which must either be furnished by parliamentary grants, or raised by voluntary contribution. All this, independently of the drain which would be made by the regulars, who would derive additional popularity from the fact that their old adversaries had become pensioners of the state, and thus be enabled to ply their vocation with increased energy and success, until, for every guinea which was received by the one from the treasury, at least a corresponding one would be contributed to the other by the people.

Now, are you prepared to recommend a penal enactment for the suppression of the regulars? And can you devise any penal enactment which would prevent voluntary contributions? If such be your determination, I could not bid you God speed. I should regard any such attempt, or such infliction, a *real grievance*. We have no right to say—respecting, as we pretend to do, the principle of toleration—that the Roman Catholics may not do what they like with their own. Our coming forward with a vote in aid of those who may be unwilling to contribute from one class, gives us no right whatever to impose any restriction upon those who are willing to contribute from another. We may, if we are unwise enough to do so, pay the priests; but we may not proscribe the friars. We may keep up a supply of ecclesiastics for those who, though well able, are not willing to keep it up for themselves: but it would violate all sound principles, to say that the only popery for which there is an effective demand, is that for which its votaries shall be prohibited, by a penal enactment, from making a voluntary provision. And he must, indeed, be blind to the signs of the times, who could calculate upon securing the public tranquillity by such an enactment.

Your reviewer is indignant that any one should object to a state provision for the Roman Catholic clergy, as though it were “a sinful encouragement to an idolatrous worship.” This, he says, would be to confound “justice, or charity, to a person, with assent to, or participation in, his doctrine.” Not so. The support he advocates is not for the relief of an individual, but for the maintenance of a functionary. The individual would cease to be an object of it, as soon as he ceased to belong to the system, although by so ceasing his personal destitution must be greatly increased. It is not, therefore, the poor priest, but *poor popery*, that is considered, when a state endowment is recommended. The poor priest, who should become a Protestant, is freely left to perish, or to derive what voluntary aid he may from the compassion of a benevolent public. There is no public provision proposed *for him*; that is reserved for the sustentation of popery, lest the great evil should be incurred of its yield-

ing to the progress of spiritual light, and becoming extinct in Ireland!

And now I beg leave to ask you, whether you will any longer maintain that a state endowment is to be confounded with individual alms; and whether a government by whom it is provided is not thereby contributing to "the maintenance of an idolatrous worship?"

But "we recognise and protect Pagan and Mahometan worship in the East, and downright Roman Catholic establishments in Malta and in Canada." As to recognition and protection, that is the duty of a tolerant state towards all denominations of believers; and no complaint has, or can be made, that it is not to its full extent enjoyed by the Roman Catholics in Ireland. "Establishment" is a different thing. However those to which your reviewer alludes may have arisen, I boldly maintain that no Christian state should *establish* deadly anti-Christian error, and that by so doing it becomes amenable to a higher than any merely human tribunal. By so doing there is a clear departure from "the righteousness that exalteth a nation," and, consequently, the rule, if any, which is derivable from such a practice, is one "more honoured in the breach than the observance."

A little incident which occurred within my own knowledge, may serve to illustrate the distinction between the latitudinarianism of your reviewer and genuine charity. There lives near to the spot in which I write, a Dublin wholesale trader, who deals extensively in the cotton and woollen business, and whose principal customers are Roman Catholic country shopkeepers. He is entirely dependent on that class for profits to the amount of about five thousand a-year. This gentleman was waited on by a deputation, at the head of which was a Roman Catholic bishop, all furnished with letters of introduction from his country customers, earnestly soliciting a subscription for the building of a Roman Catholic place of worship. He answered them thus:—"Gentlemen, I am very sorry I cannot comply with your request. My conscience does not suffer me to do so. When your people are hungry, I feed them; when they are naked, I clothe them. But I would

be false to my own convictions if I did not candidly tell you that I believe you are in great error, and that I would be wrong in doing anything which could contribute to the spread of that error. Suppose it were a case of sickness, and that I were asked for what I knew would only aggravate that sickness, would it be benevolent, or charitable in me to comply with such a request? I put it to your bishop, would *he* aid *me* in propagating what he believed to be religious delusion?" Such was his answer; and it was well received. The bishop, to his credit, said that he acted like a consistent man; *and he did not lose one of his customers*. The same deputation waited upon the lord lieutenant, the chief secretary, and other noblemen and gentlemen in the neighbourhood, from all of whom they received large contributions; but for no one of whom could they have entertained the same respect as for the man from whom they got nothing but a sound and sufficient reason, that he could not make a sacrifice of his faith to a spurious charity, or win popularity by offending conscience.

"We pay Roman Catholic chaplains to our hospitals, jails, and garrisons. We did not prevent a Roman Catholic priest accompanying the Irish regiments to India," &c. &c. The practice alluded to is much to be condemned. It is a clear departure from principle; and originated in times when the serious religious responsibilities of government were but little cared for by the Gallios of the day. The appointment of chaplains to our jails and hospitals, &c., originated in a desire to compensate, in some measure, for the severity of the then existing penal enactments, and was proposed and carried by those by whom these enactments were very rigidly maintained. It never entered into their heads that it could be made a ground for a wholesale establishment of popery; seeing that it was intended as a sort of offset by which the continuance of the anti-popery laws might be reconciled with a wise toleration. It was, indeed, most unwise. The utmost that should have been done would be to suffer Roman Catholics to provide such functionaries for themselves, and if they were not willing to do so, the blame, if any, would rest upon them alone. What would

the enlightened public think of a state provision for fairy, homœopathic, or water-cure doctors, for such patients in our hospitals, or inmates in our jails, as might refuse the services of the regular practitioners? And yet such would not be one whit less preposterous than what has been actually done in the case of the spiritual requirements of these places. I would be glad to see a minister of the crown moving an act in parliament to the above effect! But our statesmen are wiser in their generation than thus to affront the understandings of the public; who may be bamboozled upon subjects which they do not understand, or respecting which they do not take any particular interest; who are, indeed, sharp-sighted enough in all that concerns men's *temporal* interests, while they dismiss spiritual considerations as *unrealities* in which they are wholly devoid of faith, and which, if adverted to at all by the great regulators of the national councils, it should be only as to how they might be best made to subserve party interests, or political convenience.

As to the appointment of Roman Catholic chaplains to Irish regiments serving in India, recent events have afforded a very emphatical commentary, which, if it be disregarded, but little attention would be paid to anything which I could say. It was clearly a concession to faction in the House of Commons, not required by the Roman Catholic soldiers serving in the British army, and which, if required, should have been sternly refused. And what has been already the consequence? In one regiment, and that previously one of the best conducted regiments in the service, the men have been stirred up to mutiny. The orders of the officer commanding have been superseded by those of the Romish bishop of the district, and the Romish chaplain; and the governor and council of the presidency have been compelled to interfere, and to remove the offending ecclesiastics from the sphere of their jurisdiction in India!

And here it were well briefly but seriously to advert to what should be the principle of a wise and righteous government in dealing with such questions as these. If any religion be established, it should be that which is most agreeable to the dictates of revelation. Other forms of worship may

be tolerated, and full security may be given for their maintenance, to those by whom they are preferred; but *no aid* beyond that which they themselves afford, and which may be regarded as a test of their sincerity.

Thus, conscientious dissent is made compatible with legalised establishment. The one is left free to the adoption or the rejection of the community; and to rise or fall with the preference for, or indifference respecting it, which may happen to prevail. The other is placed upon a basis by which its permanent existence is guaranteed, as that by which, in the judgment of the state, the mind of God is most fully expressed, and the growth in virtue and godliness of the whole community may be most effectually promoted.

In short, the state, which acts wisely in the matter of religion, will do by it what it does by science, literature, medicine, surgery, or any other of the liberal arts. Where it makes provision for them at all, it will make provision for the best modes of instruction, in the most approved systems. It will not make a provision for the Ptolemaic system of astronomy for the benefit or encouragement of those by whom the Copernican is rejected. It will not establish schools of medicine for the benefit of those who teach the rejection of Hervey's theory of the circulation of the blood. It will leave these "*opinionum commenta*" to the natural fate that is sure to attend them, that of becoming gradually extinguished by the progress of sound knowledge, and all its care will be that the "*nature judicii*" may be so established that error shall not prevail against them, and that their influence may be co-extensive with their importance.

If the popish religion be a living reality amongst the millions by whom it is professed in Ireland, it will not require a state endowment. If it be not, is it for a Protestant state to make it so? Is it for a state which protests against its system of error, to furnish the means of infusing into that system an increased vitality, and rescue it from the financial difficulties, arising not from the poverty, but the decreasing faith of its nominal adherents, and which threaten its extinction? Such is the real practical question at issue between the advocates

and the adversaries of a state endowment for the Roman Catholic priests.

The question is no longer one of toleration or no toleration. Toleration, in the largest sense of the word, they have. The Roman Catholics are as free to worship God after their fashion as any other denomination of believers, the members of the Church of England itself not excepted. What is required for them is something more than this—the privilege of worshipping God at other men's expense, and that they should be, in that particular, raised above the condition of all other dissenters; and this exactly in proportion as their own laity are disinclined to be any longer at the expense of keeping up their cumbrous and costly ceremonial. Now, in other words, this is only saying: Popery in Ireland is going out; it is dying a natural death; it is expiring of sheer inanition, and must, if left to itself, moulder away in a few generations; let us pray the state to keep it alive; let it be starched and buckramed, by a government provision, into a new existence; let its priests become functionaries whom our Protestant rulers delight to honour; let them be caressed as long as they persevere in their old errors; let them only be discountenanced when they cast them off, and embrace a more enlightened mode of faith;—let all this be done, and there is no telling what miracles government may not perform in resuscitating the dead body of the Romish faith, and giving form and substance, and something like vital power, to what was rapidly passing into the land of shadows, and taking its place amongst the things that have been. All this a government grant may do. It may arrest the progress of the Reformation. It may say to the tide of scriptural knowledge, "Thus far shalt thou go—thou shalt go no farther." But change the *animus* of the body of Romish ecclesiastics, it never will. What they are now, without an endowment, they will continue should an endowment be conferred. Their condition and character, their temper and manners, will remain the same. Their rancorous hatred of scriptural Christianity will remain the same; their fierce anti-Anglican predilections will continue then what they are now; there is no reason why they should lose their popularity because they pocket the money of the government. They

will consider, like the Scotchman, that "baith are best;" and the sturdiest antagonists British authority ever encountered will be the paid spiritual auxiliaries on whom dependence may be placed for its maintenance in Ireland.

We have all read, with mingled feelings of laughter and contempt, of the attempt of the French admiral to civilize all of a sudden the natives of Tahiti, by clothing them in the most fashionable dresses, procured from the first tailors and milliners in Paris. Having turned out some upon whom he thus experimented, in the pink of the Parisian mode, he said complacently to the beholders, "There's civilization!" and ridiculed the tardy process of addressing himself to their mental culture as one beneath the dignity of their enlightened age, and which could only be completed through successive generations. But he soon found that, although the outward man might be thus transformed, the savage instincts still remained; and that the creatures whom he thus metamorphosed into the likeness of civilized beings were still as ready to eat him as when they wore their former habiliments in their native wilds.

Let me not be mistaken. I do not say that Roman Catholic priests are savages or barbarians. Far from it. There are many amongst them in a very high degree gentle and civilized. But I do say that the mode of propitiating their hostility to Protestantism by a state endowment, is not one whit more profound than that of the wise-acre above-mentioned, who fancied that, by a mere change of costume, he could extemporize civilization. Instincts and principles do not change like the fashions. Modes of faith are not as variable as modes of dress; and to take up popery in its crippled state, and set it upon its legs by a state provision, will only enable it to manifest with more effect its deadly antipathy to scriptural religion. As well might we propose to weaken the power of an enemy by building for them fortresses and barracks, and paying teachers by whom their youth might be trained to the use of arms, as to diminish the hostility of the Romanists to our Reformed Church by providing them with spiritual instructors.

What we give them will not thank us for. Instead of receiving it as a boon, they will consider that they are confer-

ring a favour upon us when they take it. And never, never will they consent to be false to the system in which they have been brought up, or tolerant of persons in an abhorrence of whom they have been trained, by any gratitude for a provision which they will only consent to accept from an assured conviction that it will aid rather than embarrass them in the propagation of their principles, and the accomplishment of their objects.

Can your reviewer be ignorant of the system of persecution which rages in this country against converts from the Romish persuasion? It is to be feared he is; for it is not to be thought that, knowing it, he would countenance it, or speak of it in any other terms than those of indignation and abhorrence. Is this to be excused or palliated because popery is "an accomplished fact?" Is it to be endured that British subjects, in this land of liberty, shall be denied the privilege of following their religious convictions, when these would lead them to depart from communion with the Church of Rome, because it has pleased certain sciolists to set up as an indisputable moral and political verity, that we never shall enjoy quiet until popery has been stereotyped upon Ireland? I grant that the drafts which are annually made from it are such as to disturb in some measure the complacent conclusion that it is an "accomplished fact." But not the less do I protest against the monstrous conclusion that the British Constitution is to be trampled under foot for the purpose of maintaining their convenient hypothesis; and that converts are to be abandoned to "the tender mercies" of remorseless persecutors, because shallow and unprincipled politicians have a theory to support, or a timid and time-serving government find it convenient, for party purposes, to connive at the misdeeds of a faction, who hold in their hand the balance of power.

Let me note a few particulars, which have been authenticated by evidence delivered, in 1837, before a committee of the House of Lords.

Mr. Nangle is the well-known missionary in the island of Achill, where his labours have been exceedingly blessed. His zeal and his success provoked the ire of Dr. MacHale, better known as "John of Tuam," by whom he was denounced, and his converts

excommunicated. The consequence was that a system of exclusive dealing was set on foot, by which the little colony were almost reduced to the verge of starvation.

The Rev. Martin Connolly was the priest who most signalized himself in carrying into effect the archiepiscopal edict. Mr. Nangle's sworn and uncontradicted deposition is to this effect:—

"I can prove that he has ordered the people to shout after me and the members of my congregation whenever they see me, that he has endeavoured to establish, to our injury, a system of exclusive dealing; and that he commanded the members of his congregation to assault any person connected with this settlement who should attempt to speak to them, with the first weapon which came to hand; *either to knock them down with a spade, or to stab them with a pitchfork*; and that he particularly marked, as an object of popular vengeance, a man of most unblemished character employed by me as a schoolmaster; saying from the altar of his chapel, 'There is that devil, Murray, going through the island—a man who would not be suffered to live in any place but Achill.'"

I would be glad to hear the comment of your reviewer upon a statement like this. I do not suppose that he would seek to discredit the good man by whom it is made, for it is, in truth, placed beyond contradiction. But I should be glad to hear his comment upon it. Is the system from which such atrocities proceed to be encouraged by a state endowment? Is Mr. Nangle and his like to be discountenanced and impoverished, that Father Connolly and his like may be enriched and encouraged? Or does he suppose that a state endowment would change the nature of the man, so as to render him as tolerant as he was persecuting and inhuman? It must first change the faith of the man; for his conduct was but an exponent of his principles. And then, should he himself avow this change and become a convert, he would become disintituled to the state provision, which would be withdrawn by our liberal Protestant government, just when it would be most wanted and best deserved.

In Dingle similar scenes were enacted. There the godly zeal of Protestant ministers was blessed to the evangelizing of whole districts; and a furious sys-

tem of persecution was stirred up against them, to which, but for the special providence of God, they would have all fallen victims. Undoubtedly they are not indebted to any interference on the part of government for escape from the perils by which they were surrounded.

In various other places in Ireland the readiness of the people to hear the gospel has been evinced; and it has been clearly proved that nothing but protection to Protestant missionaries and Protestant converts is now required, to spread the light of the Divine Word, and banish the darkness of papal superstition. And is it in defiance of all this that popery is to be called "an established fact;" and not only all lawful means for its removal discountenanced, but the resources of the state diverted from their legitimate objects, for the purpose of perpetuating its influence in Ireland?

It has been often asked, why has not the Established Church in Ireland made more way in the conversion of the Irish Roman Catholics? The answer is very plain and obvious. Every imaginable obstruction has been thrown in its way. The efforts of its zealous ministers have been discountenanced. They have been exposed to a system of unrelenting persecution. Government might be said almost to connive at the atrocities which left them without security for their properties or their lives. How many of them have been inhumanly murdered? In how few cases have the murderers been brought to justice? Meanwhile, the Romish clergy

have been petted and flattered. "Heavy blows and great discouragement" have been the measures dealt out to the one—patronage endowment, the special favour of the governing authorities, have been the boons conferred upon the other. And all this since the clergy of the Established Church have become awakened to a sense of their duties; and when the clergy of the Church of Rome have manifested themselves as fierce political partisans, and been parties to, if not the chief fomenters of, the pestilent agitation which has been the bane of Ireland!

Was it to be expected that in such a state of things, when recruiting parties for Romanism might actually be said to have been in the pay of the state, that a plundered and persecuted Protestant church could have made much way against papal superstitions?

Before the establishment of Maynooth, the chief supply of the Romish priesthood was derived from the continental seminaries. They consisted chiefly of well-born individuals, who were either provided for by burses established by their families, or possessed the means themselves of paying for their maintenance and education. All who remember the old continental priests make a kindly and reverential mention of them. They had, generally, but a single motive in embracing the profession they had chosen, and were distinguished by a modesty and a courtesy which won for them not only the respect of their flocks, but, from the generality of Protestants, a very favourable consideration.

As might be expected, in proportion

* While this page is passing through the press, the following appears in *Saunders's News-Letter*, December 15th:—

"PROGRESS OF THE REFORMATION IN DINGLE WORKHOUSE.—Twelve additional converts from the Church of Rome were registered as Protestants, after a lengthened investigation before the Board this day (Tuesday). They all declared that they had no expectation that their temporal condition would be improved by their change of religion; and they assured the Board that they were influenced alone by a sincere desire to join the true Church of Christ. *It is impossible to say where this movement will stop.* When the board adjourned, numbers of the inmates were on the stairs leading to the Board-room, waiting for admission to have their names enrolled amongst the converts, and expressed great disappointment, when they were informed that they must wait for another Board, before their applications can be investigated. The Romish priests have in vain endeavoured to check the movement; their influence is nearly gone, and the peasantry disregard their blessings and curses alike; indeed it is every day more evident that a spirit is abroad that no threatenings can repress, and that masses of our long-enslaved population are resolved to assert their right to liberty of conscience."—*Dublin Evening Herald*.

P.S.—Even while this note is passing through the printer's hands, accounts have reached me that the Government have come to the rescue of the priests, and stayed the progress of the reformation!

to the progress of light and knowledge, the number of these sincere and gentle-hearted ecclesiastics rapidly declined. Faith in the peculiar dogmas of their superstition was waxing faint in the class to which they belonged. The other professions had been thrown open to them. There were instances amongst them every day of conformity to the Established Church; and, had matters been left in that state, popery would have become extinct for the want of a supply of ecclesiastics; and nothing but a deplorable want of energy in the ministers, or gross mal-administration in the authorities of the church, could have prevented the gradual enlargement of its borders, until it had embraced the whole of the population.

But our rulers did not so much consider how the Established Church was to be best strengthened, as how popery was to be prevented falling into decay. And, instead of increasing the numbers and the efficiency of the Protestant clergy, the fatal step was taken of endowing, at the public expense, a college for the maintenance and the education of candidates for the Romish priesthood.

The supply of that body has since been drawn from the lowest of the people. By the lure of such an endowment, vast numbers are now attracted to the ministry, who, if their religion had been left to itself, would have sought for some other avocation. The aid of government has raised it to the dignity of a profession, which is now resorted to as a means of comfortable livelihood, or even a passport to rank and station. And hundreds—I might say thousands—pass through Maynooth with these hopes and prospects, who would be in counting-houses, or at the plough, or following some useful trade, had no such establishment existed. Nay, it is exceedingly probable, that had the funds bestowed upon Maynooth been applied for the purpose of strengthening and invigorating the Established Church, many of them would be amongst the Protestant converts.

And mark the effect which this must have upon such of the Romanist gentry as might incline to a conformity with the Established Church, in discouraging an avowal of their religious convictions. They are, let it be supposed, convinced of the absurd, as well

as unscriptural, character of a service in an unknown tongue. They begin to distrust the mystery of transubstantiation. The confessional has lost with them its imposing character; and they begin to look with interest at the doctrine and the liturgy of our venerable Establishment, and to see in them all that should satisfy the requirements of faith, and nothing that could offend the most exalted reason. Would not one say, that such were upon the straight road to the adoption of "a more excellent way?" And what is it that prevents many of them from becoming not only almost, but altogether, Church of England believers? *The terrors of the demagogue priest, by whom they would be denounced as apostates!* Whenever, in obedience to incipient convictions, they begin to move towards our Establishment, these spiritual task-masters are at hand to scourge their back with a whip of scorpions. And can those who create and sustain this body of termagant ecclesiastics, who, but for a government endowment, would not have had any potential position in Ireland, and who would feel themselves dependent upon the very classes they are now enabled to coerce, stand wholly exonerated from the blame of the evils, both moral, and social, and political, which are the results of the tyranny they are permitted to exercise over the terrors or the interests of their recusant disciples?

Is this to give fair play to Protestant truth? Is it not rather to erect a star-chamber tyranny, by which the profession of it may be denounced and punished as a high crime and misdemeanor?

That the Romish community were becoming indifferent to Romanism when Maynooth was established, there needs no stronger proof than that they made no effort to maintain it; and that even when set up by government, they made no effort, by voluntary contribution, to enlarge the grant, so as to take it out of the beggarly condition in which Sir Robert Peel describes it to have been, when, in 1845, he pressed upon parliament the expediency of having that grant augmented three-fold.

Why, then, has the Established Church not succeeded to a greater extent in converting the Roman Ca-

tholics? *Because government has been more active and more successful in making papists by profession, than it has, or could have been, in winning them by conversion.*

And now it is proposed gravely to crown this most pernicious mispolicy, by pensioning the priests by a permanent endowment!

Will you, sir, only consider for a moment the vast amount of influence conferred upon the Romish bishops by the patronage of Maynooth. Through them alone can students be admitted. These students are the children of small farmers, or shopkeepers in country towns. Every family in which a child is set apart for the church, or in which there is a hope of such a prize as church preferment, looks to the diocesan with humble and reverential supplication. Through him alone can they hope that their children may be "put into the priest's offices, that they may" not only "eat a piece of bread," but achieve a position in society from which they may dictate to the rulers of the land. When this is considered, can we be surprised that Dr. MacHale should have made it his boast that he could return *two cow-boys* to serve in parliament for his county?

When popery is thus politically aggrandised, how feeble, comparatively, must be the efficacy of any spiritual considerations that are brought to bear against it!

The missionary says, "Come, I will teach you a more excellent way." The government says, "Do not mind him; you shall have a profitable profession, and be relieved from the necessity of manual labour, if you only continue a devoted member of the Church of Rome?" Is it, indeed, very surprising that the latter exhortation should prevail over the former? And is there not mockery in the taunt which reproaches the church for the non-conversion of the Irish papists?

Let only fair play be given to the church; let it be maintained in its proper position; and let no favour be heaped upon the profession of Roman Catholicism more than upon any other form of dissent; and then, indeed, a spiritual harvest may be expected. And it is not in the priest's offices alone that the professor of Romanism finds his reward. He finds it in the law. How many in that profession have

been indebted to it for their elevation? He finds it in the extensive miscellaneous patronage of the government. How many high and lucrative offices are this moment held by those whose strongest recommendations were an attachment, real or pretended, to the doctrines and discipline of the Church of Rome? And when, by the pernicious mispolicy of government, a spring-tide of temporal prosperity has been thus made to set in the favour of the Romish creed, we are to be taunted, forsooth, because it is not extinct in Ireland!

Sooner or later the honest people of England will begin to understand this. They will ask why Irish Popery should be entitled to this marked distinction above all other dissent? They will ask why government should think more of it, and value it higher than Romanists themselves? Is it because of the improved habits and high morality of those parts of the country in which it prevails? Is it because of the exemplary and conspicuous loyalty of its professors? Let Tipperary, let the late insurrectionary movements, answer these questions.

It is, in truth, a tottering mass of exploded errors, which would have already well nigh mouldered away, but for the artificial buttresses by which, through the extreme liberality of a provident government, it has been propped and surrounded.

When wise and good men entreat that Popery should not be subsidised, they are misrepresented, as though they cried out for persecution. Nothing can be further from their thoughts or wishes. They have no desire whatever to invoke any angry passions against it. All they ask is, that it should not be furnished with extraordinary aids; that an *elixir vite*, in the shape of a government provision, should not be provided, by which it may be kept together, from motives of temporal interest, long after it shall have ceased to command veneration from religious principle. This is all that is sought. The opponents of a state endowment deprecate any recourse to measures of severity; and they would be amongst the very first to denounce the Protestants, whether laymen or ecclesiastics, by whom outrages were perpetrated upon converts to Popery, similar to those which have been practised with impunity in the case of those who were led by their convictions to

depart from the communion of the Church of Rome. All they desire is, that liberty of opinion upon religious subjects should be guaranteed to all classes of believers; and that the state should not create temporal inducements, or interfere, by enormous bribes, to render an adherence to Popery as profitable in a temporal point of view, as it is scripturally false and spiritually injurious.

No one more readily admits than your reviewer the contrast which Ulster presents to the south and west of Ireland. Why not try the reclaiming process by which the former has become civilized, whilst the savagery of the latter is proverbial? The present dean of Ardagh was once located in the south-west, and he and his good lady did much to civilize, by evangelizing, the district around them. He was one day conversing with a Romish priest, who complained that he could make no way in the moral improvement of his people.

"I have tried everything," he said, "and all in vain. I have advised them, I have encouraged them, I have scolded them, I have taken the horse-whip to them——"

"Have you ever," asked the dean, "tried the Bible? If not, what would you think of trying it now?"

"The Bible!" said the astonished ecclesiastic—"cock them up with the Bible!"

And does not such virtually express the sentiment of the government, who seem willing to do everything for the real improvement of the people but "the one thing needful"—who, by their collegiate and educational projects, put new wine into old bottles, and new cloth upon an old garment, and then seem surprised that the bottles should burst, and that the rent should be made greater than it was before?

When Popery was a living reality in this country, it *did* possess a certain amount of moral power, by which* conscience was, as it were, guided in the dark, and which exercised a certain restraint over conduct. I am old enough to remember the time when the peasantry of Tipperary shuddered at a murder. Often have I seen the people look appalled as they passed a particular heap of stones, where the only murder within the memory of

man had been perpetrated, of which the perpetrator had not been brought to justice. This was during the regime of the old continental priests, who had embraced their religion, not as a means of livelihood, but because they had full faith in its truth, and that out of its pale there was no salvation. What is the case now that Maynooth has furnished their successors, and that the country is studded with National Schools, over which they exercise complete control? Let the *Hue and Cry*, the criminal calendar, the jails and the gibbets tell the tale. And yet more than half the truth must still remain untold: so multitudinous have been the crimes, and so numerous the miscreants who have baffled detection or eluded justice!

You may depend upon it that this state of things will not be mended by his project for paying the Roman Catholic priests.

Are you afraid of them? Is the concealed motive for your recommendation a hope that they may be bribed by an endowment to assist the government in tranquillizing the country? Vain and delusive expectation! and one which it would seem as if no experience could remove! For more than fifty years the British government have been endeavouring to satisfy the priestly appetite; and they have found that it has only "grown by what it fed on." Concession after concession has been made; and each concession was to be the harbinger of content and gratitude: but, on the contrary, it was found to be but the precursor of increased arrogance and turbulence; and they now laugh to scorn the credulity and the weakness which could have looked to any other result, or deemed that they should be forgetful of their principles because their too kind Protestant patrons were forgetful of their own.

There is but one mode of dealing with these gentlemen, if we are wise; and that is, not by setting them above the law, but by making them amenable to it. Let the same laws which govern all the rest of the community, also govern them. Let them be made to feel that sedition in a priest is at least as culpable as sedition in any other subject. Let them not remain under the delusion that it is from weakness they have been hitherto caressed; and let them be made duly sensible, that

should any tumults or disorders arise, clearly traceable to their teaching and incitation, neither the power nor the will shall be wanting to curb their insolence or punish their delinquency.

They are now pretty well known—recent events have developed their tendencies, and exhibited their character; so that none but the most grossly ignorant can be unacquainted with their real objects. And any government would now command a vast amount of public opinion in any measure for the repression of turbulence, whether lay or clerical, in Ireland.

No one now could confound with persecution the maintenance of just and necessary laws. No one, of scarcely any one but your reviewer believes it to be a *grievance* that they are not paid by the state. Very few can seriously believe that a *system* of faith which has no foundation in Holy Scripture, and which if left to itself must fall into desuetude, ought to be kept up by a state endowment. The numbers are many, and increasing every day, who feel the moral guilt of giving positive support and countenance to pernicious error, even though, by so doing, they could accomplish the temporary tranquillity of Ireland. It resembles the horrible expedient of the over-wrought factory women, who dose their infants with laudanum to keep them quiet. But in this last case the end is attained. The slumberous tranquillity is produced, which is so frequently the precursor of death. In the case of the Irish priests, the price is given, but the value is not received; and the spirit whom our state magicians raise for *their* purposes will very soon compel them to act in conformity with *its* own.

It is truly surprising that one so sagacious as you are should entertain the notion that two mutually opposing establishments could exist in Ireland without producing very pernicious effects; or that the empire would very long endure an anomaly, which would seem less a result of sound policy than a freak of fantastic legislation. Sooner or later one must give way. The church, in all probability, would be sacrificed to its Romish rival; and then the destiny of the country would be absolutely in the hands of the Romish priests. Woe betide the unhappy Protestants in those days! Then, indeed, it might be said, "Let

them which be in Judea flee into the mountains!"

Those tracts of the country where Protestantism flourishes differ as much from those where the Papal superstition prevails, as lands which have undergone the processes of clearance and draining, from lands overshadowed by impenetrable woods. These latter may possess a certain picturesqueness, compared with the former. The broken lights, by which they are dimly and partially irradiated, may often present them, to the distant spectator, under an aspect which takes captive the imagination. But a nearer approach will exhibit the stagnant exhalations which are inimical to life, and the noxious reptiles which render their vicinage dangerous:—and the incumbrance of the primeval forest must be removed before the light and the heat of the glorious luminary can exert with effect its vivifying influence, and render them safe and habitable for civilized man. What should be thought of the projector who could oppose the inroads of reclaiming industry, and even propose that the ancient timbers, which obstructed all productive cultivation, should be *propped up and supported*, lest they should fall of themselves?

Such is the project for the payment of the Roman Catholic priests. Its only effect would be the perpetuation of a superstition which is the nightmare of Ireland. My advice to the government is, to let that superstition alone: to the people of England, to watch, with jealousy, the movements of the party, who, for factious purposes, enter into an alliance with that superstition. And when you recommend a state provision for the priesthood, with a view, as you declare, to the *preservation* of the Established Church, do you not seek to inflict upon that church the punishment of Mezentius, when—

"Mortuus quinetian Jungubat corpora vivit?"

And would not your project bring certain death to the one, while it could impart no principle of real or healthful life to the other, or raise it to any other condition than that of a species of vampire existence, which continued the slumberous torpidity, whilst it fattened upon *the life-blood* of Ireland?—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

OSWALD.

IRELAND'S INDUSTRY AND IRELAND'S BENEFACTORS.

WE propose, in these pages, to discharge an imperative, but a most grateful duty—one which we have, perhaps, allowed to remain over too long, but which we are convinced will be most acceptable to our readers at any time. It has frequently been our duty to denounce that insolent assumption of patriotism which modern demagogues have arrogated, which, in its best phase, has been affected but to gratify the cravings of a selfish, unscrupulous ambition, and in its most ordinary aspect, has been but a mere speculation, based upon the most sordid calculations of pecuniary recompense—witness Cobden with his £100,000, and O'Connell with his £220,000, and their host of underlings with their proportionate remunerations. But we rejoice to know that the character of Irish patriotism can be redeemed; and that it would be as false to infer that no such virtue exists in Ireland because of the many noisy hypocritical pretenders to it, as to extend the character for lawlessness and outrage, which has disgraced some half-dozen of our counties, to the rest of our people, who are the most afflicted, and the most enduring, on the whole face of the earth. Yes; there are many, very many persons in Ireland, both men and women, who are rightly entitled to the admiration which is due to benefactors of their country—who have not rested merely in deeds of charity and benevolence, such as the warm impulses of kind and generous natures would impel them to, and for which the scenes of famine and pestilence, in which we have lived, has furnished such fearful scope, but who have devoted every faculty of their mind, every moment of their time, to the improvement and regeneration of their countrymen; and who, by the untiring energy of their benevolence, have, in many instances, converted the direst calamity that ever nation sustained, into an occasion of blessing and of good. Whole families, in many parts of Ireland, themselves labouring under the greatest priva-

tions, have devoted themselves to this noble purpose; sustained by no stimulus but the ardour of their truly patriotic efforts, and never dreaming of reward but in witnessing their success. We surely may be allowed to co-operate, in our humble degree, with these genuine benefactors of their country. It may not be for us, directly, to raise even as much as a single family from indigence to comfort, still less to elevate, as they have done, the social character of a whole district; to introduce industry, activity, and punctuality, into the habits of a people, who were degraded by ignorance and sloth; but we believe that we may render some service by recording a few instances (and our space necessarily limits us to a very few) of the surprising results which have been obtained by the labours of a few individuals, single families, or small local associations. They teach a lesson which is pregnant with instruction. When we contrast these comparatively unaided efforts, and what has been accomplished by them, with the gigantic resources at the command of government—resources which were so profusely applied to our relief, and with so little permanent benefit—we must be convinced that the improvement of the country rests but in a slight degree, indeed, with the state; that it is not to be suspended until the cumbrous machinery of some monster undertakings can be brought into action; but that it is to be effected readily, promptly, and effectively, by each person exerting himself in his own proper sphere, and applying all the energy he possesses, to advance the condition of those who are within the reach of his influence.

The unhappy peculiarity, indeed, of Ireland is this, that the proprietors of the soil—those who, above all others, are placed in a position which should render them efficient, as it makes them responsible for the condition of their dependants—are, from circumstances to which we adverted at length in two recent numbers, rendered wholly powerless for good. It is the inability on their part to develop

the great agricultural resources of the kingdom, that is the chief obstruction to its advancement. Until this barrier be removed, it is hopeless to expect that Ireland will take the position she ought to occupy in the British empire. We are entirely satisfied that the measures which we advocated in the papers to which we have referred,* are imperatively required by the circumstances of the country. We mean not to re-enter on the subject now; but we find ourselves corroborated in the conviction that some such measures are urgently required, by the following passage in the report of the Central Relief Committee of the Society of Friends—men who, if any amount of service can establish a claim to the respect and grateful homage of their country, deserve it all:—"Employment for the multitudes," says this report, "whose sole means of subsistence is the culture of the soil, can only be found in an enlarged application of capital to this branch of national industry; in order to which there are impediments to be removed, which, we apprehend, will be found to require legislative measures of a bold and comprehensive character." As we have said, we will not resume the considerations of such measures now; neither do we propose to devote any portion of our space to the benefits which have been derived from well-directed exertion applied to *agriculture*; its advantages must be too obvious to need illustration. As, however, we have in our hand the report from which we have just quoted, we cannot refrain from noticing some agricultural works to which it refers, which have been undertaken by the Society of Friends. It is probable that these undertakings may have escaped observation in the vastness of their charitable enterprises. They form a very small portion, indeed, of their splendid generosity; but they were yet in themselves of incalculable service. The following is an extract from their report:—

"We have lately entered upon the cultivation of about 550 Irish, equal to 900 English, acres of land in the county

of Mayo—an engagement requiring the outlay of a considerable sum of money, which being chiefly expended in spade labour in one of the most impoverished counties in Ireland, cannot fail, whatever may be its ultimate issue, to afford a large amount of present relief. We entertain a hope, however, not only that the funds employed will be returned, but that the exhibition of an improved mode of culture, and the growth of useful crops hitherto but little known in that part of the country, will have a tendency to withdraw the peasantry from their exclusive dependence on the potato, and in other respects be productive of permanent benefit. The lands are of good quality, and in fair condition; and are placed at our disposal for one season by the proprietors, free of rent and poor-rate. We provide the labour, manure, and seed, and receive the produce, giving up the land when the crops shall be disposed of. The allotment of crops is agreed to be as follows:—

Turnips	.	.	272	acres.
Mangold Wurtzel	.	.	46	"
Parsnips	.	.	46	"
Carrots	.	.	55	"
Peas	.	.	22	"
Beans	.	.	22	"
Barley (dibbled)	.	.	9	"
Oats	do.	.	9	"
Cabbages	.	.	21	"
Flax	.	.	50	"

A considerable portion of the land is now sown, and the prospects so far are favourable. This operation is superintended by an intelligent local committee, consisting of a few highly respectable persons residing at Ballina and its vicinity, assisted by the county surveyor, and one of the practical instructors at present so usefully employed, by the Royal Agricultural Improvement Society, in diffusing sound information respecting the management of land amongst the small farmers in various parts of Ireland. A similar operation, on a smaller scale, has been undertaken on our behalf, in the county of Galway, by Lord Wallscourt. In this instance, we have simply given the seed, and advanced the sum of £200, to be repaid in twelve months, on condition of the money being expended in the culture, by spade labour, of fifty acres in crops approved by us. The whole of this land is now under crop, and the reports made to us of the execution and pros-

* See "The Condition of Ireland," and "Irish Proprietorship," in our numbers for August and September, 1848.

pects of the work are exceedingly satisfactory.

- “The situation of small landholders, who have struggled under the great difficulties of the last two years to maintain their independent position, has repeatedly claimed our sympathy and assistance. We were enabled last year, by a liberal donation from the government, by the hands of the Commissary-General, Sir Randolph Routh, of about 40,000 pounds weight of turnip seeds, to make a very seasonable distribution in small portions in various parts of Ireland. The results were truly valuable and encouraging. By the returns made from our correspondents entrusted with the local distribution, it appeared that 9,652 acres were sown, a large proportion of which, through the extreme poverty of the occupiers, would probably have otherwise lain waste; and the produce having been generally abundant, it is estimated that upwards of 190,000 tons of turnips were thus raised by a class consisting generally of small farmers and cottiers, whose resources were almost exhausted. There is, probably, at the present time, no portion of the community labouring under greater difficulties and privations, than those whose occupation of land, exceeding one quarter of an acre, has excluded them from poor-law relief, and who cling to their little holdings as the only means of future subsistence. We have had undoubted evidence that several instances have occurred, in which persons thus circumstanced have suffered individuals of their family to die of want rather than surrender their land. Encouraged by the experience of last season, and as a means of the most useful assistance to this suffering class, we have this year allotted the sum of £5,000 for the purchase of turnip and other green-crop seeds, of which the early kinds have been extensively distributed, and the allotment of others is still in progress. The seeds are given gratuitously, our correspondents in the several districts being merely expected to satisfy themselves of the real need of the parties, and that in every case the requisite quantity of ground has been properly prepared.”

But the great lesson which has been taught us by those persons who have so nobly devoted themselves to the advancement of their countrymen, is the vast capacity for improvement which exists in the Irish people. Beneath the sloth and ignorance in which they now are sunk, there exists a latent capacity for industrious exertion, which needs

but to be encouraged and rewarded, ever so slightly, to spring forth into healthy and vigorous activity. This capability of receiving instruction, and profiting by it, exists in the Irish to an extent which not only far exceeds anything that their habitual calumniators and revilers will admit, but which must astonish even their warmest advocates, who may not have had an opportunity of witnessing and appreciating it. The following extract, from a most valuable communication with which we have been favoured by the Rev. John Edgar, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the Royal College of Belfast, forcibly illustrates this truth:—

“I am doing a little work in wild Connaught; will you help me with a little publicity, to induce some of the generous and strong to come to my aid? During the famine I was the means of getting collected some fifteen thousand pounds. Excellent ladies, of different denominations, assisted me in getting and spending part of it; and when the cry of hunger was hushed, they resolved to devote themselves to the same object which engages your pen and heart now—industry, and general reformation. With this intent, we selected thirty young women, distinguished for their attainments and active benevolence, and sent them to open schools in Connaught, under the superintendence of ladies of high rank and influence there, whose worth we had proved by their activity in behalf of the poor. In these schools we adopted two spheres of industry—plain knitting, and the sewing of muslins; by which tens of thousands of pounds are annually earned by females in Ulster.

“We commenced with pupils *utterly ignorant of the use of the needle*, and we encountered difficulties in many forms; yet though most of our schools has not been a year established, such has been the rapid improvement of these twelve hundred pupils, that I some time since sold in Glasgow between four and five thousand pairs of socks and stockings, knitted by them; and our finer species of hosiery commands the highest prices in the Scotch and English markets.

“So completely, too, have we succeeded in the sewed muslin department, *that two of the largest houses in Glasgow have sent an agent to Connaught, to*

take into their own hands the whole of our manufacture. Thus have we successfully employed funds committed to our trust in charity, for enabling the females of Ireland's poorest province to earn an independent support. Charity has opened the way for mercantile enterprise; and those whom we have trained will not only be no longer a burden on the public, but they are already contributing to the support of their parents.

"This system of reformation, so cheap and practical, we desire to extend as far as public liberality will enable us. We have been aided by many with much generosity, *and by none more liberally than members of the Society of Friends.* In answer to our last application to their central committee in Dublin, they agreed to give us five hundred pounds, on condition of our raising five hundred more. To raise this is our present aim; for the possession of such a sum would, with the foundation already laid, enable us to do immensely greater good.

"Would you kindly tax your gallantry so far, Mr. Editor, on behalf of your Belfast and Connaught female friends, as to let their humble voice be heard, through me, their poor advocate, and perhaps some generous heart may be moved to furnish pleasing proof that the voice lifted up on behalf of the forlorn Connaught girl will not be heard in vain."

We rejoice exceedingly that the reputation of our gallantry has reached so far north, and could only have wished that it had been appealed to by some of our esteemed correspondent's fair associates, instead of by our reverend friend himself. But although he has thought proper thus slyly to touch us on the point on which he knows that we are most sensitive, we assure him that it needed no such incentive to enlist our warmest sympathies in support of the admirable institution whose cause he so ably and so eloquently advocates. We know of no institution which is likely to effect such an amount of good—its success now justifies us in saying this affirmatively; but although the progress that has been made by the pupils has far surpassed anything we could have anticipated, yet the object which the society proposes, the principle on which it is based, and the

manner in which it is organised, carries with it everything which deserves success, and which should command it. It proposes to find profitable occupation for our female population,—for that portion of our people who, in an agricultural country such as Ireland ought to be, must be to a great extent unemployed, and it gives them all the benefit of manufacturing industry, without any of the debasement with which, in the sister kingdoms, it is accompanied. It does not alienate them from their homes, and from the education of the feelings and affections which the woman acquires in her own family, the want of which no amount of education can atone for, and which no other mode of instruction can supply; the occupation is one that is gentle, and such as becomes a woman; her life is not a constant striving, in companionship with untiring iron and steam, amid the clanking, and toil, and heat of a crowded factory; and she is under the guidance and superintendence of amiable gentlewomen, who are the patronesses of the several schools, instead of being subjected to the control of some rough overseer. The nature of the undertaking, too, admits of its being readily contracted without any loss, if the demand for its products should fail; for there is comparatively no amount of capital sunk in it; it can be contracted or expanded to suit the fluctuations of the market; but in point of fact, as regards knitting, the demand must ever be an extensive one; and Dr. Edgar informs us that the demand for embroidery or sewed muslin has been gradually increasing, "And though wages," he says, "have fallen more than one-half, it yet affords an humble livelihood to many thousands in Ulster. One Scotch manufacturer pays annually, in the two small villages of Donaghadee and Newtownards, to young females for sewing, thirteen thousand pounds." And why should not similar advantages be extended to benighted Connaught? The obstacles to be surmounted are indeed formidable; but we have seen how readily they have been overcome, wherever this society has hitherto been enabled to extend the sphere of its exertions, and every step that it advances, the difficulties will be diminishing. On this subject Dr. Edgar thus writes to

us, in a subsequent communication to that which we have already placed before our readers:—

"We have to encounter many difficulties—utter ignorance of order, punctuality, manufacture, or manufacturing implements—want driving our pupils, before well-instructed, to the poor-house—lying, thievish habits, dark houses unfit for work, irregularity of means of conveyance, ignorance of the English language—but, over and above all, the opposition, with a few exceptions, of the Romish priests, of which I could tell strange tales."

This latter difficulty, we presume, is occasioned by the rule of the schools, which makes the reading of the Bible a part of the daily business, coupled, as we understand Dr. Edgar, with some religious teaching or devotional exercise. He says—

"We embrace the opportunity of their being under the charge of our mistresses, of affording them all the advantages of the precept and example of Christian schoolmistresses, associated with the enlightened devotional reading daily of a portion of the Bible."

"Notwithstanding all these difficulties, however," Dr. Edgar goes on, "our success has been very remarkable. I should like *The Illustrated London News* to give a fac-simile of some of our first socks. Cowper had a prophetic view of them when he wrote, 'a cap by night, a stocking all the day.' Whether intended for night-cap or stocking, you could not opine; but the same girls are knitting socks, now which are sold in Edinburgh at two shillings a pair. I showed some of them in Glasgow and Manchester, in the largest wholesale houses, but the answer to me was, 'they are quite too good for us; they are only fit for an Edinburgh or London city trade. Of a coarser kind I sold in a few hours, in Glasgow, between four and five thousand pairs; and last Monday (Dr. Edgar's letter is dated the 10th Nov.) I received an order from a Scotch house for two thousand pairs."

Thus, by the exertions of one individual, Dr. Edgar, which led to the formation, in Belfast, of the "Ladies' Relief Association for Connaught," and by the subsequent labours of the benevolent persons connected with that institution, has an important

branch of manufacture been established in an incredibly short space of time, and the morals and social condition of a great number of our people been raised from the lowest depths of misery and degradation to a very high standard of excellence. Who now will say that the Irish people are not eminently susceptible of improvement—it needs but the benevolent purpose, and well-directed, sustained exertion, to ensure it. Surely an association that can effect such objects is, above all things, deserving of support; and may we not entertain the hope that when these pages meet the eye of our generous English readers—men, who are only anxious to discover deserving objects of their bounty, and we rejoice to know that there are very many such—"The voice which has been thus lifted up on behalf of the forlorn Connaught girl will not be heard in vain."

It has been the habit of self-styled political economists to depreciate the support of Irish manufacture, and with all the noisy flippancy which characterizes a shallow mind, to reiterate their cant about every man buying in the cheapest market, and to apply this maxim, as they term it, to the circumstances of Ireland. Whenever occasion offered, we exposed the fallacy of this reasoning, when it was sought to be extended to this country. It can only hold good in the case of a country wherein all the inhabitants are fully employed; but if there be a country, consisting of eight millions of people, of whom three millions are without any occupation, or any mode of subsistence, and the other five millions agree to take such articles of manufacture as the three millions could produce, instead of supplying themselves at a cheaper rate from a neighbouring country, there is a loss, indeed, sustained by the five millions equal to the difference of price of the manufactured articles in the two countries; but if there is this loss to one portion of the community, there is on the other side the gain which is derived by the three millions who now procure the means of livelihood by the produce of their labour, instead of being left to famish from want. And as infinitely more happiness is produced, by supplying even a smaller number of persons with the

necessaries of life, than there can be inconvenience sustained, by restricting a greater number in some of its comforts or luxuries—the well-being of the whole community must be greatly advanced by adopting such a course. This was once a paradox, but it will hardly be thought so now. The poor-law has declared the right of the unemployed to subsistence, and few rate-payers will now be found hardy enough to maintain that it is not better for them that the poor should be employed at some industrial occupation, even though we should be obliged to wear the products of their industry, than that they should be maintained in idleness, while the poor-rate, for their support, has well nigh absorbed our power of purchasing the products of other countries. Thus, even although the produce of our people's industry were unable, at present, to find a market abroad, we conceive it to be clear to demonstration that it were more for our interest to encourage them to produce, and to consume the products of their industry, than to lock them up in work-houses, or make them the indolent, demoralized, recipients of extorted bounty. But it is not necessary to rest the case on this footing. We are abundantly well able to produce many articles of manufacture which will rival those of any country, if only ordinary pains be taken to encourage it, and the shameful prejudice which prevails against everything that is Irish be shaken off. Why, for example, should not our troops, thirty thousand of whom have been quartered in Ireland, wear, at least, the stockings which can be produced in the country. Our attention has been called to this subject by a letter with which we have been favoured from Mr. J. C. Deane from Clifden, in the county Galway:—

"In Connemara," he says, "the stocking trade could be made a great deal of. Every one can knit stockings; and with care in the selection of the materials, and some instruction in the shape" (having, we presume, the same tendency to run into a night-cap, from which Dr. Edgar has rescued the stockings of his district), "it can

easily find its way to a successful competition with the English article. I am at present interesting myself in an endeavour to get some regiments supplied with socks from the West. Already, the military pattern has been made in Connemara; and a more durable and better article can be given to the soldier for seven pence, than that which he now pays thirteen pence for. I am endeavouring to introduce the Irish sock into companies of regiments, commanded by friends of my own; and I trust that time may show what prejudice and self-interest will not admit."

Thus prosperity could be introduced into an extensive district, the wants of its poor relieved, the pressure on its rates brought down almost to nothing, and all the incalculable blessings of active industry diffused, simply by issuing a single order that the troops which are stationed in Ireland should wear the stockings which are produced in the country. And this, too, without shocking the propriety of any pseudo-political economist, for there would be a clear saving to the soldier of nearly fifty per cent.

The Rev. George Robert Gildea, rector of Newport, in the County Mayo, furnishes us with another instance of the amount of good which can be accomplished by the strenuous and benevolent exertions of one energetic man, who is influenced by a genuine zeal to promote the interests of his country. Mr. Gildea has kindly forwarded to us the proof-sheets of a pamphlet which is just about to issue from the press,* in the form of a letter, addressed to the Lord Lieutenant, containing a short statement of the plan of reproductive relief labor, which he has had in operation. The publication will be a most valuable one, and should be carefully read by everyone who questions the capability of improvement of the Irish people, or who hesitates to admit the hollowness and wickedness of those bad men whose long course of selfish agitation, under the guise of patriotism, has brought Ireland to ruin. Mr. Gildea was forcibly struck with the demoralising influence upon young females of labor on the public roads, and saw that, by promiscuously working

* London: Bagster and Sons. 1849.

along with men at this unsuitable occupation, the characteristic modesty of the Irish female peasant would soon be deteriorated; he accordingly conceived the practicability of reviving the manufacture of hand-spun household linens. We select some of the leading features from the pamphlet itself:—

"My substitute for the demoralising almsgiving was, that to each party sending me any sum of money I undertook to return its produce in the linen to be manufactured, and for the money which I received my personal guarantee for the fulfilment of this engagement was sent.

"The plan was made known to my valued friend, the rector of Dodford, in Northamptonshire, to the invaluable superintendent of the government supplies of food in this district in 1846, the lady of a distinguished English prelate, and two benevolent ladies, members of the Kilmorey family, who, with a kindness of purpose and zeal, worthy of the best cause, gave their assistance in making the project known. Many persons, on hearing of it, without my knowledge, had small papers printed, and circulated them in their daily correspondence, and so immediate was the effect, that in less than six weeks I received much over £3,000, and money continued daily pouring in upon us, until we had received about £5,000, of which over £1,500 was immediately returned, as being beyond our powers of manufacturing in any reasonable time.

"Flax was purchased, and on the 7th of January, 1847, the work commenced by its being given out in two pounds to each woman who could produce a certificate that not more than one male of her family was at work at the roads. We very soon had five hundred women at work in their own cottages; and so anxious were they for the employment, that we had many instances of the spinning-wheels being used by the owners of them by day, and lent to some wretched neighbour who was without one, for the night, that by the light of a piece of bog-deal she might earn the means of supplying food to her starving family.

"We soon found that, although

spinning was the only employment suited to the habits or skill of our poor women, they had been so long out of practice, and their spinning-wheels so much out of repair, that the yarns produced were very bad; and this, coupled with the want of any real knowledge of the art of weaving, on the part of the men, and also the imperfect state of their looms, caused the first linens made to be very inferior to what we desired to see. To remedy this state of things, a practical foreman weaver was engaged in Manchester—patterns of the Russian and Saxon goods, most sought for, procured from St. Petersburg and Chemnitz—well-instructed hands in each branch of the manufactory from Belfast, and nine model-looms were put up, that the local weaver, when instructed upon them, might safely be sent back to his own loom, put in a proper state of repair for him, improved in skill and knowledge of his craft. *The Society of Friends, with their usual benevolent interest* in every industrial effort, gave me £30 toward these looms, and a screw-press.

"From five to seven hundred persons were kept steadily employed throughout the whole of 1847, and early months of 1848. To the families of these people it was in a great measure their sole support, and calculating the number deriving assistance from each person employed as four (in many cases it was six), it gives over two thousand individuals benefited.

"The linens, as compared with shop goods, are much dearer, but this is more than compensated for by their superior lasting qualities (a fact well known to all house-keepers, who can afford to pay for Russian or German hand-spun household linens); besides, when it is recollected that the whole machinery was set to work under the many disadvantages attending its being undertaken by a private individual, ignorant of trade,* standing alone in the locality, and seeking to break the neck of the wretched state of dependence in which the people were encouraged to rest upon the hard earnings or self-denial of others; falling back, year after year, upon the proved

* The italics are our own.

inexhaustibility of English benevolence, or resting idly in expectation of government providing for a people who were unwilling, though able, to help themselves, and in addition to all this, the high price of food requiring higher wages than ordinary in every department. When old wheels, and old looms, and old habits, and old suspicion and mistrust, and all old Irish ways, are considered, it will not be wondered at that the rough and uphill work, through all this, was attended by much unavoidable expense, anxiety, and risk, which would not be called for under ordinary circumstances; but take from it these disadvantages, by once getting over them, and there is no doubt that, carried on by a person of business habits and knowledge of the linen trade, it would supply remunerative employment for hundreds of our idle females at their own fireside, and most amply repay for the investment of the capital engaged. For paying even above the ordinary wages of the country for spinning, and having flax on every side, and that of the best kind (some of my own growth and manufacture was valued last year by Mr. Pim, of Dublin, at £80 per ton), these linens could be brought into the market at most remunerative prices; and there is no proper reason now that the difficulties and expense of its first organisation have been got over, why they should not occupy the place of foreign goods of similar make. Much over 60,000 yards of these linens have been made and distributed—about 2,000 parcels among all classes in England, from the ducal coronet to the humble workman—some to Australia, the East and West Indies, to Jerusalem; and every individual of 1,400 persons who advanced to me their money, have received its value, except two parties to whom we had no clue. But most desirable as was the continuance of this undertaking, its demands upon the time and thoughts of myself, and those of my family who gave their assistance, rendered it impossible to go on. Seven thousand letters were received and answered from the 6th December, 1846, to the 1st October, 1848; and with the view of finding some persons with capital and knowledge of the trade, whose more proper calling it was to take it up as a mer-

cantile speculation, it was made known to one or two persons in the linen trade in London, with this additional inducement, the offer from the Marquis of Sligo of an extensive square of buildings, enclosing an area of some three hundred feet, consisting of convenient stores of various kinds, a good residence for superintendent, flax-mill, all in good repair, together with any quantity of land to thirty acres for a bleach-green, ALL RENT FREE FOR TEN YEARS, beautifully situated in the centre of his lordship's demesne, within a few hundred yards of the quay of Westport.

"The proposition was most favourably received by one of the most wealthy dealers in linen in London, who told me that, finding an increasing demand for handspun linens, and seeing them imported so extensively, he had sent over several times to the North of Ireland to ascertain if they could be again had there, but without effect; and that he was convinced that there was an admirable open for the reviving of the manufacture: but, with the wise caution of an Englishman, he sent over at his own expense an experienced manufacturer, to examine into the merits of the project on the spot. This gentleman, after seeing our people at work, examining every stage of the manufacture, the flax, yarn, and the finished linens, expressed his thorough conviction that it was a most favourable opening for the establishment of a flourishing trade, which would afford a good return for the capital invested, and give employment to thousands. He left us, grateful in the anticipation of so much good, and, on his return to town, measures were being taken to accept Lord Sligo's offer, and at once to commence the work. Unfortunately, just then, that sad exhibition of the political fever in which this stricken country has been kept by the heartless agitation of years, occurred in Dublin and the South; it was at once a death-stroke to the whole—the London merchant declined risking his life or his capital in such a country; nay, he doubted if, under the circumstances, he would accept of the gift of Lord Sligo's estate.

"Thus the work is at an end, and the people without employment. A large number who were employed at spinning, are now either in the work-

house, or receiving out-door relief, from which, could the employment have been continued, they were able to keep themselves. It is to be hoped that it will not continue so, but that, as confidence is restored, through the wise administration of your Excellency, some one may be ready to embrace so good an opportunity of such extensive good, and their own profit.

"It is a most remarkable fact, and most encouraging to well-directed cottage labour, one that it gives me great satisfaction to state, that of over sixty thousand yards of linen, we have not lost a single piece; and it is perfectly amazing how little disposition or attempt to act dishonestly we had to complain of among the many hundreds employed, taking to their own miserable cottages, and at a time when they were overwhelmed with want, a material for which there was always a ready market at hand. Very few, indeed, were the instances of dishonesty, not amounting to a loss of twenty pounds weight of flax in very many thousands. On earth there is not a people so capable of venerating the straight course; and only let them see that such is your object—carry it out kindly, but *firmly*—and anything can be done with them."

We conclude our quotations from Mr. Gildea's admirable pamphlet with the testimony which he has thus borne to the character of our people. If there be a man in Ireland whose opportunities and judgment have given him the means of forming a correct estimate of the people among whom he lives, it is Mr. Gildea; and take up any we will of the numerous communications which our friends have been good enough to forward us, and we find the same testimony pervading almost them all. The Rev. Jas. Alcock, vicar of Ring, in the county Waterford, in a report on the fisheries in his district, addressed to the relief-committee of the Society of Friends, thus sensibly, and with much truth, explains what seems to be an opposite feature in the Irish character:—

"The Irish peasant is said to be heartless and ungrateful, and why?—because he seldom meets with that indulgence and kind treatment which he might reasonably expect from his natural protectors, and which are calculated to elicit the kindlier feelings of a

generous nature. I would rather say, he is *suspicious*. He conceives that we have a selfish or interested motive even though it may appear to be for his advantage, and until you convince him to the contrary, you will have much difficulty to overcome before you can prevail upon him to adopt any measure of improvement for his own substantial benefit."

It is most gratifying to find the same testimony thus borne to the character of our peasantry by two such competent authorities, writing at the same time, but from the extreme opposite points of the Kingdom. The virtues of our people are their own—they are the spontaneous impulses of their own generous natures: their faults—and they are many—are the result of much neglect on the part of those who ought to have been their directors—the proprietors of the soil—and of much base deception on the part of those who profess to be their friends. Contrast such disinterested services as it is the purpose of this article to record, with all that has been effected by political agitators, and see on which side is genuine love of country to be found: the one engaged in practically and speedily raising the character of the people, supplying their temporal wants and raising their moral character, imbuing them with a sense of independence, and placing them in a condition to secure it; the others maddening the passions of their hearers in the political arena, where the loudest plaudits greet the most truculent orator—where the imagination is strained to devise *professions* of devotion—where language is exhausted in denunciation of political antagonists—and where the very implement of murder, the pike, is hoisted by the popular demagogue, that he may wring the last scream of admiration from his infuriated hearers. The men who have followed in these practices, call themselves patriots; and one sample of their patriotism has been presented to us in Mr. Gildea's statement. It has been to deprive thousands of wretched women and children in the most impoverished province of Ireland of the means of livelihood, which the introduction of a successful manufacture would have afforded them; and to postpone indefinitely all chance of improvement in their abject condition.

Turn we now from the north and west to the remote district of Ballycotton, in the county Cork. This district comprises a population of about 2,500, two-thirds of whom, in the latter end of last February, were in a state of the utmost destitution; and it contained but two individuals who were at all able to exert themselves for their relief, namely, the Protestant curate, and the commander of the coast-guard—the Rev. George C. Hingston, and Mr. R. Edwards. The resources of these gentlemen for carrying out their benevolent purposes differed in some important respects from both the cases which we have already noticed. They had not a rich mercantile city to support them, as had Dr. Edgar, in which alone he procured, by his active exertions, no less a sum than £8,000; and still less had they the means of securing such efficient co-operation as Dr. Edgar speedily raised for himself, in the “Ladies’ Relief Association.” Neither do they appear to have had that command of wealth which Mr. Gildea had at his disposal, and which he so nobly applied. They stood alone, surrounded by hundreds who were famishing with hunger, in a district where all were in the extremest wretchedness; yet they, too, like Dr. Edgar and Mr. Gildea, had the resolution not to ask for alms, but for the means of setting the people on *remunerative and reproductive employment*. They knew full well the labour and anxiety which the administration and superintendence of this employment would occasion them; but they felt it to be their duty in the situation in which they were placed, and, as in the other instances which we have mentioned, they, too, acknowledged the claim which their countrymen had on their services in the hour of their distress. The following is a short sketch of their proceedings, taken from a little printed report, and from a communication with which we have been favoured by Mr. Hingston:—

“In a few days, our appeal, having been inserted in one of the English papers, and forwarded to many tried friends of Ireland in the sister country, was responded to; and having hereby obtained a little fund, we commenced operations by selecting from the hundreds of the destitute about thirty females on the very verge of star-

vation; these we employed in spinning and knitting, and paid them in meal, at the rate of threepence for a day’s labour. We found the poor creatures most greedy for work at this wretched remuneration, and were quickly beset with scores of applicants for employment on the same terms. It now (April, 1848) contains ninety-five widows and female heads of families out of a population of 2,500. We keep seven weavers at work, and have produced some very creditable linen, flannel, and stockings, as the result of two months’ operations. A portion of the money (£15) that was subsequently procured was expended in the purchase of hemp, which has been spun by some, and made into nets by others, of the destitute females, *all paid in meal*, at about the same remuneration as for the other work; while the remainder has been laid out in the purchase of sail-cloths, lines, and hooks, for the hookers and whale-boats of the place.

“Thus have we been striving to combine with the object at which alone we were originally compelled to aim—the feeding of the famishing through their own industry—the permanent improvement of the natural resources of the place; and in the midst of our many difficulties we have now the gratification of looking round, and beholding not only a manifest improvement in appearance and habit among the people so employed, but also that many boats hitherto almost useless and unproductive, are now a very credit to our bay, and a substantial source of profit to their owners. The materials—viz., nets, sails, and lines—are let out to the parties, on solvent security, and their cost is repaid by weekly instalments of one shilling in the pound; and we rejoice to add, hitherto with regularity.

“The whole amount we have yet received from every source is about £70.”

Such are a few extracts from the first report of these two gentlemen, in the month of April; their second report is on the 1st September, 1848. We should say, that both these reports are addressed to those universal benefactors of their country, the relief-committee of the Society of Friends, whose generosity they warmly acknowledge. We take the following from the second report:—

"Of linen we have now produced about 150 yards; of towelling, 120; canvas for rubbers, 130; flannel, 600 yards; linsey-woolsey, 120; blankets, 100 pair (the two latter are in course of manufacture for the workhouse of the Middleton union); frieze, 60 yards; cloth for gentlemen's trowsers, 30 yards, in course of manufacture; nets, 30; socks, 200 pair.

"The next branch, the flannel, we deem most interesting. Of this we have sold 550 yards—150 to parties not connected with the place, for cash; the remaining 400 to the poor of the district, on loan, on good security, repayable at one shilling in the pound per week, for which they are charged ten pence per yard. We cannot describe how great is the demand for the article on these terms. As fast as we can manufacture, it is taken by the poor, on these loans; and most happy we are to testify to *their regularity and promptitude in repayment*. As a remarkable proof of this, we may mention, that our flannel loans began in July, and that one-fourth has been already (1st September) repaid."

Again, Mr. Hingston thus writes, on the 17th November, 1848:—

"We ordered half a ton of hemp, and set the females we employed to work thereon, in making nets; according as they were made, they were given out on our usual plan by way of loan. The result of this experiment of our confidence in the resources of our bay, and in the integrity of our people, exceeded all anticipation. The demand for trammels, in particular, has since then been so great, that we cannot keep pace with it. Providentially, too, the fishing season improved most opportunely, and during the last six weeks immense shoals of hake have filled the bay. Still only for the well-timed provision we made, in the way of nets, this wealth would have been thrown away, the fishermen having no means of procuring hemp, although the families of every one of them are well able to make them.

"We would also mention that, besides a large quantity of linen and other articles manufactured for the upper classes (among whom we have found many kind friends), we have made *for the people of the place* about fourteen hundred yards of flannel, which, like the nets, is given out on

loan, at the same rate of repayment. As fast as we can produce we sell the flannel on this plan, and we cannot describe the comfort it is administering around."

There were other valuable institutions—a loan-fund and a clothing-fund, established by these gentlemen. Mr. Hingston has, moreover, favoured us with a strong and sensible remonstrance against the proceedings of the fishery commissioners, a subject which would be much too extensive for us to enter upon in this number, but of which we may say, that Mr. Hingston's censure of these commissioners is one in which we believe he is supported by every individual connected with the fisheries in Ireland. But the sketch which we have given of these industrial proceedings at Ballycotton goes to confirm the results of the other cases which we have noticed, and makes the conviction irresistible, that there is nothing either in the habits, the conduct, or the natural capacity of the Irish peasant, to unfit him for any industrial employment to which his energies may be directed.

Yet another instance in support of this truth we would lay before our readers. The following communication is from the Rev. Dr. Martin, of Killeshandra:—

"In the year preceding the famine, Mrs. Martin began to teach the method of ornamental knitting to one destitute girl in Killeshandra, and in a short time her success in the manufacture of a scarf of Pyrenean wool was so great, that an order was sent for three dozen of the same description, upon which Mrs. Martin taught three or four girls additional, supplying them with a variety of patterns which she obtained from books, from her own invention, and which she was able, upon trial, to execute. The girls so instructed were required to communicate their experience and acquisitions to others, and a remarkable degree of proficiency had been acquired, and a tolerably good market secured, when, in 1846, the famine raged. An immense demand, chiefly from motives of charity, and particularly in England, then arose for goods manufactured by the poorer classes of the Irish, of which demand Mrs. Martin took advantage, and accordingly, during the nine most severe months of

distress, or from October, 1846, to July, 1847, she was able to give an average daily employment to one hundred and fifty poor females, which number, for several weeks, rose to over 200, and to support an average weekly expenditure of £25, which sum, for many weeks, exceeded £30, expended upon knitted scarfs, and shawls of Shetland, or Pyrenean wool, and gloves of silk, all of which at length obtained a high degree of celebrity and perfection, as well as on woollen socks, polkas, and other articles of coarser manufacture. The experiment clearly proved that there is no want of skill or industry amongst Irish females, and that all they want to make them comfortable and happy, in things temporal, is employment, or a market for their work. In this experiment above £2,000 has been expended, with but little loss to the employer.

And yet the better classes of Irish society will recklessly, cruelly, and im- providently, deprive the poor Irish girl of this market for her labour, by supplying themselves from abroad, and pretenders to the science of political economy will tell them they do wisely. There is one branch of manufacture in which the Irish have shown a decided superiority to anything that can be produced in Great Britain, namely, the net and line manufacture. For these articles there is an immense demand from the fisheries, and yet it is a branch of industry which is comparatively neglected. We have seen some line produced at Glandore, in the county Cork, in a manufactory which originated in a grant of hemp from the ever-generous Society of Friends. We have compared it with the very best manufacture of Bridport, at the same price—one shilling per pound—and nothing could be more decided than the superiority of the Irish line. And Mr. Deane, from whom we have already quoted, mentions that he employed the boys in the schools in making fishing-nets, and adds—"It was remarkable to observe the quickness with which they received instruction in the occupation, and the progress they made;" and any one who has seen the nets which are made at Miss Pim's school at Kingstown, will admit that nothing has been

produced which can surpass them anywhere.

Of the many valuable communications which we have to acknowledge, we have received but one which is at all of a desponding character, or which contains a record of unsuccessful exertion. But even this is valuable, as it shews that, so far from the failure being attributable to any want of ability or of disposition for industrious exertion on the part of the Irish peasant, when he is rightly directed, that it arose in point of fact, from a directly opposite cause. The letter which we speak of is from the ill-fated district of Skibbereen, from the Rev. Richard Boyle Townsend, Vicar of Abbey Stewry:—

"The result of my effort to promote industrial employment," writes Mr. Townsend, "is, that I am nearly beggared by my endeavour. I went on, like many others, certainly in the most economical way I could, but most energetically; and the work-house at the time, in order to promote home-manufacture, having called for a supply of flannels and friezes, no one thought, with such a poor population, in the most deplorable state for want of employment, that we could ever produce enough for its consumption. The consequence you may anticipate—heaps were left on our hands, and the price or cost would not be given where there was such a glut. There being no market, all our industrial works have of course resulted in disappointment proportionate to the vigour with which all hands had been set to work."

Every one must regret this result, both on account of the loss sustained by Mr. Townsend himself, as well as for the cause of industry in that part of Ireland where, perhaps, remunerative employment was most needed. We rejoice to find that Mr. Townsend writes in high spirits of an admirably-arranged industrial school for females which he has established. But it is of the utmost importance to the cause which we are advocating—that of the capability of the Irish peasant for industrious pursuits—to observe the occasion of Mr. Townsend's failure; that he does not refer it to any unwillingness or unfitness of the peasantry to engage in any occupation to which they may be directed; that, on the contrary, he tells us that the children crowd

with the utmost eagerness to the industrial school which was established; but that he failed, simply because the people produced too much—"Heaps were left on our hands, and the price would not be given where there was so great a glut." Dr. Edgar found a market in Scotland, Mrs. Martin very much in England, Mr. Gildea in various parts of the world, and Messrs. Hingston and Edwards, in the resources which their fishery supplied to one portion of their population, found a market for the other; but Mr. Townsend was not equally fortunate, and it is important that the cause of his ill-success should be observed, that men of equal energy and benevolence may not be deterred from imitating him in his attempts, but may be guarded against what led to their failure.

If we could suppose that any were so sceptical as to be still unconvinced by this cumulative evidence, derived from every quarter, of the character and capabilities of our people, we would adduce yet one authority more in their behalf—that of Sir John Macneil. It will prevent the possibility of its being said that all the testimony which we have brought forward is that merely of charitable, benevolent men, who are unversed in the practical details of business, and that such evidence is not sufficient to establish the fitness of the Irish peasant for remunerative employment. Sir John Macneil was examined before Lord Devon's Commission, and this was his evidence:—

"39. Do you find that there is an improvement in their habits, corresponding with the improvement in their condition? —Yes, decidedly so, as far as I am able to judge; and they improve in their moral habits. As soon as an Irishman gets a little better in his circumstances, and gets out of the state of misery they are generally in, they commence to get clothes a little better than they have been accustomed to; and when they get tolerably well dressed, they become totally different characters, and they are men you can trust and depend upon. There are, when this takes place, few quarrels among them. I do not know of a single instance, in which there has been any serious dispute among the workmen upon the Dublin and Drogheda Railway.

"40. Is it your opinion that the power of bettering themselves by these

public works has a tendency to create the strongest desire for improvement? —Yes, the strongest desire; it is visible in their cottages; they have attempted, and have succeeded, in making them better and more comfortable. They are better clothed themselves, and their children are better clothed.

"41. Among those who learned to work better, do you detect anything like listlessness or carelessness?—No, nothing of the kind. *An Irishman is the most active fellow possible, if remunerated for his work; there is no idleness among them if they can turn their work to a fair remuneration.*

"42. Do you attribute that improvement to the stimulus of increased wages? —Yes, that is one cause; but it also the effect of a man feeling a little independence; he is anxious to continue to improve his condition, and that of his children. No man will do more, or undergo more hardship, for the sake of his children, than an Irishman.

"43. Have you found much difficulty in settling the price of work?—Not at all; and they seldom strike for an increase of wages."

With such universal testimony on the part of every trust-worthy witness to the capabilities of the Irish peasant—with such signal instances of success thus staring us in the face, it were cruel mockery to say that he has not every capacity for industrious exertion, if it be but encouraged and developed, if he be but taught to know what industry is, and suffered but once to experience its advantages. His present position is, indeed, one of deep degradation. We say nothing of the causes which have conduced to it; but heavy, indeed, is the responsibility of every one who contributes to its continuance, and still more grievous is his offence who seeks to justify the dereliction of his own duty by heaping inconsiderate calumny on those to whom that duty is owing. Some men are, unquestionably, placed in circumstances much more intimately connected with the peasantry of the country than others. A practising barrister, for example, could never be placed in the same scale with a landed proprietor, in independent circumstances, or a country clergyman, as regards their influence on the condition of the Irish people. But in one respect every member of the community can readily effect a great deal, namely, by provid-

ing a market for the products of Ireland's industry, each man to the extent of his own expenditure. It is not the will that is deficient in most men, but simply the resolution. This purpose must be formed by each one for himself: it is not to be carried out by aggregate meetings or public associations. Nothing of this kind can be attempted in Ireland, as it is sure to be perverted from its legitimate purposes, and to sink into a mere engine of party politics. Besides, we confess we never felt much sympathy with this habit of doing everything by associations; it leads every man to rush on with the herd, and goes far to destroy the independence and vigour of individual action.

But in addition to this mode,* in which all can contribute to advance the

social condition of the country, each of us has his peculiar sphere of action, in which he is bound to exert himself as opportunities may offer. We trust that, in devoting these pages to this subject, we may be considered, to some extent, to have discharged what may be more peculiarly deemed to be our duty. But we would be sorry to rest here. On the contrary, it is our earnest desire that all who are engaged in such noble and truly patriotic efforts, as it is the object of this notice to record, will at all times supply us with such information and suggestions as they may conceive will be conducive to the ends they have in view; and they may always rely on having the fullest support that we can render by our earnest and most strenuous advocacy.

SONNET,

TO THE REV. ROBERT PERCEVAL GRAVES.

Yes, I receive, with gratulation due,
 The tidings of your Ranke's first-born boy:
 Long may he live to be his mother's joy,
 And for his father's name win honours new!
 In him the future student pleased I view,
 Of human history, or of nature's laws:
 But most of all do I rejoice, because,
 Robert, and Helen, 'tis a joy to you.
 O beautifully paired! nothing too high,
 Nothing too low for you; your love can climb
 The highest pinnacle of recorded time,
 And thence descend to even such as I:
 Advising nought, nought thwarting, only showing
 That which is God in man, from forth you flowing.

W. R. H.

L I N E S

SUGGESTED BY READING SOME MANUSCRIPT VERSES OF THE LATE PROFESSOR BUTLER.

As when at night he treads the lonely deck,
 In the first hour of moonlight on the wave,
 Far, far away, the watcher marks some streak
 Which dying day hath pencill'd o'er his grave.

So more than living lights, beyond all fair,
 In living genius is departed worth ;
 Man's spirit makes love-tokens of whate'er
 Hath come from genius, now no more on earth.

As in a gold-clasp'd volume, closely hid,
 The pale, pale leaves of some remember'd rose,
 Dating the heart's deep chronicles, unbid
 Suggest more thought than all that greenly grows ;

As in the winter, from some marble jar,
 Whose sides are honied with a rosy breath,
 You catch faint footfalls of the Spring afar,
 And find a memory in the scent of death ;

So these the characters of Butler's pen,
 Are more to us, than all that day by day,
 Are traced by mightiest hands of living men,
 'Tis death that makes them more esteemed than they !

'Tis not because the affluent fancy flung
 Such pearls of price ungrudging at thy feet—
 'Tis not because that blessed poet sung
 His heavenly Master's truth in words so sweet.

No ; 'tis because the heavy churchyard mould
 Lies on the dear one in that lonely dell—
 Lies on the hand that held the pen of gold,
 The brain that thought so wisely and so well.

Nay, say not so ; write epitaphs like these
 For sons of song, who fling light words abroad,
 Whose art is cancer'd with a sore disease,
 Who feed a flame that tends not up to God.

But *he*, the empurpled cross, with healing shadow,
 Was the great measure of the much he knew ;
 'Twas this he saw on mountain and on meadow,
 The only beautiful, the sternly true.

Not vague to him the great Laudate, still
 Stirring the strong ones of the water-flood,
 And the deep heart of many an ancient hill,
 And light-hung chords of every vocal wood.

Not dark the language written on the wide
 Marmoreal ocean—written on the sky,
 On the scarr'd volume of the mountain side,
 On many pagèd flowers that lowly lie.

Nor dark, nor vague—not nature, but her God—
 Nor only nature's God, but Three in One—
 Father, Redeemer, Comforter—bestow'd
 On hearts made temples by the Incarnate Son !

All sweetest strains rang hollow to his ear
 Wanting this key-note—earthly, of the earth,
 Seeming like beauty to the eye of fear,
 Like the wild anguish of a harlot's mirth.

True Poet, true Philosopher, to whom
 Beauty was one with Truth, and Truth with Beauty ;
 True Priest, no flow'rs so sweet upon his tomb
 As those pure blossoms won from rugged Duty.

He might have sung as precious songs as e'er
 Made our tongue golden since its earlier burst ;
 But those poetic wreaths him seem'd less fair,
 Than moral Truth o'er Science wide dispers'd.

He might have read man's nature deeper far
 Than any since his broad-brow'd namesake died ;
 But like those ancient sages, so the star
 He follow'd till he found the Cradle side.

And now, ye mountains and ye voiceful streams,
 For your interpreter ye need not weep ;
 On the eternal hills fall brighter gleams,
 Down Eden more delightful rivers sweep !

Friends, kinsmen, fellow-churchmen, fellow-men—
 Yes, ye may weep, but be it not for him :
 Life might have brought him larger lore—what then ?
 It would have kept him from the cherubim.

Dear hand, dear lines, in these still undeparted,
 I hear the voice of one before the Throne,
 Butler, the childlike and the gentle-hearted,
 Taken so young by Him who takes His own.

M.

FRANCE.

A RETROSPECT OF THE YEAR 1848.

BY KAPPA.

THE year of our Lord 1848, which has just come to a close, will be regarded as a memorable epoch in the history of Europe. It has, indeed, been an eventful period. Thrones have been overturned, principalities shaken, and powers humbled. From its centre to its extremities, Europe has been convulsed. Nor has it been, as in other times, a war of nation against nation. The convulsions of states have been internal, citizen has raised his arm against citizen, and the domestic hearth has been stained with parricidal blood. Propagated from Paris as the centre, the movement shot with electric rapidity to the extremities of Europe; the thunder of February found successive echoes at Milan, Berlin, Vienna, Turin, Venice, Florence, Naples, Palermo. In fine, the Eternal city itself felt the shock. The sovereign pontiff was outraged. The windows of his palace were riddled with balls, his liberty was violated, his guards disarmed, and the head of the church saw himself at last compelled to fly in disguise, and throw himself on the hospitality of a neighbouring sovereign.

As these conflicts have not been international, so neither have they been exclusively political; the various revolutions which have been developed have partaken much more of a social character. Class has risen against class, the employed against the employer, the *proletaire* against the proprietor, labour against capital. Bold projectors have dared to promulgate theories which would make dead philosophers start in their coffins. "Property is robbery!" cries one. "Family is a jest!" exclaims another. Dispassionate bystanders raise their hands in horror, and demand whether society has gone mad.

As France has been the great centre and origin of the social and political phenomena which have been developed, it may not be uninteresting, and certainly not unprofitable, to avail ourselves of this period, to take a retro-

spect of the movement of the past year in that country. It may be the more especially necessary to do so, inasmuch as the state of parties and the spirit of opinion which have prevailed there is much misunderstood, and has been greatly misrepresented.

The circumstance which strikes us most forcibly on the first retrospective glance at the events of the past year is the important part played in them by the "*imprevu*."

Every thing was unexpected; nothing was foreseen, nay, the circumstances, as developed by time, were, in most instances, the very reverse of those which would have resulted from any rational calculation. The proclamation of the republic itself was the most unexpected and unforeseen event of all; so unlooked for, indeed, that when the intelligence of it arrived in London it was discredited in every quarter. It was first announced in a late edition of one of the morning journals which was shown on 'Change, and the intelligence was there rejected as impossible, and was by some regarded as a Stock-Exchange hoax. Later in the day it appeared in another paper, the earliest copies of which were handed round in the House of Commons. The repetition of the same intelligence from two quarters procured some faith at least in its possibility. The Leviathan of the Press, the Thunderer of Printing-House-square was silent, while its contemporaries thus spoke. The well known enterprise of this journal, and its unparalleled power of securing early and speedy intelligence, have since rendered it a puzzle among journalists how it was beaten in this instance by juniors, and the matter has been explained, with what truth we will not vouch, by affirming that the news of the proclamation of the republic had arrived at the *Times* office, but that so impossible was such an event regarded that the editor of the paper did not venture to publish it.

The situation of Paris at that mo-

ment threw great difficulties in the way of expediting news to London. The northern railway was broken up in the neighbourhood of Paris, and the communication by it was suspended; of course the diligences and ordinary modes of correspondence were likewise stopped. The correspondents of the London journals, established in Paris, found it an extremely difficult matter to get despatches taken by riding couriers. One of these couriers, bearing the despatches for a London journal, was stopped at the *Bargière de Clichy*, and sent back; he afterwards got out in the disguise of a peasant, and walked to *St. Denis*, where he obtained a horse. He was again obstructed at *Abbeville*, whither the intelligence of the events of Paris had not yet arrived. The mayor of *Abbeville* refused to let him prosecute his journey. As a bribe to induce the official to relax his rigor, the courier offered to allow him to open and read the despatch which he bore. This was successful, and the mayor thus learned for the first time the proclamation of the republic. On arriving at *Boulogne* the courier found no means of crossing the channel except by a pilot boat, no steamer being in the harbour, and the weather being tempestuous. In a pilot boat he accordingly crossed, but being unable to make either *Folkestone* or *Dover*, he got into *Deal*, from which the intelligence was telegraphed to London.

The news which thus arrived in London was not a whit less unexpected throughout all the provinces of France. It fell like a thunderbolt upon the public. In many provincial towns, as in London, it was at first discredited; but when the names of the provisional government were announced, and the telegraph had actually sent official messages from the new authorities, all doubt ceased, although the astonishment remained unabated.

Ten months have rolled away since this event, and it is still a matter of astonishment how it could have been brought about. A minority contemptible in numbers, and still more contemptible in character and influence, accomplished this revolution in a few hours, and with little or no bloodshed. It established a form of government which it is notorious that the majority of the French people held in abhorrence.

Let us see what the authorities were, and who were the leaders of public opinion, which superseded names like *Guizot*, *Duchatel*, *Soult*, *Thiers*, *Molé*, &c.

After the mob had broken into the chamber, and the affrighted deputies had made their escape from the back doors and windows, as best they could, a crowd of demagogues headed the populace, and proceeded to the *Hotel de Ville*, the traditional theatre of revolution. There a government was improvised—a number of individuals named themselves sovereigns of France, and soon after proceeded to replace all the high officers of state, who had disappeared in the tempest which had just blown over the capital. This new government, assuming unlimited power, having dissolved the chambers, and being, in fact, the collective despots of France:—*M.M.* de *Lamartine*, *Dupont* (de l'Eure), *Arago*, *Marie*, *Ledru Rollin*, *Garnier Pagès*, *Cremieux*, *Armand Marrast*, *Louis Blanc*, *Pagnerre*, *Flocon*, and *Albert*. Of these, *Lamartine* and *Arago* were indisputably the names the most distinguished.

Lamartine had passed successively to and from almost every shade of political party. He owed the position assigned to him in the revolutionary government to the popularity of his work entitled "*The History of the Girondists*," which had then recently appeared; but it is doubtful whether the popularity of the book itself, such as it was, would have accomplished this for him, were it not that certain passages in it had been lately dramatised by *Alexandre Dumas*, and produced, with great success, at the *Theatre Historique*, on the *Boulevards*, accompanied by all the adventitious appendages of theatrical art. In the eyes of the populace of the *Faubourgs*, *Lamartine* thus became identified, somehow or other, with the old revolution. All the former phases of his personal history were forgotten by, or rather, unknown to the sovereign people, to whose voice he owed his elevation. They only knew in him the historian of the reign of terror, and the apologist of *Robespierre*.

Arago, eminently popular by his science, but much more so by his consistent opposition to monarchical governments in the old chamber, owed his place in the Provisional Government to more legitimate grounds. He

was, perhaps, the soundest and most defensible choice made by the *emeutiers* of February.

Garnier Pagès, also a consistent republican, shone by the reflected lustre of his deceased brother. Thousands of those who saluted his nomination with acclamations, were so grossly ignorant as not to know one Garnier Pagès from another Garnier Pagès; and to accumulate on the surviving member of the family, the credit due to him who was gone.

Dupont (de l'Eure) owed his elevation partly to his age. Also a consistent and moderate republican, he had universally thwarted royalty in the old chamber; at the epoch of February he was an octogenarian. Time had extinguished his activity. He became the patriarch of the revolution.

A lawyer was esteemed indispensable as a member of the new government; and M. Marie, a respectable man of some forensic reputation, a constant advocate of the most liberal principles, and a member of the extreme left in the old chamber, was assigned a place in the Provisional Government by a sort of political necessity.

We happen to know that the private and personal opinion of M. Marie was adverse to the immediate proclamation of a republic. He considered that the tide of events in Europe was setting in that direction, and that to that form the constitution of France must ultimately come, but he thought the country was not yet ripe for its definitive proclamation; that the population of France was not prepared for it, and that it was not likely to meet, in public opinion, with that support which was indispensable to its stability. Nevertheless M. Marie, a man of facile and amiable temperament, readily suffered himself to be led by the majority of his colleagues; and he joined them in an act, upon the prudence and policy of which he unquestionably differed from them. Events have since established, by the most ample and convincing evidence, the soundness of M. Marie's judgment. No well-informed person now disputes the fact, that the people of France were unprepared for a republic. Tacitly submitting to it at first from alarm, they are now most thoroughly disgusted with it. They viewed it at first only with suspicion and

distrust. Smarting under the consequences of violent popular convulsions, and expecting to see commerce languish, and the finances become disordered, they were willing to submit to a republic as a "fait accompli," provided thereby order could be re-established, and prosperity maintained; but a few months' experience gave abundant practical demonstration of the impossibility of this, and everybody now is convinced of that which was the correct judgment of the mind of M. Marie in February last.

The other lawyer of the Provisional Government was M. Cremieux, also a member of the ex-chamber. The opinions of M. Cremieux were nearly the same as those of M. Marie; and it was with great difficulty that he was prevailed on to take an active part in affairs.

M. Armand Marrast was the editor of the *National*, and a practical man of business, though gifted neither with the talents of an orator nor a statesman, he of all the members of the Provisional Government exhibited at once the greatest aptitude for business and the greatest tenacity for place.

His claim to a place among the self-constituted sovereigns of Paris in February was unquestionable. If Legrange, who, by his audacity in discharging the pistol on the Boulevard des Capucines, was the primary cause of the fusillade delivered by the Municipal Guards under M. Guizot's wall, which deluged the (asphalte of the) Boulevard with the blood of men, women, and children, it was to the promptitude and intelligence of M. Armand Marrast that this incident owed its vast consequences. The dead and the dying were taken in carts from the fossés of the Rue Basse des Ramparts between twelve and one in the morning to the bureaux of the *National*, in the Rue Lepelletier. There were assembled M. Armand Marrast and his coadjutors, awaiting what might happen. They promptly seized the occasion, and the bodies were carried processionally along the Boulevards, and proclaimed as the murdered victims of Guizot and Louis Philippe. The Faubourgs rose, and by the morning the attitude of a certain number of the malcontents, excited by the habitual conspirators of the *Reforme* and the *National*, overthrown the government.

It was M. Armand Marrast who had the skill to take the initiative in this movement, and he was rewarded first with a place in the Provisional Government, and then at his own demand became Mayor of Paris.

Without talents, and characterised by no capacity higher than an aptitude for the routine of official business, having those qualities only which could have rendered him an efficient *chef de bureau* in a respectable banking concern, this individual, after maintaining himself at the head of the municipality of Paris for several months, was elected to the presidency of the Assembly, which he has adroitly managed to retain, until his name has assumed a place in the history of France, as having proclaimed the constitution of 1848, and first President of the Republic.

M. Flocon was the chief editor of *La Reforme*, an ultra-democratic journal, established by M. Ledru Rollin. This individual, without gifts or endowments to qualify him to fill the most humble situation in which intellectual attainments are considered to be requisite, was admitted into the councils of the state, on no other grounds than his having been an habitual conspirator against royalty for years, in the secret societies with which Paris was infested; ignorant, vulgar, and presumptuous, he was forced by his friends, the mob, into juxtaposition and fellowship with men like Lamartine and Arago.

Ledru Rollin, a briefless lawyer, possessing some demagogical talent, a bold, reckless, and unscrupulous republican, was a fit representative of that portion of the public of whom he has since become the impersonation.

Louis Blanc, possessing some literary celebrity, as the author of a pamphlet, in five volumes, called, by courtesy, a history, owed his elevation, not to claims even so respectable as those which such a work would supply, but to an extravagant composition called the "Organization of Labor." The proposed object of this work was, to constitute the laborer as the partner of the capitalist—to establish a right on the part of the laborer to a participation of profits—to give the laborer a right to dictate to the capitalist as to the use and application of his property, and, to establish

that principle which has since been designated by the well-known title of the "Droit au travail," in other words, the proclamation of an abstract right on the part of all persons, to demand of the state employment and wages, thus making the state not only a capitalist, but a capitalist under the dictation of the operative.

Pagnerre was a publisher in considerable, but not leading, business. He was well known in the clubs and secret societies as a republican propagandist.

Albert, when announced in the *Moniteur* as a member of the Provisional Government, was described as *Ouvrier (operative)*. In fact, however, Albert held a position which would have been more correctly designated as foreman of a manufactory, or, rather, that of a small manufacturer on his own account.

The nomination of this government took place on the 24th of February, and the parties who conferred authority upon it were the editors, printers, and clerks in the bureaux of the *National* and *La Reforme*. They appeared to have shared this high patronage among them, each having, by common consent, a certain number of nominations, although it would seem that the *Reforme* took the lion's share. Chener, a shoemaker, or rather shoe-mender, and one who has again and again been convicted of various crimes, was a leader on this occasion, and supplied, at a later period, when under examination, some interesting testimony to the National Assembly.

According to him, the employes of *La Reforme* not considering themselves sufficiently numerous to render their nominations valid, he (Chener) went into the street, and collected some of the populace, whom he brought into the bureaux. Thus augmented, they appointed Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, Flocon, and Albert, to be members of the Provisional Government. They also named Etienne Arago to be chief of the post-office, and Sobrier and Caussidiere to be prefects of police. Chener having at hand a band of armed ruffians, immediately after these appointments, sallied forth and marched to the post-office, where he duly installed M. Etienne Arago as the chief of that department. This individual, who

was previously the manager of one of the minor theatres, and known as the author of *Vaudevilles*, continued to hold the post-office, thus obtained, under all the governments from February until the installation of Prince Louis as President of the Republic. No doubt he owed his continuance in office in some degree to the influence of his brother, François Arago, the well-known astronomer.

When Chener and his companions had accomplished this, they escorted Sobrier and Caussidiere to the prefecture of police, where they in like manner installed them. These two, however, soon disagreed, and Sobrier set up a police-office for himself in the Rue de Rivoli.

The character of the individuals into whose hands this important part of the public administration had thus fallen, and in whom it remained until after the affair of the 15th of May, forced Caussidiere to resign, and sent Sobrier to Vincennes, may be in part collected from some curious details given in the evidence taken by the committee of the Assembly, appointed to inquire into the events of the insurrection of June, and the affair of the 15th of May. As an example of this we select the following:—

About eight days after the revolution of February, Caussidiere invited a party to dine with him at the Prefecture. This party consisted of Sobrier, Blanqui, Chener, Barbès, Mounier, and Tiphane. There were discussed projects for the expulsion of all the respectable members of the Provisional Government, and for the seizure of power by this band of ruffians. Connected with them was an individual named De la Hodde, who was in possession of secrets which would cover some of them, and particularly Caussidiere, with obloquy. They feared the fidelity of this De la Hodde, and consulted together how to get rid of him. It was agreed, that to avoid suspicion at the Prefecture, their meetings should take place at the chambers of Albert, their friend and associate, the member of the Provisional Government at the Luxembourg.

De la Hodde was invited to attend one of those meetings.

When Chener, who related the affair to the committee, presented

himself, he found De la Hodde sitting in a corner of the room. Caussidiere, Mercier, Tiphane, Sobrier, Mounier, Albert, and Pille, were sitting round the table. Grandmesnil was presiding.

Caussidiere, taking from his pocket a voluminous mass of papers and documents, proceeded to accuse De la Hodde of having denounced the republicans to Louis Philippe's government. He then summoned him to commit suicide on the spot, placing before him a four-barrelled pistol and a potion of poison. De la Hodde, however, declined the invitation to suicide, and it was then proposed to dispatch him. Albert, however, could not have a murder committed in his room; Mounier and Chener interposed to save De la Hodde, and at length it was agreed to send the latter away in a hackney-coach, in which it was understood the deed was to be perpetrated. Finally, however, he was conducted to the prefecture of police by Caussidiere, and by him locked up in one of the dungeons, since which time De la Hodde has never been heard of.

But to resume.

Such, then, were the new rulers of France. The *Moniteur* passing into their hands, teemed, from day to day, with decrees, having all the virtue of laws promulgated and carried into effect by this body without formality or deliberation. Expenses were incurred, contributions levied—missions were appointed, and commissaries sent in all directions; in fine, a regular ministry was brought into activity. The most important of the ministries were confided to MM. de Lamartine and Le'ru Rollin—the former taking the foreign affairs, and the latter the interior.

The discretion and tact with which M. de Lamartine managed to dissipate the fears of foreign powers, as regards the maintenance of peace, will not be forgotten. This gave his more radical colleague an opportunity for constructing, and bringing into play, a system of machinery for republican propagandism through France. Commissaries and agents were appointed, paid, and expedited into the departments, invested with unlimited powers, and bearing a fearful resemblance to the pro-consuls of the old republic, during the reign

of terror. The characters of many of these agents has been curiously illustrated since, by the publication of some of their despatches found in the archives of the ministry.

They appear to have been selected, in most instances, from the very dregs of society; they were incapable of writing their own language intelligibly. The despatches of some of them have been lately published *verbatim et literatim*, in the journals. They consist of a jargon which would be altogether unintelligible, if there were not a key supplied for them. They have accordingly been published after the fashion of interlinear translations, with the correct French words, intended to be used by the writer, printed under those which he has written.

Such were the agents chosen by M. Ledru Rollin, and his coadjutor the Countess Dudevant, better known as Madame Georges Sand; for, during the reign of M. Ledru Rollin in the hotel of the ministry of the interior, this individual (who, although said to be a female, has the external appearance and character of the other sex, of which she usually adopts the costume) exercised equal sway with the minister.

It was not until the establishment of the dictatorship, after the insurrection of June, that this public pest was banished from Paris. She has since, it is said, taken refuge in one of the southern towns. We remember, on one occasion, since the opening of the Assembly, attending the debates, when happening to look out of one of the windows of the "Salle des Pas-Perdus," we saw extended on the sward four individuals, engaged in the refined occupation of smoking tobacco; three were apparently of the male sex, and the fourth a female; the former were Ledru Rollin, Georges Sand (in male costume), and Flocon; the fourth was Madame ———.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable political phenomena of this most extraordinary year was the rise, and subsequent decline and fall, of the popularity and influence of M. de Lamartine. Indeed, it is difficult to make those who have not witnessed this remarkable change credit any true description of it. Every such description will necessarily appear overcharged and exaggerated. The truth is, the events

themselves were overcharged and exaggerated. Exaggeration was the order of the day. The republic was carried by exaggeration. The alarm of the majority who yielded to it was exaggeration.

After the events of February, the whole population of France was filled with alarm, lest the reign of terror of 1793 was about to be re-enacted. The fright was universal; it was shared equally by the proprietor and the industrious and honest labourer; it was diffused to the very limits of the French territory. Lamartine was put forward as a leading member of the provisional government, and one of the first acts was his memorable rebuke of the red flag upon the place of the Hotel de Ville. This reproof of terrorism was given *verbatim* in all the Paris journals, and echoed by the press throughout the provinces. The words of the orator-poet were repeated like the verses of a national song, until the very children lisped them. From this moment Lamartine was looked upon as the sheet-anchor of order.

That part of the population which has since been designated as the moderate party, and which consists of at least four-fifths, clung to him as their last hope and their whole reliance, and the popularity of Lamartine attained a height almost unexampled in history. His manifestoes addressed to foreign powers, and generally his official acts as Provisional Minister of Foreign Affairs, materially aided this popularity. Foreign nations intimated their satisfaction either explicitly, like England, or implicitly, like the northern and eastern powers. Lamartine became thus, as it were, the barrier against that invasion from abroad, which was at first so much dreaded, and a guarantee for the maintenance of peace. He was, moreover, peculiarly fitted for the position he assumed. By family, habits, and associations, he was eminently the gentleman, and as such, acceptable to foreign powers as the agent of the diplomacy of the Provisional Government. His occasional "mots" and short fits of eloquence being circulated, also contributed to sustain and augment his popularity. In an *emeute* in front of the Hotel de Ville, he displayed that firmness and personal courage which has so often sustained him in public estimation. He went

among the populace to pacify them, when a group of ruffians near him shouted for the head of Lamartine.

"My head!" exclaimed he; "would to God, my friends, it were on your shoulders."

The election for the Constituent Assembly approached. The management of this throughout the departments rested with M. Ledru Rollin, who was Provisional Minister of the Interior. The means used by this tribune to secure the return of democratic members are well known. Incendiary bulletins were printed by millions in the Ministry of the Interior, and circulated throughout the country by the agents of the government. These proclamations were written by the fiery democrats and demagogues of both sexes, who surrounded M. Ledru Rollin. Some of them have been since avowed to have been from the pen of Georges Sand. The alarm and the terror which they spread throughout France among the moderate portion of the population are well known.

The commissaries of the government, the mayors, and prefects, received instructions to have no scruples in adopting all means to secure the return of democratic members. They were reminded that they were invested with the plenitude of dictatorial power; that their will was law; that their duty was not merely to give free play to the democratic principle, and to awaken and stimulate it by every promise which authority could make, and every hope which power could inspire; but to repress and, if need, to punish, with an unsparing severity and rigour, the expression of every other sentiment and opinion. In short, the reign of moral terror was to be established, with the prospect of physical terror in the distance.

Notwithstanding all this formidable machinery of excitement and intimidation, an Assembly was returned having a large moderate and conservative majority. The chief work of this Assembly for months has been the revocation and the annulling of the decrees issued by the Provisional Government from February to May.

But to return to M. de Lamartine. His popularity was at its meridian in April, at the epoch of the elections, and he accordingly exhibited the ex-

traordinary spectacle of an individual nominated by nearly four millions of unsolicited votes, and returned at once for twelve or thirteen departments, including, of course, the capital. At this moment no individual entertained a doubt as to who would be eventually the president of the republic. If the great question which the people of France are pronouncing upon, while we write these lines, had been put to them in April, they would have responded by one consentient acclamation, with the name of Lamartine. For any other to have offered himself would at that moment have been so hopelessly absurd that even the opponents of Lamartine, if he had had any, would have abstained from very shame; in fine, Lamartine would, then, have been declared the first president of the French republic by acclamation.

In proportion, as the popularity of Lamartine had risen, that of Ledru Rollin had, from precisely the same causes, fallen. The moderate party, who approved and supported the one, detested and abhorred the other; while the rebuke of the red flag, and the pacific foreign manifestoes of Lamartine, conciliated the favor of all, the incendiary bulletins, and the fiery democracy of Ledru Rollin excited aversion and horror.

Such was the temper of the public mind when the National Assembly was convoked, on the 4th of May; and here we arrive at the epoch and the cause of the remarkable and rapid decline of the popularity of Lamartine, which has since been witnessed.

The Provisional Government necessarily surrendered its powers before the supremacy of the constituent Assembly, representing, as it did, the universal will of the people. The constitution of another government was called for, but, as no permanent and definitive power could be conferred or created until the constitution should be proclaimed, such government must still have a provisional and interim character. A disposition prevailed to maintain the *status quo* until the proclamation of the constitution, but the odium which had been excited against several members of the Provisional Government, especially against M. M. Ledru Rollin, Flocon, Louis Blanc, and Albert, was so great that the Assembly could not be brought to

acquiesce passively in their continuation in power.

It was therefore decided to nominate a commission, to be invested with the executive power, provisionally, under the sovereignty of the Assembly, and removable by a vote of the Assembly. The prevailing wish of the moderate party was to place M. de Lamartine at the head of such a commission, with two or three of the most moderate of his colleagues in the Provisional Government beside him, such as M. Marie and M. Arago. M. Dupont (de l'Eure) attracting respect, were it only for his age, would naturally have been regarded as a member, if not the chief of the commission. He, however, announced his intention of retiring, having, as he considered, fulfilled his mission by presiding over the affairs of the country, up to the epoch of the convocation of the Assembly. But whatever might be the number of the proposed executive commission, it was the earnest wish of the Assembly to exclude from it M. Ledru Rollin, while a still stronger conviction prevailed, of the absolute necessity of retaining M. de Lamartine in it.

It was in this state of opinion that M. de Lamartine, to the astonishment of his friends and the public, made known to the leading parties in the Assembly his determination to decline accepting a place in the proposed government, unless M. Ledru Rollin were included.

This resolution was fatal to Lamartine. It cost him the presidency. The Assembly felt the pressure of his arbitrary will; they felt, and he knew it, the necessity of yielding for the moment; but in yielding they saw, or thought they saw, that M. de Lamartine was not to be trusted as the chief of the state. He tied himself to Ledru Rollin, relying with too much confidence on his own popularity, and that he could, with himself, raise Ledru Rollin to a high office in the state, of which he never entertained a doubt of being the ultimate chief. The aversion, however, of the public, as the result proved, was stronger against Ledru Rollin than was its predilection for Lamartine. It determined to abandon the latter, rather than adhere to the former, and Lamartine's hopes of the Presidency were suddenly blighted, and his popularity gone.

The Executive Commission was, however, for the moment appointed, and the Assembly, yielding to the exigency of M. de Lamartine, consented, with an ill grace, to the admission of M. Ledru Rollin as one of its members.

The spirit of dissension from this day prevailed in it. Of its five members, four, MM. Lamartine, Arago, Marie, and Garnier Pagès, were all more or less of the complexion of the moderate party. Ledru Rollin was of the opposite side, and division weakened the authority of the government.

This fatal, and as it proved, suicidal act of Lamartine, has been variously explained. The scandal of the salons at the time ascribed it to private and personal influence, in which the sex, as usual, played a prominent part. We are bound, however, to accept the explanation for his conduct afforded by Lamartine himself. Right or wrong, he considered that the ultra-democratic party, of whom Ledru Rollin was ready to become a formidable leader, was stronger than was generally supposed. If its numerical amount were comparatively small, its vigour and its audacity were proportionably great. It might, therefore, become an instrument for overturning the moderate Republic, and substituting for it that of terror. By retaining Ledru Rollin in the government, his teeth were, as it were, drawn. His character and position were too respectable to allow of the supposition that he would conspire against his own colleagues, and a majority of four against one would always prevent any open acts on his part in the ultra-democratic direction. But if he were not included in the government, and left as an independent member of the Assembly, he would, according to M. de Lamartine, have become a most formidable demagogue, by probably placing himself at the head of the party of the Mountain, and the Assembly might have sunk under the movement of the 15th of May. Instead of doing so, it came out of that crisis victorious. M. Ledru Rollin, as a member of the Executive Commission, found himself obliged to mount in the saddle beside Lamartine, and go to the Hotel de Ville on that memorable day, and there cause his own partisans, Barbes, Albert, and the others, to be arrested.

Such is, in brief, the substance of the apology of Lamartine for this act, which has produced his political downfall. The answer to such reasoning is the result—Lamartine has fallen from a summit of power to which few have ever attained in so short a time, and from which no one has ever been precipitated with such unexampled rapidity. He has defended himself with all the cloquence of which he is master, both in the press and in the tribune. The assembly hung upon his accents with the pleasure which his cloquence never fails to impart; but he failed to bring conviction to their understandings. They listened and admired, but they did not assent. He has in his addresses, in his manifestoes, and in his brochure entitled "*Trois mois au pouvoir*," the same defence, under various forms, and variously detailed; but the public in France have never been convinced.

On the occasion of the insurrection of June, he and the colleague with whom he had so fully allied himself were driven almost ignominiously from power; and a subordinate military officer, who owed his recent elevation to them, was substituted in their place, with dictatorial power. In the committee of the Assembly, which was appointed to investigate the circumstances and origin of the insurrection, Lamartine, in common with all the other members of the executive commission, delivered their evidence exculpating themselves, by inculpating him to whose hands the National Assembly had transferred the government. They threw the blame of the events of June expressly on General Cavaignac. These charges were unanimously made, though in different terms, by MM. Lamartine, Arago, Marie, and Ledru Rollin. They related, with all the earnestness and simplicity of truth, the part they had severally acted on the days preceding the 24th of June; and no candid reader can doubt, after the perusal of this evidence, that the insurrection was allowed to make head, from the measures adopted or neglected by General Cavaignac.

Still even this did not, in public opinion, exculpate M. de Lamartine, nor restore his popularity—the blow which it had received by his fatal association with Ledru Rollin, was mortal. To judge of its effects, we have only to

compare Lamartine the candidate for the presidency in December, with the same Lamartine, the idol of the French people in April. In April, had the election taken place, he would have had six millions of votes; in December his name was not even mentioned seriously in discussing the chances of the candidates the week before the election.

In the ultimate contest for the presidency the name of Napoleon has gone for much. It was in itself a host. After his election into the Assembly, and his arrival in Paris, Prince Louis had the good fortune to fall among prudent counsellors. His friends, well acquainted with the sentiments of the majority of the nation, speedily put him in communication with the leaders of the moderate party. There were, however, many hesitations entertained, and much prejudice to surmount. It was soon ascertained by the ramifications of the moderate party throughout the provinces, that so large a portion of the population of the departments were, especially in the rural districts, already disposed to vote "*celui qui coûte*" for the name of Napoleon; that no candidate, whatever might be his pretensions, could hope to obtain a majority over him; nay, it seemed doubtful whether the majority might not prove to be so overwhelming that it would be impossible to put him aside without altogether belying the principle of universal suffrage. Seeing this, and finding in the prince himself apparently good dispositions, and a willingness to accept all reasonable engagements, it was at length resolved by the leaders of the moderates to give him the support of that party.

Several of the notabilities, however, held off even after the majority had expressed its sense. These, however, became ultimately convinced of the expediency of the course which had been adopted, and one by one signified, or caused to be signified, their intention to support the candidature of citizen Louis Napoleon Buonaparte.

It must not be concealed that this choice was determined more by negative, or rather comparative, than by positive motives. Practically the question lay between Cavaignac and Prince Louis. Thiers had been invited to stand, Bugeaud had been invited to stand, Changarnier had been invited to stand,

even the Prince de Joinville had been spoken of, but all these personages, convinced of the inexpediency and utter hopelessness of their cause, had prudently declined. For the moderate party there was, therefore, no course to be adopted, but either to abstain, or to support Prince Louis. The grounds of their decision were fully enough set forth on the eve of the election by the various leaders of the party, and by their organs of the press. They frankly acknowledged the constitution as a "fait accompli." The constitution had declared France to be a republic. Many successive governments, they said, had been destroyed through the faults they had committed. The duration of the republic must, therefore, depend upon the way in which it might be administered. It was clear enough that the French republic would be democratic—it could be nothing else. The meaning of this, in the sense of the moderate party was, that it was not an aristocratic republic, like that of Venice. This was impossible, because even under the monarchy which has just fallen, the government was not aristocratic. But the moderate party repudiated strongly the admission of a demagogic, or, socialist republic. "What we want," said they, "is, a republic with order, that is to say, without the clubs, which agitate and deprave the population daily, leaving it neither peace nor truce, from the morning to the night. We want the republic without the absurd law, which would abolish military substitutes, and without that system which, under the pretext of democratizing the army, would disorganize our military force, and spread alarm through all classes and families; we want the republic with an irremovable magistracy, the only guarantee to the due administration of justice; a republic with a system of taxation which does not ruin the wealthy to the great prejudice of the poor, by rendering it impossible for the one to supply employment to the other—a republic which will not banish from our country, with riches, the industry produced by luxury, the whole aliment of our foreign commerce. Whether such a republic as this be possible, is the secret of heaven. It is, however, the only one we can acknowledge, accept, or even try."

But (asked they) who are these men that are now in power? They are those who belong to a minority, imperceptible by numbers, profoundly incapable, completely inexperienced, and who wish, nevertheless, to monopolize all the offices without having one competent person to discharge their duties; who have created ministers by some legerdemain, and we see of what materials; who have not found one diplomatic agent in their ranks, presentable to foreign courts; they who have peopled the administration with what prefects and sous-prefects; and who have not allowed M. Dufaure to make the least change in such an administration, although an almost entire remodelling appeared to be almost the condition of his taking office; they, in short, who have taken one of the subordinates of Marshal Bugeaud, certainly not the most conspicuous in rank, or in services, to represent them.

Such are the men (say they), and we wish to be just in our appreciation of them. Now what do these men want?

They want the anarchical liberty of the clubs; they want the democratical organization of the army, in other words, the suppression of substitution; they want a removable magistracy, or at all events, a new organization of it, which they could make a means of creating vacancies and bestowing places; they want a progressive taxation; they want public instruction, after the system of M. Carnot, that is compulsory on heads of families, and administered to children by 36,000 instructors, who would be compelled to profess all the socialist doctrines.

This is what they want, and they cannot but demand it without exposing themselves to be treated as odious apostates by the mountain, and without exposing themselves to ridicule in the eyes of thinking people.

To progressive taxation, to the system of Lamoriciere for the army, to the system of instruction of Carnot—is General Cavaignac, then, irretrievably pledged. To vote (said this party, before the election) for General Cavaignac is to vote for these men, and for these things; and it is for this reason the moderate party cannot give their votes to General Cavaignac, according to him, nevertheless, all the merit to which he is entitled for his conduct in the insurrection of June.

If in the face of the candidate of this party, the moderates had taken a candidate from among their own ranks, they thought that he would have had an immense majority. The popular name of Napoleon prevented them doing so. Napoleon Bonaparte became, therefore, identified with their cause, not only because he was the means of excluding the man and measures they did not approve, but because he admitted into his manifest the sentiments they had adopted.

The moderate party frankly admitted that Prince Louis Napoleon is not a man of genius; but asked whether it could be pretended that his opponent was so? "Prince Louis," they said, "did not, it is true, gain the battles of Rivoli and Marengo, or make the 'Code Civil'; but did M. Cavaignac, in his command at Tlemçen, gain such battles, or make such a code? Louis Bonaparte," they continued, "is an upright, sensible, educated, and modest man. These qualities are worth many others. M. Louis Bonaparte, in short, belongs to none but the moderate party. With him it is the republic of reason opposed to the republic demagogic; it is the army preserving that organization which makes its force; it is a system of military substitution indispensable to the rural population; it is equitable and not progressive taxation; it is the liberty and not the tyranny of education; it is the irremovability of the magistracy; it is, in fine, a wise administration, selected from the experience and talent of the country, substituted for the commissaries and sub-commissaries of the Provisional Government, disguised under the names of prefects and sub-prefects."

Among the numerous anecdotes of the "parvenus," raised into power after the revolution of February, which have circulated in political "salons," the following are illustrative of the vulgarity and presumption of the party. —, who occupied one of the highest official positions in the state, resolved to give a grand dinner at his palatial residence, to a large number of his colleagues and friends, who were but recently "*locataires*" of "*petites chambres à coucher garnies*," in the *mansardes* of the Banlieue, which, like the cobbler's lodging in the song, served indifferently

"For parlour, for bed-room, for kitchen, and hall."

This personage, resolving to treat his guests with becoming splendour, and not satisfied with the apparatus attached to his residence, went down to the royal manufactory of porcelain at Sevres to select from the well known splendid stock of that museum porcelain for the occasion of the dinner.

Among other objects a most gorgeous dessert service caught his eye, each plate of which was preserved under a glass-case. On inquiry it was found that this precious collection of objects of art was fabricated for king Louis Philippe, but that sovereign thought its beauty too exquisite, and its value too great to risk it by use on any public occasion which had yet occurred, and left it in the museum as an object for public admiration. This was indicated to — by the director of the manufactory, and it was at the same time mentioned that when the visit of Queen Victoria to Paris was expected, prior to the explosion which took place on the occasion of the Spanish marriages, it was a matter of doubt whether even on that royal occasion this precious collection should be used. This was, however, precisely the thing for the royal occasion of — and his guests, and the dessert service was accordingly ordered to be sent to the official hotel of the —. There it accordingly arrived, and from those magnificent plates the scribes of the *National* and the *Réforme*, and the feuilletonists of the rue Lepelletier ate their fruit. After the orgies were concluded, some half dozen of the magnificent plates were found smashed under the table, the broken set being returned two days later to the museum of Sevres.

Another anecdote is to the following effect:—Madame —, the lady of a high public functionary, having occasion for a cot or cradle for one of her children, sent to one of the royal palaces, and obtained that of the Comte de Paris, which accordingly became the object of admiration among the friends of the journalist.

One of the personages thrown up to the surface by the tempest of February, was Armand Marrast, editor of the journal called the *National*. A certain aptitude for the arrangement of the details of official business, acquired, no doubt, in his long career of journalism, recommended him, as we have already stated, to one of the pro-

minent posts under the Provisional Government. After a few days' tenure of the Prefecture of the Seine, the title of which had been changed to the more revolutionary one of the "Mayor of Paris," M. Garnier Pagès was displaced by M. Armand Marrast, who held this office uninterruptedly until he was elected President of the Assembly, on the appointment of M. Senard to the Ministry of the Interior. Installed in the magnificent hotel recently completed, and luxuriously furnished, M. Marrast immediately gave himself the airs of royalty. He had receptions, parties, and balls, in which the forms of sovereignty were unparingly ape'd. No effort was spared to supplicate the more respectable classes of Paris to attend these entertainments; but those instances were unavailing—the ladies especially obstinately refused to sanction the scene by their presence. Parvenus alone were there, mingled with some foreign ladies, who went there, as they would have gone to the Porte St. Martin or the Variétés, as one of the sights of Paris.

General Cavaignac attempted similar receptions; but was even less fortunate than his friend and patron, the president. Ladies, such as they were, were found, in some considerable numbers, in the salons of M. Marrast; but no inducements could attract the women of Paris, of any class, to go to the hotel of the son of the conventional and terrorist.

Among the curious anecdotes which have been circulated respecting the origin and history of individuals who have been brought into elevated positions by this political convulsion, the following is entertaining. The lady of one of the government functionaries was once the subject of the following incident.

Charles X., before he left Paris in 1830, was on one occasion driven out for an airing, with the usual cortege. His carriage passed along the Allée des Veuves, in the Champs Elysées. A little girl, of the lower class, was playing in the road, and was thrown down by the horses, under whose feet she fell; they passed over her, but happily with but little injury. The child escaped, in fact, with some slight bruises. The king, hearing the exclamations which proceeded from the bystanders, and learning what had happened, or-

dered his carriage to stop, and sent one of his aides-de-camp to inquire after the little sufferer, and to obtain her address.

The following day a messenger from the Tuileries called with like inquiries, and also with a command on the part of the king to the parents of the child, to inform him in what manner he could best be of service to her. The mother of the child who, it appeared, was illegitimate, said she would be well contented if the king could give her 40,000 francs. Although this demand appeared somewhat exorbitant, it was acceded to but on the express condition, that the sum thus granted, should be invested for the sole benefit of the child; the interest to be applied to her maintenance and education; and the principal to be given to her on her marriage, as a "dot." This child, at a later period, became the wife of —; and by the revolution of February, was thrown into the elevated position to which we have just referred.

Many months were necessary to allow the country to recover from the shock produced on all minds by the revolution of February. Freedom of action had been suspended throughout France by the terror created by the events of February, the manifestations of the 17th of April, and the 15th of May; and this alarm had not time to subside, when the tremendous outbreak of June, in Paris, occurred. To those who are placed at a distance from the theatre of these extraordinary events, it will appear a paradox in politics, that a minority, destitute alike of numbers, talent, and respectability, and scarcely even supported by the scum of the faubourgs of the great towns, should, nevertheless, be able to occupy the government, and hold the reins of power, for nearly a year, in defiance, not only of the wealth, intelligence, and respectability of the country—in defiance of capital and commerce; but actually in defiance of the people, properly so called. Yet such is the fact. The pure republicans in France constitute a small party. They are confined exclusively to a few of the large class of towns; and the capital is their head quarters, and their stronghold. They are led by a few adventurers and journalists, possessing some demagogical talent,

unrestrained by any public principle. They have an end before them, which they will attempt to attain, by any means, no matter what—if by justifiable means, all the better; but whatever be the means, the end will be attempted.

*
"Rem, quocumque modo, rem!"

The republicans gained the seat of government in Paris, in February, by surprise. Through a deplorable negligence or ungrounded confidence on the part of the government, Paris, was, on that occasion, left with not more than 15,000 troops. Reinforcements, it is true, were quartered within a radius of a certain length around the capital; but they could not be available on the instant. When the storm, raised by the affair of the reform banquet, hurled the Guizot cabinet from power, and MM. Thiers and Barrot came to the Tuileries, called by the king in an agony of despair, Marshal Bugeaud was sent for, and asked whether he could undertake to protect the capital from the *émeute*.

M. Thiers and he walked together through the garden and the Rue Castiglione to the *état-major*, in the Place Vendôme. By reference to the registries and reports there they first discovered the deplorable state in which the capital was left exposed, and on their way to and from this place, short as the distance was, they witnessed enough to convince them of the formidable task which they had before them. Marshal Bugeaud at once pronounced that the force was insufficient. The military was accordingly withdrawn from the Boulevards and other places, with their arms reversed, in sign of measures of conciliation that were to be taken.

The bureaux of the *National* had the tact to perceive the occasion—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,"

And M. Armand Marrast and his associates, the sub-editors, printers, and compositors of the *National* seeing how to avail themselves of this, issued from the Rue Lepelletier on the Boulevards, and in six hours hurled the king of the barricades from the throne, on which the people had placed him in 1830.

In six or eight hours that throne was seen carried on the shoulders of the mob along the Boulevards, surrounded by ruffians, exposing on the points of bayonets the caps, bonnets, shawls, and other habiliments of the queen and princesses, which had been at the same time rifled from the Tuileries. They marched along the Boulevards to the Bastille, where amidst infernal shouts they burned those trophies.

The flight of the King of the French was, however, a step not advised or countenanced by MM. Thiers and Barrot, who were his actual ministers at the moment it took place. These statesmen remained in the Tuileries, in the apartments of the king, during the entire night preceding his flight. The advice of M. Thiers was that he should withdraw to St. Cloud, and there surround himself with a sufficient military force; that in the meanwhile the ministers should, in the chamber of deputies, announce liberal measures of reform, such as would satisfy all parties in the chamber, even the extreme left. It was possible, but not probable, that the abdication of the king and the regency, under the Duchess of Orleans, during the minority of the Comte de Paris, might be necessary, and for that event all was prepared. Things were in this state, when, in the evening, the king withdrew to a private cabinet, and where it is said that he took the advice of other parties, and if report can be relied on, that he had a private conference with M. Guizot. This, however, has always appeared unlikely. M. Guizot too well understood his position as a statesman to compromise himself, by assuming the position of an irresponsible adviser. Be this as it may, however, M. Thiers, having left the Tuileries for a short time, found, to his surprise, that Louis Philippe, the queen, and some of the other members of the family, had left. It was not, however, till late in the day, that he learned, that, instead of going to St. Cloud, they had fled towards the coast, with the evident intention of leaving France.

The scenes which took place in the chamber of deputies the same day are well known. An armed mob invaded it, and reckless ruffians, mingled with fierce women, took their places among

the deputies. In the midst of this confusion, the president being driven from the chair, it was proposed to march to the Hotel de Ville, which was accordingly adopted, and the Provisional Government, as I have before stated, was appointed.

The first public indication of the real sense of the majority of the country was made in the election of the National Assembly; but at that epoch the country had not yet recovered from the panic which had been excited by the events of February, and a certain timidity prevented it from returning a decided reactionary majority. The composition of the Assembly well explains the state of the public mind. As, however, time rolled on, the respectability and property of the country gained new confidence, and as the epoch of the presidential election approached, public opinion began more openly to develop itself. General Cavaignac soon discovered that, if he had any hopes of obtaining the honour of being elected First President of the French Republic, those hopes must be based upon the support of the moderate party; but how a staunch and sincere republican, without "*arriere pensée*," who was devoted to the real establishment of a permanent republic in France, could obtain this support, was not easy to be seen.

The real purpose of the moderate party, as it was called, was and is the return to monarchy. They desire, however, if possible, to return to it without disorder. They entertain a confident hope that when the present assembly shall be dissolved, the next chamber to be elected, will correspond with the sentiments, and fairly represent the opinions of the vast majority of the French citizens. If this be the case, then they think that there can be no doubt that such a chamber will, itself, adopt measures for the return to the form of a constitutional monarchy. They all declare the republic proclaimed in May to be a political lie. They all proclaim the holders of power, during the year 1848, to be guilty of usurpation; but in the case of some of them, such usurpation will be justified by the exigency of the moment, inasmuch as without it the capital must have been the theatre of all the worst horrors of anarchy. Through the chamber the

the moderate party hopes to accomplish a pacific reaction, by assenting to all, and executing the decrees of the great majority of the French people. If an attempt at violent resistance, which is not improbable, should be made in Paris, or in any of the other large class of towns, they think that the army, the great majority of which is known to be anti-republicans, and the National Guard, which is actuated by a like spirit, will be sufficient to repress it. Such is the system which govern the moderate party at the moment we write.

It may not be unprofitable to explain here, briefly, the parties as they at present exist in France.

The moderate party includes all the old dynasties of every shade and name. It includes the legitimists, who supported Henry V. in 1830, and opposed Louis Philippe; it includes, also, the Orleanists, consisting of those who would restore Louis Philippe, as well as those who would have superseded him by a regency; it includes a third party of great magnitude, who propose to conciliate the claims of both branches of the Bourbons, by establishing Henry V., the succession being settled on the Comte de Paris. These proceed on the assumption, that Henry V. will not have issue, a point which, somehow or other, seems to be generally conceded. It is understood, moreover, that the Duchess of Orleans, and the friends of the Comte de Paris, could acquiesce in such an arrangement, and that the Henry Cinqvis likewise acceded to it. Louis Philippe, it is said, opposes it; but his age and position deprive his personal opposition of all force. Such an arrangement could, it is understood, receive the assent generally of the princes of the Orleans family.

Such is the moderate party.

We have next the party called the *republicans of the Veille*; or, more intelligibly, the *republicans of the National*. This very small party is that which has occupied, and still occupies power. It fills all the offices of the state—its editors, sub-editors, contributors, clerks, collectors, servants, compositors, printers, and printers' devils, literally swarm in all the bureaux of the state. They have been fattening upon the public purse now for ten months; they have

collected around their small nucleus a large proportion of those waiters upon fortune, that never fail to collect around the holders of public patronage. General Cavaignac is their impersonation. They support his candidateship, and promote it by every means, including the most unscrupulous. The whole machinery of government is at their disposal, and they work it with unsparing activity. It is this which gives to a party, so insignificant in number and ability, the importance and power which they now possess. They profess to advocate a respectable republic; and knowing the aversion of the great majority of the French people to a low democracy, and the necessity of consulting this majority to give the least hopes of permanence to the government, they oppose themselves to the ultra-democratic party. It cannot be denied, that if a republic be established at all, it ought to be such a republic as they could advocate.

Next comes the *democratic party*, represented by the journal "*La Reforme*." At the head of this party is the popular tribune, Ledru Rollin. He goes further in democracy than the party of the *National*, but stops short of socialism, still more of communism. He is an advocate for paper money, glories in the name of the mountain, and delivers speeches at public meetings, and democratic banquets, eulogistic of Robespierre, and the old mountain of '93.

Lastly, comes the *low democracy of socialism and communism*, the type and idol of which is Raspail. Even M. Prudhon, extreme as are his views, is regarded coldly by this party, "*faute de mieux*." They show him some favor, but they think he is behind the age, and yet M. Prudhon declares christianity to be a fable, and family a joke. He says that the progress of events must inevitably dispel the illusion of religious fanaticism; he denies the existence of a God, and of every moral law than that of which the public will is the origin, yet that individual is a sort of *reactionnaire* in the eyes of the supporters of M. Raspail.

These four parties, represented among the candidates for the Presidency, by Prince Louis Napoleon, General Cavaignac, Ledru Rollin, and

Raspail, constitute the entire body of French citizens. The first consists of the great majority of the French people. In the second is included a large body of persons who would attach themselves to the first, and will do so if Louis Napoleon is elected. Exclusive of these waverers, this second party is comparably the smallest. The third, represented by Ledru Rollin, is more numerous, and the fourth, or extreme democratic party, still more so.

The political phenomena developed by the presidential election, are not the least memorable events of this most memorable year. General Cavaignac, after the suppression of the bloody insurrection of June, and after having thereby preserved Paris from pillage, and from a reign of terror, attained the summit of power.

Soon afterwards, Prince Louis Napoleon, the eldest son of the ex-King of Holland, Louis Bonaparte, the eldest brother of the Emperor Napoleon, and Hortense Beauharnois, the daughter, by her first marriage, of the ex-Empress Josephine, was elected a member of the Assembly. Popular disturbances being feared, and the possibility of an imperial movement apprehended, Prince Louis, under the advice of his friends, addressed a letter to the president of the Assembly, resigning the seat to which he had been elected, assigning as his reason, that the peace of France was dearer to him than his own personal ambition. Another election took place, by which he was again returned, and for a still greater number of departments. This time he was advised to accept. Some technical objections to his qualifications were noised abroad as being intended to be offered by the party of the government. The formidable amount of the suffrages, however, which he had obtained, prevented this project, and it was abandoned. He accordingly took his seat as one of the representatives of the department of the Seine.

While these events were in progress, the candidateship of General Cavaignac for the presidency was put forward; but it was evidently hopeless, unless the moderate party, which constituted the great majority of the country, could be propitiated. To General Cavaignac, personally, there

was neither objection nor aversion. A moderate man, endowed with much firmness of character, and free from any ambition injurious to freedom, he was more or less acceptable to all parties; but his "entourage" was odious to the moderates. He was selected by the republicans of the *veille*, not on account of his own personal qualities, but as a tribute to the memory of his brother, Godefroy Cavaignac, and his father, the notorious member of the convention, and the agent of the terror. As a first homage to this relation, Cavaignac, after February, was nominated Governor-General of Algeria; but as the situation of the capital became more and more precarious, and as the outbreak which took place in June became more imminent, the executive government felt the necessity of having beside them a soldier, on whose democratic principles they could place full reliance. To General Changarnier they owed the defeat of the conspiracy of the 15th of May; but General Changarnier was known as a legitimist. General Cavaignac was therefore recalled from Africa, and appointed Minister of War* previous to the insurrection of June. He was thus, in the eyes of the moderate party, and, indeed, in reality, personally identified with the party of the *National*, and more especially with M. Armand Marast, afterwards President of the Assembly. It was from this individual General Cavaignac was understood to derive all his inspirations; he was his *alter ego*, and perhaps public opinion even exaggerated the influence thus exercised over the chief of the state. Be this as it may, General Cavaignac, in the eyes of the moderate party, was looked upon as the creature of the *National*, and, as such, was peculiarly obnoxious. To have faced the electoral body as a candidate for the presidency, covered with such odium, would have been most imprudent. It was, therefore, arranged, by the advice of the party of the *National*, that a "*rapprochement*" should be effected, if possible, with the moderate party. Negotiations were accordingly opened with them, the result of which was, the appointment of M. Dufaure to the Ministry of the Interior, in place of M. Senard, and M. Vivien to the Ministry of Public Works, in place of M. Recurt. M. Senard was a repub-

lican of the *veille*, and M. Recurt was the friend and associate of Pepin, and was more than suspected of being privy to the Fieschi plot. This measure was, therefore, in a double sense, a concession to the moderate party—a concession, by the appointment of two of its leading members to the Ministries of the Interior and Public Works, and a further concession, by the removal from the ministry of two republicans of the *veille*, one of whom was particularly obnoxious. But this step had hardly been taken, when the party of the *National*, as it were, shrunk with timidity from the advance they had made, and seemed alarmed at having gone so far in what the more exalted democrats denominated reaction. Two appointments were accordingly made, to counteract these which have been just mentioned. M. Recurt was placed in the Prefecture of the Seine, at the head of the municipality of Paris; and M. Trouvé-Chauvel, another democrat of the *veille*, was advanced to the Ministry of Finances. It was, moreover, ascertained that these appointments were arbitrarily made by General Cavaignac, without previously consulting the two ministers of the moderate party whom he had just appointed. This step naturally created much indignation, and exasperated the moderate party even more than would have been the case if MM. Dufaure and Vivien had not been appointed. Indeed, these two personages were much lowered in the estimation of their own party, because they did not throw up their offices upon the appearance of the appointments of MM. Trouvé-Chauvel and Recurt in the *Moniteur*.

General Cavaignac thus threw down with one hand what he had erected with the other, and he ultimately presented himself to the electors as a candidate for the presidency, subject to the hostility of the entire moderate party.

While these things were in progress, the name of Prince Louis Napoleon was put forward by his friends as a candidate for the presidency, and that name instantly produced an electric effect throughout the country. It became manifest that a large proportion of suffrages would rally round it in all the departments. The moderate party were, during this time,

holding counsel as to the candidate whom they should put forward. They had, however, come to no decision until the candidacy of Prince Louis had made such progress, that the effect of their putting forward any candidate would, inevitably, as they imagined, so divide the suffrages, that none of the candidates would have an absolute majority, and that consequently the election would fall into the hands of the Assembly, who, it was well known, would elect General Cavaignac by a large majority.

The question, therefore, which the moderate party had to decide was, whether by putting forward a candidate of their own, they would ensure the election of General Cavaignac, or by abstaining altogether from voting, they would give a chance to Cavaignac to have so great a minority as still to throw the election into the Assembly, or finally, by giving their support to Prince Louis, to ensure for him an absolute majority, and thereby throw out Cavaignac.

They adopted the last-mentioned course; but the result of the election, as now known, renders it very doubtful whether, even though the leaders of the moderate party had abstained, or even if they had set up a candidate of their own, whether still the "entrainment" of the populace would not have carried the election of Prince Louis.

The result of the election has placed the chief of the executive and the assembly in a false position. Prince Louis has been elected by eighty per cent. of the electoral body. Had the election taken place in the Assembly, General Cavaignac would have been elected by exactly the same proportion of the representatives.

It is, therefore, demonstratively certain, that four-fifths of the representatives themselves, elected by universal suffrage, are directly opposed to four-fifths of their constituents; on this point Prince Louis is the nominee of four-fifths of the electors; and yet

four-fifths of the representatives are his inveterate opponents.

How, it will be asked, can so singular an anomaly be explained? The solution is not difficult to an attentive observer of the events of the year. The assembly was elected in April—the country was in a state of alarm—fears were entertained of a civil war—to have returned a large reactionary majority would, it was supposed, have inevitably produced this result. In the election, therefore, a certain amount of concessions were made by the majority to the democratic party, and the result was, that the assembly was more democratic in its constitution than was the electoral body by whom it was returned. If the election took place now, after the successive repressions of the attempts of the 15th of May and the 24th of June, an assembly, representing more faithfully the opinions of the country, would be returned.

But whatever solution be accepted, the political dilemma is apparent: the Assembly are on one side, and the president and the electoral body on the other—they are opposed to each other—and, while they are so, it is impossible to conceive that the machinery of government can move smoothly.

The necessity, therefore, of a speedy dissolution of the Assembly is generally felt. It is certain that another Assembly now elected would be composed of a majority in harmony with that of the electoral body, but it is precisely for that reason that the proposed dissolution of the Assembly is objected to by all the organs of the republicans of the *veille* and the ultra-democrats. The organs of the red republicans do not dissemble their intentions, and openly declare that, if any attempt to dissolve the Assembly by direct or indirect means were used, they are ready to go down into the streets and fight for it. What the practical result of this situation may be, time alone will show. Perhaps before these pages are in the hands of the reader, those results may be foreshadowed.

DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CXCIV. FEBRUARY, 1849. Vol. XXXIII.

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DUBLIN

JAMES M^cGLASHAN, 21 D'OLIER-STREET.

WM. S. ORR, AND CO. 147 STRAND LONDON.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

THE Editor of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, finding it quite impossible to read and answer the innumerable communications sent to him, gives notice that he will not undertake to read or return MSS. unless he has intimated to the writer his wish to have them forwarded for perusal.

Dublin, January, 1849.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

NO. CXCIV.

FEBRUARY, 1849.

VOL. XXXIII.

ART AND ARCHITECTURE.*

SUCH of our readers as take an interest in the topography of ancient Jerusalem, will be well pleased to recognise the name of Mr. Fergusson, whose speculations on the site of our Lord's sepulchre were lately noticed in our pages. In those speculations, Mr. Fergusson displayed considerable scholastic learning, and a very extended knowledge in architecture, joined to great boldness and originality of thought. But boldness in arguments of that kind, is not a merit; and Mr. Fergusson's book on the topography of the Temple, will be more valued for its architectural details than its historical inferences and suppositions. He has now assumed a more congenial task, and with better prospect of success in the work before us—a work, too, in which, if he succeed, even to a small extent, he will gain enduring fame and honour. And although, in our judgment, he has set about his undertaking in a way much too ambitious, and betrays in his collateral disquisitions an excessive vanity, we are indebted to him, so far as he has gone, for some new and highly valuable views on the connexions and affiliations of the different schools of architecture; and we have no doubt that when he shall have completed his exposition of the Eastern styles, in his promised second volume, not only the architect, but the philosophic historian and ethnologist will have to own themselves obliged by his labours.

The collateral matter which we have referred to, as irrelevant as

any subject of human knowledge can be to another; being nothing less than a new digest and classification of the entire cyclopædia of the arts and sciences, beginning with theology and the pure mathematics, and coming round, through (*inter alia*) music and gastronomy, to religion and theology, where the circle began. In this department we have abundant new divisions and terms of philosophy, not heretofore in use—technics, æsthetics (an unhappy word, the cloak of so much naked pretension, new-turned and lined by our author), phonetics, eu-phonetics, chromatics, eu-chromatics, anthropics, and what not. Mr. Fergusson conceives himself under a necessity of re-arranging all these, before he can properly approach his subject; and in the new distribution and classification which he makes of them, exhibits an exorbitant and obtrusive self-esteem, by no means calculated to conciliate the favour, or secure the confidence, of his readers.

He dwells with singular complacency on the obstacles which, it seems, he has had to surmount in the early pursuit of learning:—

“In early life my mercantile pursuits kept me too close at the desk to have time for society, and having no taste for the ordinary amusements of my fellow-labourers, I sought my only distraction in reading—and, as was to be expected, soon read my head into a chaos. I struggled long and hard to classify the ill-digested mass of incoherent facts with which my brain was filled, but for a long time in vain; till this division into

* “An Historical Inquiry into the True Principles of Beauty in Art, more especially with reference to Architecture.” By James Fergusson, Esq., Architect. Part I. London: Longmans. 1849.

sciences and arts [viz., meaning by the former, a *knowledge of all that nature does without man's intervention*; by the latter, a *knowledge of all those modifications that man works on nature's productions*] broke upon me, and all became clear. It came upon me like a flash of lightning. From that hour I never had any difficulty, however various my readings might be. Every new fact found at once its appropriate pigeon-hole in my brain—nothing came amiss to me; and I am convinced that if I have two ideas more original, or more worth reading than those of my neighbour, I owe it to the happy inspiration of that hour."

Yet any one disposed to quarrel with our author's definitions would not, we apprehend, have much difficulty in showing them to be by no means absolute, although accurate enough for the rough rudiments of self-education. It must not be supposed, however, whatever conventional protestations custom demands on such occasions, that Mr. Fergusson alleges his early disadvantages with any apologetic view: on the contrary, it rather seems by way of enhancing the merits of a success, admirable in any case, but in this, wonderful beyond precedent.

"Few men have, either from education, or the professional pursuits of their life, been less prepared for such a work as this. From boyhood I was destined to the desk. From school I passed to the counting-house; from that to an indigo factory—of all places in the world, perhaps, the one least suited for any knowledge of the fine arts; from this to become an acting and active partner in a large mercantile establishment, from the trammels of which, in spite of every endeavour, I have never been able to free myself; and during the time this work has been in hand, I have written, and, perhaps, also thought, more about the state of the money-market, indigo, sugar, silk, and such-like articles, than I have regarding architecture, painting, or sculpture."

All this, and more in the same taste, had better been omitted; and in future editions of the work, which its proper merits justify us in expecting, we may possibly be spared both what is personal to the author, and what is impertinent to his subject.

His subject is architecture—his object, the elevation of his art, by every practicable method of proportion,

form, colouring, and expression, consistent with fitness. The aim is sufficiently lofty for the highest exercise of any one man's energies. In taking a survey of what has been already achieved by different nations, at various times, in their several modes of building and decoration, the whole field of history, chronology, and ethnography is open to the investigator. He is at liberty to range through a space of five thousand years in time, and over a surface co-extensive with the habitable globe. But he will perform his task best, who makes fewest excursions into collateral topics; who indicates the origins and affiliations of architectural styles, by architectural, rather than philological remains, and who gives most new materials to the historian, with the least amount of aid from history. Supposing, however, that the survey of all that has been done were completed, and all the collateral aids of learning exhausted in classifying and analogising existing structures, it would remain to apply whatever general principles had been evolved in the investigation, to the further advancement of the art, and perhaps to the production of new forms of architecture, as proper to our own times and circumstances, as the Egyptian, the Greek, or the Gothic, were to their respective localities and epochs. In the ultimate prosecution of an undertaking of this nature, there would doubtless be room for speculations of a widely discursive kind; but, for the present, Mr. Fergusson professes to be engaged only in the preliminary survey, and of that survey, a half only is completed; and the generalisations as yet suggested are consequently imperfect, and give no ground for any suggestion of further advancement in the art. We protest, therefore, as we have already protested, against these ambitious beginnings which, even were they in commensurable elements, are so little likely to have corresponding conclusions in the end.

It is satisfactory, after having discharged a duty of censure, to find room for an equivalent of commendation; and the agreeable task now remains to us of doing justice to a mind of undoubted vigour and originality. We beg our reader will forget that we have had to expostulate against ex-

travagances, and to reprove the foibles of an over-confident genius. If our author have succeeded, as we think he has, in setting some things, of great moment in his art, in a new and true light, he deserves, if not toleration, at least an amnesty for faults which, after all, are but the indiscreet expression of one element of intellectual vigour.

Among the novel views which Mr. Fergusson has opened to us, we assign the most important place to his exposition of the means of lighting interiors, and his reconciliation of the modes by which this was accomplished in Egyptian halls, in Greek temples, in Roman basilicas, and in Gothic churches. If he be right—and we have strong and independent reasons for believing that he is right—in his views on this subject, a great and perplexing discrepancy has been removed; the Greek genius is relieved of what has been always considered, save by those bound by architectural superstitions, as a reproach; and a new step has been taken towards the generalisation of architectural interiors.

We shall best, perhaps, make the necessary preliminary explanations, by describing the form and arrangement of the Roman basilica, as a species of middle type, from which the earlier and later designs may be deduced. Let the reader imagine a barn-shaped building, of lofty and narrow proportions, having a row of windows immediately under the eaves in the upper part, and a series of open arches on the level of the floor, in the lower part of each side wall. Add, at each side of this central structure, a wing of the same length, but of half the height, and cover in these lateral sheds by pent-house roofs, sloping upward to the under sills of the windows of the central building. The interior, so constructed, will thus be divided into a central apartment, or nave, communicating through open arches, with an aisle at each side, and lighted by windows opening above the roofs of these lateral apartments. These windows, so pierced in the upper story of the central building, are called the clerestory, and, in the basilica, are so proportioned as to leave intervals in the wall of sufficient solidity to support the roof, which in buildings of that kind re-

quires no great strength in its supports, being framed of timber, and so bearing directly downward. In Gothic buildings, however, where the roof is arched and constructed of stone, the whole strength of the side wall, even undiminished by any apertures, would not suffice to resist the lateral thrust of the vault; and to give the necessary strength, external buttresses have to be added. These buttresses, however, if composed of solid masonry, would cross and intersect the aisles, cutting them up into separate divisions, which would destroy the effect of the interior. They are, therefore, carried across and over the aisles by light arches, springing from the external walls, and so assume the graceful and picturesque form of flying buttresses. By these, in fact, the pressure of the vault is resisted, so that the architect, in designing the clerestory, finds himself at liberty to cut away as much of the side-wall as he pleases; and instead of the limited opes of the clerestory of the basilica, may, if he will, and as in fact in many instances he has done, convert the whole upper part of the walls of the nave into a lantern of windows. And hence arises not only one great beauty of the Gothic interior, but a great part also of its awe-inspiring effect. For, the flying buttresses which really prop the roof, being concealed from the spectator by the interventions of the lantern of stained glass, he seems to walk beneath a vault of stone, suspended by invisible means, at a height of a hundred feet above his head; the only apparent supports of which, the light pillars and slender piers between the windows of the clerestory, are plainly insufficient to bear so great a pressure. Whether the sense of insecurity, which undoubtedly enters to a considerable extent into the complex feeling of awe inspired by such an interior, be a legitimate emotion to bring in aid of religious sentiment, is a question not calling for discussion here; but the philosophic critic would probably give the preference to an interior which should excite emotions of religious awe to an equal degree, without the aid of any trick or artifice of construction. The basilican interior can hardly be said to do this; for, though all appears complete, secure, self-evident, and self-sustained, the sense of

awe is there subordinated to the perception of beauty and fitness. But the perfection we have spoken of unquestionably belongs to the great Egyptian interiors, where the emotion of sublimity is excited more powerfully than even in the noblest Gothic structure, and that quite independently of any concealed or unapparent arrangement of the parts, but resulting wholly, as, in the minor degree it does in the basilican interior, from the grandeur of the masses and the harmony of the proportions.

Here possibly the reader may object, that in instituting this comparison between a basilican and Egyptian interior, and in comparing both with a Gothic one, we are no longer dealing *in pari materiâ*. But, in truth, the three styles of interiors are alike in all their principal features; for, the Egyptian hall consists, like the Gothic or basilican hall, of a central apartment or nave, with lateral apartments or aisles, rising to a lower elevation, to which access is given through openings between rows of columns, while the light is admitted through apertures in the upper walls of the central buildings—in fact through a series of clerestory windows, looking out over the lower level of the lateral roofs. Mr. Fergusson's description of the great hypostyle hall at Karnac conveys a sufficiently distinct idea of such a structure, and of its effect on the beholder:—

"In plan it is a perfectly regular rectangle of two squares, being about 170 east and west, and 340 north and south; it is again divided into four equal parts—one of which, in the centre, is higher than the side-aisles, its height being equal to its width; and its roof is raised above them one-third, so as to admit light to the hall through a range of clerestory windows, precisely as is done in Gothic cathedrals.

"On looking at the plan it will be observed that the central ranges of columns, which are sixty-four feet in height by thirty in circumference, do not stand in the same lines, north and south, as the side ranges, which, according to our modern rules of art, would, of course, be put down as a defect; but I cannot consider it as such, nor even suppose that it arose from the usual symmetriphobia so observable in all the buildings of Thebes, but that it really was done to heighten the effect;

for it will be observed that the whole light was admitted to the central compartment, either through the two great doors at either end of it, or by the clerestory; so that any one standing there was in the blaze of the light, but looking to the right or left, could not penetrate the apparently illimitable gloom of the wings; but would see column after column, each less distinct than the other, till at last they faded altogether from his sight. In like manner, any one standing in the shade of the sides, and looking towards the centre, would see these great columns standing in the full light, and half closing the vista; so that, except in one of the ten compartments into which it was divided, his eye could not look across the centre, or guess to what length the hall extended in that direction. But with all this artistic concealment of the limits of the hall, there must have been sufficient light, in that climate, to see to read in every part of it. I do not know any other building in the world in which this effect has been attempted, but I cannot conceive anything so well calculated to give apparent size to even small dimensions, or to add so much to those that were already considerable.

"Perhaps the best mode of arriving at a just estimate of this building would be, by comparing it with some other similar well-known edifice, if such can be found.

"If we take, for instance, one of the best-known of the cathedrals of that age—Cologne: its dimensions internally are 437 feet by 340 feet by 170 feet; the one covering 145 feet, while those of the hall are 58,300 feet, the other 57,800 feet. To the former, however, we must add the transepts, which cover nearly 10,000 feet more; so that the whole internal dimensions of the cathedral are larger than those of the hall; if, however, we add to the latter the propyla and side walls, we find that it covers 88,800 feet, while Cologne occupies only 74,500 feet, so that on the whole the ground plans may be considered as tolerably equal.

"In point of constructive skill, Cologne has infinitely the advantage over the other. At Karnac, for instance, in the central compartment, the proportion of the open space compared with the points of support is as one to five and a-half, and in the sides only as one to four nearly; while at Cologne the proportions are as one to sixty and one to forty. . . I am not prepared to say that the hall at Karnac does not run into the opposite extreme, and fail from excess of strength; but it was plain that power was the expression they aimed at, and durability their motive. They could easily, had they

chosen it, have made their pillars of less diameters, and even with the same architraves have got a wider intercolumniation, had they placed them on the wide-spreading capitals. But on the contrary, in the centre compartment, the abacus is a square within the diameter of the column, and in the side aisles it does not project one inch beyond the least dimensions of the pillar. By these means, it is true, the whole weight is thrown on the centre, and stability gained; but they were too good builders not to have effected this with greater space, had such been their wish. It was a work of fine art, not of use, they aimed at producing, and as such only we must judge it."—pp. 215-218.

We regret that we cannot transfer, along with Mr. Fergusson's text, his engraved section of the building, a glance at which shows the positive identity of arrangements between these, the oldest structural interiors, and the Roman and Gothic halls of comparatively modern times.

But we are now to trace this similarity a step farther; and, therefore, postponing some observations on other Egyptian matters, which we shall revert to by-and-by, we proceed to show how Mr. Fergusson carries this idea of the clerestory, and with it all the picturesqueness and sublimity of an aisled and naved interior, into the temples of the Greeks—a great feat in historic architectural science, if he have been successful, and whether he have not succeeded let the candid reader now judge.

It may be necessary to premise, that the form which the Greek temple usually assumes, that, namely, of an oblong building, surrounded by a detached colonnade, was very early in use among the Egyptians, as, for example, the Mammisi at Elephantine, ascribed to Amenophis III., and of which Mr. Fergusson gives a plan and elevation (p. 226) from the great French work on Egypt. But this colonnade, with the porticos at the ends, has hitherto been regarded as the principal part of the Greek temple; for the interior building, or *cella*, we have usually considered as being either wholly covered in by the roof, and so quite dark, unless artificially lighted, or else quite open to the sky, the roof, in this latter case, being confined to the porticos at the ends, and the colonnades at the sides. And this

second arrangement is what our classic antiquarians call *hypæthral*, or the open-air style of temple. Now, every one who has reflected on the alleged construction of these hypæthral cellas must have perceived the extraordinary ugliness of such a want in the middle of the roof of a building of that kind, disconnecting, as it does, the line of the ridge, and leaving the pediments standing up as separate pent-houses at either end, instead of presenting the appearance of terminations to a continuous roof, as all their members show they were designed to do. It appears scarcely credible that a people so jealous of beauty in architecture should have suffered their finest works to be dis-outlined, if we may invent the word to convey our meaning, by an expedient so destructive of every appearance of completeness and repose. We cannot help, therefore, rejecting the popular notion of the hypæthral cella, as applied to any Greek temple, of which we have the remains still existing. Assuming, then, that such of them as we are acquainted with were roofed, and roofed with an unbroken ridge-line, had they, on the other supposition, their cellas uniformly covered in and excluded from the light of day? Mr. Fergusson says not; and alleges that they had their cellas lighted, just as other great architectural interiors have been lighted for three thousand years, by a clerestory.

Here we must again regret our inability to transfer, with our author's argument, his engraved illustrations. With the aid of an engraved plan open before him, the most correct writer is liable to fall into inaccuracies of expression, and to rest content with vague and insufficient descriptions; for the text in such a case is too often regarded as merely ancillary to the drawing, and the writer, certain of being understood through the one method of expression, is little careful of completeness in the other. But a good writer, however he may avail himself of the collateral aid of drawings, will always take care that his text shall be sufficient by itself to convey its own meaning. Mr. Fergusson, although he has read much and thought more, and is in no way deficient in reliance on himself, is not a good writer. His text, unaccompanied by his plans, sections, and elevations, would not be

fully intelligible, even to a reader well skilled in these subjects. We may take this occasion to observe, that the same remark, in a still greater degree, applies to Colonel Vyse's "Pyramids of Gizeh," a work frequently cited by our author, where the most accurate plans, and pictorial illustrations of great excellence are united with written descriptions of the most inordinate and least intelligible character. Since, therefore, we cannot say with Mr. Fergusson

"The annexed ground-plan, with the plan, transverse, and longitudinal sections of a portion of the roof of the temple, will explain, better than words can do, what I believe to be the mode in which the roof was arranged and the temple lighted—"

we must endeavour to supply a verbal explanation of his theory. It appears that the *cella* of the temple of Apollo Epicurus at Phigalia is still standing; and running round the interior of the *cella*, at the height of the external entablature, is a sculptured frieze of elaborate beauty, and such as must plainly have been lighted by some method very different from any possible arrangement of lamps. To suppose it hypæthral, in the sense we have explained, involves a more than usual difficulty; for in that case the frieze would have had the cornice proper to a complete entablature, and would probably have risen to such a height as to screen the reverse view of the lateral roofs. Independently, therefore, of the difficulty of supposing such a discontinuance in the temple roof, as the hypæthral adaptation would require, there are these additional reasons for concluding that the light to this frieze must have been admitted by other arrangements. But here, as everywhere else, in the case of the Greek temple, the roof, having been of wood, has disappeared, and we are left to speculate on its arrangements from the walls and columns which alone remain. The columns of the *cella* of this temple at Phigalia, however, are placed exactly opposite the intervals of the columns of the peristyle, indicating, that whatever opes may have existed in the roof for the admission of light to the interior, occupied spaces in line with the external columns; as, otherwise the continuous portions of the roof, yielding the principal amount of drainage, would

not be in line with the gargoyles, or spout-mouths of the external cornice, which are always found in the intervals between the columns of the peristyle. Internal apertures, corresponding to such opes in the roof, must, consequently, have fallen in the intervals between the impostes, or whatever other members in line with the columns of the *cella* may have risen above the internal frieze, for the support of the central part of the roof. But such a row of openings between pilasters, or other similar continuations of the columns of the *cella*, admitting the light above the frieze, would, in fact, constitute a perfect clerestory, in no respect differing from that of the Egyptian, Gothic, or Basilican interior, and only distinguishable externally by being covered with a continuous roof, extending from the ridge-line of the central compartment in one plane down to the eaves of the lateral colonnades.

Sections of the temple at Phigalia, of the temple of Jupiter at Agrigentum, of the Parthenon, and of the Eleusinian temple of Ceres, illustrate the applicability of the principle to every species of interior. The last exhibits a striking resemblance to the Egyptian model on which Mr. Fergusson, with great appearance of probability, contends that the Greek interior was formed; for the nave of the temple of Eleusis was flanked by a triple series of columns, just as the nave of the hall of Karnac had at each side a seven-fold aisle, if we may use the expression, meaning a lateral hall divided by a series of seven rows of pillars into so many compartments. The three-fold aisle is a feature of frequent occurrence in the greater Gothic cathedrals, as at Milan, where, in walking up the nave one seems to move amid a forest of clustered columns, disclosing at each step new vistas of ever-varying beauty and mystery. What the effect of a seven-fold arrangement of that kind must have been to the spectator who, having approached through the avenue of sphynxes, and passed the gigantic propyla of Luxor, advanced into the great hypostyle hall, with these apparently interminable vistas of huge pillars losing themselves in shadow on his right hand and left, we may judge of from the emotions of solemnity

and wonder which crowd on us from the aisles of Milan or Cologne, though but a third part as various in their combinations, and not of half the linear extent, of those vast lateral ambulatories of the Theban palace. Even now, half choked with sand, unroofed, disjointed, and defaced by the vicissitudes of three thousand years, these mighty pillars, with their architraves and girders of squared stone stretching over spaces equal to the span of most of the vaulted roofs of modern buildings, fill the mind with a sense of the presence of power beyond any other covered structure ever erected by the hands of man. The spectator, recalling the multitudinous contrivances and collateral aids required for the production of a Gothic interior, stands astonished at the majestic simplicity which so overawes him in the combination of horizontal stone blocks and upright columns around and above him. Yet, doubtless, a combination of even greater lintels imposed on still mightier pillars might be made, which would produce no feeling of grandeur or beauty, and might possibly even fail to convey the sense of power; for, although its law be, and probably will for ever remain, inscrutable to us, there is a definite proportion of dimensions, and of masses to spaces, which conveys at once the greatest notion of height and breadth, of solidity and extension, that the materials employed are capable of producing; and the same, or even greater materials, put together in other proportions, while exaggerated in their effect of height, would, probably, be unduly diminished in that of breadth; or while increased in seeming bulk and solidity, would want the appearance of room and expansion. Mr. Ferguson's observations on this law of proportion suggest a curious analogy between artistic and mechanical power:

"I have before alluded to the law in mechanics that, by multiplying power by time, or the contrary, it is possible, by the sacrifice of whichever element is of least value, to obtain a corresponding quantity of the other. A similar law exists in architecture, where it is always possible to obtain immense apparent size when we can afford to sacrifice real space; and on the contrary, when space must be obtained, it must always be at the expense of apparent size. Thus, if

every alternate column were removed from the design of the hall at Karnac, it is true the accommodation it would afford to multitudes would be greatly increased, but its apparent size diminished at least one-third or one half; and its roof would then be awkwardly low, and its whole proportion disagreeable and bad. On the other hand, were the number of pillars in Cologne cathedral doubled, all its dimensions, both of height, width, and length, would be very much increased; but at the same time its proportions would be bad, the height, at least, painfully so; and it would be utterly unfit for a Christian church, or the display of any of the ceremonies of which it forms a part. One of the most striking examples of this rule is St. Peter's at Rome, where, with unparalleled linear dimensions, the architects, from their ignorance of the true principles of design, have thrown away the means at their command, and produced only a comparatively small-looking building. Cologne errs also on this side; but in no building that I know of, has the same effect been produced by the same linear dimensions as in the hall at Karnac; a little more space in the floor, or a few feet more in the height of the roof, would not only have thrown it out of proportion, but have diminished its apparent size to a very perceptible extent."—pp. 218, 219.

We are quite sensible that St. Peter's at Rome produces at first an effect far less imposing than is due to its real dimensions. But it is hardly becoming in any one of our generation, even though he were a great scholar and mighty architect, which Mr. Ferguson is not, to speak irreverently of Bramante, Raffael d'Urbino, and Michael Angelo, who are thus arrogantly censured for ignorance of the true principles of design. It is true, they might easily have made a more imposing show at first sight with the materials they have employed; but the spectator would have lost the pleasure he now enjoys in the gradual growth and dawning on his mind of the true dimensions. Nowhere else has this delightful consciousness of enlarging senses been so fully secured to the beholder of any architectural interior; and when the spectator considers the simple modesty which at first encouraged him to enter undismayed, and finds that those unambitious forms are growing every instant more superb—more expanded—

more majestic around him—he experiences an emotion in some degree analogous to that of one admitted to the conversation of a great man of unaffected manners and of mighty mind, who first wins, then delights, and finally commands us. That the nave is too lofty for its breadth will, probably, be felt by most educated eyes; but there are reasons for this which justify a departure from the best proportion in an inferior feature, for the attainment of greater grandeur in the principal one. We have here, however, strayed from an Egyptian into a modern Roman interior, where the adoption of the dome, both in the intersection of the transepts and over the several compartments of the aisles, and lateral chapels, renders the clerestory a subordinate feature; and we are as yet unwilling finally to take leave of this theory of clerestory-lighted interiors.

The under surface of the flat stone roof of the Egyptian hall—flat, because rain never fell in that climate, and it was only necessary to exclude the sun—constituted the internal ceiling. The rainy climates of Greece and Italy required a sloping roof, and in the earlier basilican interiors the under surface of the covering tiles, bare or boarded, was always left visible through the timber frame-work. But the Greeks never appear to have suffered the ceilings of their temples to present any other than the flat surface, which they had, probably, learned to admire in the country of Danaus, for such we constantly find to be the form of ceiling remaining in their porticos and peristyles. Of the four varieties, then, of clerestory-lighted interiors (assuming our author to have established his theory), the two earlier are flat-ceiled, and the two more recent, pointed or vaulted. Our modern flat-ceiled structures, by a curious inversion, would thus appear to be more antique in their interiors than even the mediæval and later Roman buildings. Neither are our windowed exteriors the modern invention we are in the habit of supposing. There is at Medinet Habou a pavilion, or country palace of Rhameses the Fourth, an Egyptian monarch of the eighteenth dynasty (a period not far removed from the Exode), which is as amply windowed as any suburban villa of modern Italy. It was not, therefore,

from any inattention to the means at their disposal for admitting the light through apertures in the side-walls of the hall of Karnac, that so much pains were taken by its builders to elevate the clerestory over the roof of the aisles. The motive both here and in the Greek temples, and in such early basilicas as were wholly lighted from the clerestory, was probably security, the same motive which induced the builders of the Bank of England, and the adapters to the purposes of a bank of our old Irish parliament house, to leave the external wall unbroken, and admit the light for their chief apartments through lantern roofs, the same in principle as those of which we have been writing, however unlike in material and durability.

The Egyptian taste in sloping outlines for their vertical features, has been referred to a supposed theory of theirs, that such forms increased the apparent perspective, and by exaggerating the distance, increased the seeming magnitude of their edifices. We apprehend that mode of construction was adopted simply on account of its strength; for forms of that kind do not prevail in the façades of their rock-cut tombs or temples, where the solidity of the rock dispenses with precautions for securing strength, although the artist would, in works of this kind, have as much of the motive for producing an imposing effect as in any structural erection. Mr. Fergusson, however, is in error when, speaking of the sloping jambs of the Pelasgic doorways, he says—"Modern architects, with their usual felicity, have always assumed these sloping jambs to be an Egyptian feature: because, forsooth [this style of writing is by no means commendable] the Egyptians sloped the outside of their walls, to give them strength—to make them half-pyramids, in short—the architects assume that they adopted this weak form for their jambs. Had an Egyptian sloped them at all, it would have been the reverse way; but in every instance I know of they are perpendicular: I do not believe a sloping jamb exists in the whole valley of the Nile." Except, perhaps, Mr. Fergusson admits, in the pavilion of Medinet Habou; though for the accuracy of the drawing of that pretty pavilion, if we may use such words in reference to

an Egyptian villa, he will not vouch. There can be no mistake, however, in the doorway of the temple of Sabooa (Vyse, vol. i. p. 38), where the ope of the doorway is a truncated triangle—the jambs sloping inward at the top, in lines parallel to the external profile of the propylon. It is quite true, however, that the Egyptian doorways are generally square-jambéd; and it may be that the internal jambs, both of the windows of the villa of Medinet Abou and of the doorway of the temple of Sabooa, do not correspond with the sloping external outline—for a door or shutter hung on a sloping jamb is a very inconvenient kind of closure, and any Egyptian doors which remain appear to have been hung perfectly square and true, on bronze pivots, attached to the panel by clasp-hinges. The slope-jambéd entrances to the Pelasgic and Cyclopean structures may possibly have been furnished with some other kind of portcullis or shutter. Self-closing doorways, however, as those hung on such jambs necessarily are, may have been deemed the more eligible kind in early and insecure states of society; but, in whatever way a peculiar arrangement such as this, in any of the arts of life, may originate, it soon becomes a matter of taste and fashion; and most probably at the time these buildings were erected, all considerations of whether the sloping jamb and self-shutting door, or the straight jamb and door of equilibrium, were the preferable arrangement, had been long forgotten, and the jambs were erected inclined or vertical as the case might be, according to the impression of the builders as to what was regular and correct. It is very customary for our meaner sort of architects in this country to introduce splay-jambéd openings in buildings where features of that kind cannot exist with any degree of propriety, from the idea merely of such forms being in good taste, because they occur in some architectural models. Similar mistakes are made even by architects who have had the advantage of a professional education; and Mr. Fergusson has to censure the restorer of the Doric temple of Jupiter, at Agrigentum, for the suggestion of openings of this form. And here we may notice a striking distinction taken by Mr. Fergusson between the architecture of

the Doric and Ionian races. The Doric taste, he thinks, looks evidently to Egyptian models; and we have seen how strenuously, although in some measure erroneously, he insists on the perpendicular form of the Egyptian door. But the Ionic method, which certainly has no prototype in the valley of the Nile—whatever may be thought of the resemblance between its horizontal volute and the upright volutes of the Persepolitan capitals—is found associated with inclined vertical members in the country of the Cyclopean remains, of which the sloping doorway is the distinguishing characteristic; and hence Mr. Fergusson suggests the inference—so, at least, we read the hints of opinion which he throws out—that we ought to look for the very early Greek and Italian associations rather in the Ionian and Lydian, than in the Egyptian or Syrian direction.

And there are some facts which tend to confirm this view. The first of these which we shall mention, depends, however, on a somewhat speculative, though likely enough, suggestion. Over the splay-jambéd Cyclopean gateway of Mycenæ, between the lions, is a *stele*, or column, surmounted by a singular entablature, of which the most remarkable features are four balls, or circular discs, concerning which there have been many and conflicting speculations; but what Mr. Fergusson remarks, and what appears very likely, is, that these disc-shaped members of the entablature have their models in the rock-cut tombs of Lycia, where all the carpentry-work of a wooden structure is imitated in stone, even to the circular ends of the round poles laid as rafters, which support the cornice. Looking at any of these tombs in Sir Charles Fellowes's, or Messrs. Spratt and Forbes's illustrations, it is very hard to avoid admitting the identity of the modes of decoration, and the strong probability of Mr. Fergusson's suggestion, that the builders of Mycenæ had derived their ideas of decorative design from the same source that suggested these carpentry models to the excavators of the rock-cut tombs of Lycia. Another fact bearing on the same argument is of a less problematical character. The most frequent form of the Etruscan sepulchral tombs is a low cone imposed on a cylindrical substruction,

with string-courses of cut stone round the base. The Lydian tomb of Tantalus, at the mouth of the Hermus, on the bay of Smyrna, is exactly such another. Mr. Fergusson truly says it would be as appropriate in the Necropolis of Tarquinii as where it stands, under Mount Syphilus. It contains, besides, a vaulted stone chamber, constructed precisely as that of the treasury of Atreus, indicating the direction in which we may look for another link in this chain of affiliations. Connected with this last-mentioned chamber, is the fragment of a column, adorned with zig-zag and spiral ornaments, which Mr. Fergusson conceives contain the germ not only of the Ionic order, but of the principal forms both of Roman and Persepolitan decoration. How far he may be justified in views so extensive will, probably, be questioned; but no one can look at these early Pelasgic remains, and doubt the European—or, to use the phrase more in acceptance, the Indo-Germanic—type of the builders. The spirals and zig-zags of our Celtic stone monuments and pottery, and the splay-jambed doorways of our Cyclopean-built churches of the sixth and seventh centuries, look in the same direction, through Greece, towards Asia, and past Egypt. Another feature worthy of remark in this view of early Latin and Eastern analogies, is the employment, by the Etruscans, of the *petasus*, or parasol-shaped covering over their tumuli. Thus the tomb of Porsenna, however it may have been constructed—and we can hardly believe that it resembled any of the restorations we have seen of it—was certainly surmounted by an ornament of this kind; probably of thin metal, from the margin of which bells were suspended. Mr. Fergusson alleges that to this day such structural umbrellas, with their bells appendant, are to be commonly found covering the tops, or sepulchral moles of the Buddhist countries of the East. On this point we shall be glad to have the evidences of the fact in detail, when Mr. Fergusson comes to give us his survey of the oriental schools of architecture; for as yet he has not carried us eastward of the Euphrates. We believe there is no department of architectural study more likely to reward the investigator with new illustrations of European origins, than this walk, in which Mr. Fergusson appears

to be personally conversant, but which we regret to find is postponed for his second part. Had he been content to pretermitt the ambitious and irrelevant excursions which fill half of the present volume, and to have given us, instead, authentic illustrations of the Hindoo, Burman, and Javanese schools, we might now have the satisfaction of thanking him for new lights on the history of the world, instead of limiting our approval to the comparatively narrow speculations in which alone he has so far given any practical or praiseworthy assistance.

The assignment of the Dorian tastes to an Egyptian original, is also to some extent supported by the remains of the Grottos at Beni Hassan, where pillars of a very nearly Doric design are found supporting the architraves of excavated fronts of tombs. Still the absence of the pyramid, the peculiar characteristic of early Egypt, from every other part of the Levant, interposes a difficulty by no means easy to surmount, in speculating on a Doric progress from the valley of the Nile. Could it be that these forms of tombs were peculiar to, and reserved for, the royal cemeteries of Egypt, and that the subject or weaker nations were prohibited their use? The spherical tumulus, the cone, and the mole, or truncated tower, are the forms of structural tombs employed in Italy, Greece, and, it would seem, in Asia Minor. We are aware of no pyramid on the European side of the Mediterranean waters, save one mentioned by Pausanias, between Argos and Epidaurus (the same, probably, which is noticed as still existing by Mure), and the comparatively recent one of Caius Cestius at Rome. If, then, the use of that form of tomb were not prohibited, it seems hard to suppose that colonists of those countries proceeded direct from Egypt at any period subsequent to the epoch of the earlier pyramids; and that epoch is far anterior to the supposed era of Cecrops. But it is remarkable that, while the external form of the Egyptian monuments is nowhere preserved in the countries occupied by these supposed colonies of Egypt, the internal construction of their sepulchres often presents singular resemblances, especially in the labyrinthine arrangements of false passages surrounding the principal chamber, and designed to mislead the sacrilegious

explorer. Such a labyrinth exists under the great pyramid of Saccara. The principal chamber here is in the form of a shaft or well, excavated below the level of the foundation, and descending to a depth of nearly eighty feet, having at the bottom a sarcophagus inclosed in a separate sanctuary. Round this central shaft are disposed a multitude of galleries on various levels and inclinations, passing under and over one another, in some instances leading to *cul-de-sacs*, in others returning on themselves, but none of them communicating with the main chamber. A labyrinth of somewhat similar design is represented by Mr. Fergusson, from a drawing by M. Gruner, of an excavation beneath an Etruscan tumulus at Chiusi, the ancient Clusium. Part of the arrangement of the passages resembles the plan so familiar to schoolboys as the walls of Troy. The explorer might traverse two or three galleries, and find himself returned to his first point of departure. In this case, as well as in that of the great Saccara pyramid, the labyrinthine arrangement is below the body of the structure. Indeed a numerous class of the Egyptian pyramids have their chambers far below the level of the base; and the body of the pyramid, as at Saccara, seems rather an enormous immovable covering imposed on the excavated spot, than part of the actual sepulchral arrangements.

Thus, Campbell's tomb, a square well like excavation, sunk in the rock to about sixty feet in depth, westward of the great sphynx, between it and the second pyramid of Gizeh, appears to have been the commencement of just such another structure as that at Saccara, and when completed would probably have been covered over with a lid no less solid and immovable. In this shaft, also, the sarcophagus is contained in an independent inner chamber, rising at the bottom of the well-like excavation, constructed also of stone, and affording one of the rare and curious instances lately brought to light of a perfect arch of early Egyptian masonry. It is, indeed, doubly arched, the inner arch being of that singular form, composed of three digits, and this again roofed over by a regular-keyed cylindrical vault of three concentric courses of

cut and bevelled stone. There is this further matter of curiosity connected with Campbell's tomb, that the inner chamber, which we have been describing, does not appear to have been built where it stands, but to have been lowered to its present level by a method which appears, indeed, almost incredibly singular; for it would appear that the well was first excavated, then filled with the fine sand of the desert; that the little double-arched edifice, with its sarcophagus, was then built on the surface of the sand, which, confined by the walls of the shaft, would afford a sufficiently secure foundation; that the sand was then removed, and, as it was withdrawn, that the edifice settled down in the shaft just as a barge descends with the descent of the water in the chamber of a canal-lock; and that finally, before the operation was complete, and while several feet of sand still remained to be removed, something occurred to interrupt the completion of the work; for, in point of fact, as Colonel Vyse represents it, the chamber is still two or three feet from the bottom of the shaft, and rests, or we might almost say, floats, on a stratum of sand of that thickness. Nothing appears more singular in these works than the care taken to provide air for the sepulchral chambers. Here, in Campbell's tomb, both arches are provided with apertures opening into the shaft, and the same arrangement is observable in the sanctuary at the bottom of the well-chamber under the pyramid of Saccara, though in the latter instance the aperture was closed by a block of granite, sloped like the stopper of a bottle, of about four tons in weight. The king's chamber, in the great pyramid, also, is provided with two apertures, wrought through the whole thickness of the pyramid, for the apparent purpose of serving as air-channels. Hence, it has been surmised, that either living companions were shut up with the dead (for the last-mentioned channels are of such a size that food could be easily conveyed through them), or else that lights were kept burning, and visits were made to the tomb for the performance of religious rites; and in reference to the latter suggestion, it may be observed, that to the principal chamber of a pyramid there are generally two approaches, one of which

appears to have been blocked up by masonry after the interment, while the other, leading ostensibly to a lower apartment, has remained open. Thus, in the great pyramid, the upper passage, as far as the great gallery, may have been blocked up impassably, while the lower passage, leading apparently to a chamber under the level of the base, would have given access, through the narrow funnel-passage opening from its roof, to the gallery behind the obstruction, and so to the king's and queen's chambers. In connexion with the suggestion as to light, the reader will at once recall the strange tales of lighted lamps found in ancient sepulchres. Not to speculate on what may or may not have been accomplished by archaic chemistry, we avail ourselves of a curious piece of information, on this head, from a source little resorted to by antiquarian inquirers. Modestinus, the jurist, in his treatise on the law of manumission, states that a certain Roman gave freedom to his slaves at his death, on condition of their keeping a light burning in his sepulchre, giving their attendance on alternate months. "*Sacchus servus meus et Eutychia et Hiene ancillæ meæ omnes sub hac conditione liberi sunt ut monumento meo alternis mensibus lucernam accendant, et solemnia mortis peragant.*"—*Modest. leg. 44, Mavia D. de manumiss. test.* If these arrangements were not, however, designed for the purposes of visitation by the living, what shall we infer from the care so studiously taken for the admission of the vital atmosphere to the chamber of death? If it was not for lamps or religious ceremonies, was it in connexion with a belief in the future vitalisation and resurrection of the body? We will not be censured for indecision in suggesting these views by way of question on a subject where better scholars have to avoid committing themselves by couching their inattentest speculations in the same form:—

"We are left to infer," says Frederick Schlegel, "the ideas of the Egyptians on the metempsychosés from their singular treatment of the dead, and of the bodies of the deceased; from that sepulchral art (if I may use the expression) which with them acquired a dignity and importance, and was carried to a pitch of refinement, such as we find among no other people; from that care-

ful and costly consecration of the corpse, which we still regard with wonder and astonishment in their mummies and other monuments. That all these solemn preparations, and the religious rites which accompanied them, that the inscriptions on the tombs and mummies had all a religious meaning and object, and were intimately connected with the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, can admit of no doubt; though it is a matter of greater difficulty to ascertain with precision the peculiar ideas they were meant to express. Did the Egyptians believe that the soul did not separate immediately from the body which it had ceased to animate, but only on the entire decay and putrefaction of the corpse, or did they wish, by their art of embalment to preserve the body from decay, in order to deliver the soul from the dreaded transmigration."

The current of modern opinion seems, however, rather to favor the idea of a view to the immortality of the soul, and to its reunion with the body, than to its transmigration; though the tenor of ancient authority, which Schlegel has followed, was the other way. The short substance of all that antiquity has told us on this head is summed up with scholar-like succinctness and accuracy by the writer in the "*Universal History*":—

"The Egyptians are said to have been the first who asserted the immortality of the soul, which, according to their doctrine, when the body was corrupted, entered into some other animal, and passing by a kind of metempsychosis through different kinds of animals, belonging to air, earth, and water, returned again into a human body, after the revolution of 3,000 years (Herodotus). For this reason they endeavoured by art to preserve the body as long as possible, that the soul might be obliged to continue with it, and not pass into another (Servius); and, as the dead bodies by the means they used were of long duration, they spared no labor nor cost in building their sepulchres, which they termed their eternal mansions; at the same time being little curious in the structure of their houses, calling them inns, where they staid but a short time, whereas they remained in the other for a long course of years (Augustine)."

The cautious reader will, nevertheless, recollect that Herodotus knew many things he did not care to tell,

and that if the metempsychosis had been an Egyptian doctrine, leading to such practices in Egypt, we might look to find mummied remains in Pythagoras's country of Magna Græcia, where nothing of that kind has ever been discovered ; for—

“ Peter Gower journeyedde for Kun-nyng yn Egypte, and yn Syria, and yn everyche lande, whereas the Venetians (Phenicians) had planted Maçonrye, and wynnyng entrance yn at all Lodges of Maçonnes, he lerned much, and returnedde, and arrived yn Grecia Magna, waxinge and becommynge a myghty Wyseacre, and gratefully renowned, and here he framed a grate Lodge at Groton.”

After these hints, we may conclude what we have to say respecting the pyramids, with the summing up of modern speculation on their use by Colonel Vyse, from whose great miscellany of large and small matters it is satisfactory to be able to extract a passage of consecutive applicability :—

“ It appears that the pyramids were tombs ; that the inclined passages were for the purpose of assisting the conveyance of the sarcophagi, and for the better arrangement of the solid blocks, with which part at least, if not the whole, of the long entrances were closed up ; and also to increase the difficulty of disinterment and of violation. Having been closed with solid masonry they (the passages) could not have been used for astronomical purposes (alluding to a notion that the entrance galleries were designed as telescopic tubes for observing the pole star), nor yet for initiation or mysterious purposes, as some have fancifully supposed. It would indeed seem, from the great care and precaution taken to secure the preservation of the body at an expense so vast, and by means so indestructible, that in these early ages there was a settled conviction not only of an after-existence of lengthened duration, but also of the resurrection of the body. It is to be (further) observed that the discovery of the casing-stones at the base of the great pyramid, proves that those buildings had originally one smooth and polished exterior, which appears likewise to have actually existed in the time of Pliny. It is impossible, therefore, to imagine that these summits could have been easily attained or conveniently occupied for astronomical observation ; neither would their height, however great, when (as) compared with

other buildings, have tended much to the advancement of scientific purposes.”

It may reasonably be asked, seeing the great existing number of Egyptian inscriptions, and the extent to which the study of them has been cultivated, how it comes that matters of such great consequence in Egyptian antiquity as those we have been discussing, have hitherto received so little elucidation. The answer, we apprehend, must compromise the pretensions of many of our supposed translations, which present little more than a series of encomiastic titles, without statement or allegation of any kind, and which, if they truly represent their originals, are but little creditable to the character of their authors for ability in putting anything worth preservation on record. But their Greek inscriptions, which can be read with certainty, are just what might be expected from a people skilled in arts and letters, and of a practical genius. Take, for example, the Greek inscription on one of the paws of the sphynx :—

“ The ever-living gods, built thy form,
bearing [a guardian of] the ground producing
corn ;
Having raised thee in the midst of the level arable
land—
Having driven back the sand from the rocky
island,
A neighbour of the Pyramids they placed thee.
Not the slayer of Osiris, as at Thebes,
But the goddess Lucina, a most pure attendant,
Protecting the regretted good Osiris, the renowned
governor of Egypt.”

And compare it with any of the supposed translated hieroglyphs—with the inscription, for example, on the smaller tablet between the forelegs of the same monument, as Mr. Birch professes to render it by English equivalents—
“ Har, the sun, the ruler of the upper and the lower world, the victorious bull, the beloved of truth, the lord of the upper and of the lower worlds, the regulator of Egypt, the chastiser of nations, the hawk.”—It reminds one of “ the moon, water, by night, sailing,” of some supposed Irish inscriptions, not much more unintelligible.

Sir Gardiner Wilkinson is another testifier to Doric analogies in early Egyptian architecture ; but a distinct indication of the Ionic origins from the Asiatic side of the Levant, is but of recent suggestion ; and, indeed, for aught we know to the contrary, Mr.

Fergusson, in his present volume, is the first who broaches that theory in a definite form. He professes himself, however, except so far as the analogies already adverted to have influenced his opinions, mainly indebted to Messrs. Layard and Botta, for the evidences on which he has come to that conclusion, but which he is unable to communicate, pending the preparation of their forthcoming illustrations of the ruins of Nineveh. It is not a very legitimate method of proof, but we shall be prepared to give Mr. Fergusson all the credit for sagacity he may deserve, when Layard's drawings shall have established his proposition:—

"The upper part of the walls of all the apartments discovered by Mr. Layard," he tells us, "is carved with painted architectural details of great beauty and elegance, and, when published, will show that it was from this country that the Greeks got the Ionic form of their art, though it was from Egypt that they borrowed the Doric. I believe, however, that when they are published, it will be found that there is scarcely an idea or a detail in Grecian art, that may not be traced to one of these sources. . . . When the specimens on their way home are once accessible to the public [unfortunately, we believe, they have been greatly injured on their passage], and the complete drawings made by Mr. Flaminio Piccini, of the Khorsabad monument, and those of Mr. Layard, are published, I feel convinced that they will throw a stronger and clearer light, not only on the ancient history of Greece and Italy but also on that of India, than any other discovery that has yet been made; and even if we should not be able to decipher the inscriptions, the details of the art will suffice to point out the affiliation of almost all the primitive nations of Asia and Europe."—pp. 278, 279.

These are large expectations to encourage, and, so far as Mr. Botta's illustrations of Nineveh have yet gone (and a large portion of that superb work, including the illustrations of the Khorsabad monument, has now reached Dublin), we do not recognise the striking analogy between them and the remains of early Greek art which Mr. Fergusson insists on. In Botta's illustrations we are admitted among the portals and courts of a class of edifices different alike from the Greek and the Egyptian type. The leo-griff and the oriental chimera, or winged bull with the human face, which here take the

place of the sphynx, instead of presenting the smooth and contemplative character of the recumbent Egyptian monster, confront us, erect, gradient, and full of grim, intense activity. Energy and tension are the characteristics of every figure, animal and human, in these Babylonish sculptures, whether they be winged lions or taurine chimeras, constituting, while they seem also to guard, the entrances of rock-cut portals, or figures of Jemshid strangling the lion of some ante-Nemean myth, or car-borne kings, "with bended bow and quiver full of arrows," scattering their enemies, or hunting the lion. They alike differ from the rounded stiffness of the Egyptian, and from the graceful and elegant freedom of the later Greek forms; but between them and the earlier forms of Greek art, there is a striking similarity of style and execution. The high-strung and grotesque stiffness of these Babylonish sculptures is found repeated with a complete identity of feeling, in the metopes of Selinus. We also see something of the same taste in the early British and Gaulish coins, though separated from the period we refer to by so wide an interval of time. We incline to concur in all that Mr. Fergusson says, in reference to those resemblances, though we could wish his own style of writing more worthy of the elegance of his subject:—

"It is by no means clear whence the Greeks borrowed the rudiments of their art of sculpture; but I do not think it could have been from Egypt, for, in the oldest specimens of their art, I cannot trace a vestige of the formal, half-architectural mode of sculpture which that people practised, nor of the flat, conventional, profile form, which is the only one they almost ever attempted for groups. On the contrary, the Archaic forms, both of sculpture and painting, with the Greeks, are characterised by exaggerated activity, and bold, muscular development, which seem to have been their mode of expressing power, instead of the size combined with repose, which was the Egyptian manner of expressing the same thing.—On the contrary, their early sculptures are extremely similar to those of Persepolis, or, rather to those recently discovered on the banks of the Tigris, near ancient Nineveh, which, both in the degree of artistic excellence and the mode of expression, are singularly like the old forms of Greek sculpture. Perhaps both these are

the developments of some old Pelagic originals, now lost, or of which only fragments or traditions remain."—p. 410.

The word "activity" is not happily chosen to express the action of force in these Babylonish figures; it is an activity of muscles and sinews on an osteology of repose. Though Jemshid strains the lion till the claws and eyes of the beast protrude, and his own face is forced by the effort into a terrible grin, yet the poise of his figure is not disturbed, nor does he, in his exertion, turn his face to the right or left; but from the muscles contracted on his brow into a dreadful frown, to the contractor-sinews of his toes, every fibre of his frame seems engaged in the action of squeezing. The same may be said of the leo-griffs. Massiveness and stability are in all their outlines; tension, to the extent of rigidity, pervades their features in detail. Their fangs and talons are exposed; every limb appears strung with sinewy energy; the very feathers stand in their wings, with a metallic erectness; yet they seem what they are, unmoved and immovable guardians of the gates and propyla of which they constitute portion. For these winged monsters of the Babylonish buildings are not, like the sphynxes of the Memnonium, or the lions of the Piræus, adjuncts or accessories to their edifices, but parts of the building, cut out into forms of life, and full of the ostentation of potential force swiftness, and destructiveness. You thus entered the court of the Babylonish god or king, not between two piers of masonry or pillars, but between two awful forms of power and might, ready, as far as sculpture on a gigantic scale could represent, to start into life and action. Was Daniel familiar with the aspect of graven beasts like these? Did the "Three Youths" return the gaze of these stony, relentless eyes, with their glances of holy defiance? Possibly we shall know by the translation of the cuneiform inscriptions which cover the adjacent walls, and which are certainly phonetic characters, and almost certainly legible. In the meantime, we can but wish speed to the labours of Mr. Layard, and

acknowledge that, however discrepant the form and arrangement of parts and objects, in these Babylonish, and in the early Greek monuments, a similarity, too minute to be accidental, exists in the style and feeling of the sculptures with which both are adorned, and that that similarity of style is traceable not only into Greece, but also into Sicily, Etruria, and perhaps Gaul.

In connexion with this theory of Ionic and Etruscan associations, we might refer to the voluted capital of the column discovered in the painted tomb of Vulci, and of which Mr. Dennis has given a representation, in his "*Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*." It has been usual, however, to refer Etruscan monuments, exhibiting the elegant style of decoration for which this tomb is remarkable, to the later Roman epoch; and to this opinion Mr. Dennis, following the conclusions of Canina, regarding the capital in question, inclines. If this be so, the pillar of Paris and Helen tells a tale a thousand years too modern to be used in evidence on this issue. But Mr. Dennis's opinion is not lightly to be controverted; and his book is a work of too much solidity and learning, as well as curiosity and elegance, to be made the subject of a subordinate notice.

Expecting, therefore, such further lights on these affinities of early European and Oriental civilisation, as Mr. Layard may be able to give us from the decorated halls of Khorsabad,* or Mr. Fergusson from his promised survey of the monuments of Cabul and India, we may inquire whether our author has, so far, indicated any path to new or better modes of building or construction than we have hitherto been accustomed to. As he is undoubtedly a very fearless and original thinker, and not in the least fastidious in his mode of declaring his opinions, we shall at least have abundant, though crude, material for discussion in anything he proposes. But his theory, so far, consists almost wholly in negation and displacement of authority. What sort of edifice he may design to erect on such a demolition of Greek and Roman examples, as he seems to think

* Mr. Layard's learned and beautiful volumes have reached us as we go to press.
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necessary towards the preparation of his foundations, it is not easy to foresee, and he himself does not appear to know. But he has conceived the idea that England in the nineteenth century needs a new style of art, commensurate with her spiritual, temporal, and scientific advancement—that the old modes of learning are *effete*, both in letters and in building; and that new methods of construction and decoration ought to accompany a substantially new and improved order of worship. Against the Palladian school, which our forefathers regarded as peculiarly adapted to the wants of our social system, to our climate, and manners, and to the solid and rational character of our religion—removed as we have been accustomed, to consider it alike from gorgeousness and gloom on the one hand, and from unworthy baldness and sordid simplicity on the other—Mr. Fergusson revolts with a vehemence of repugnancy quite fanatical. And although he is more tolerant of the Gothic, which he regards as a legitimate exposition of its own period, he tolerates it only in and for that period, which he regards—and we think justly—as for ever past in England, and incapable of revival. What substitute he may propose remains to be seen. Possibly he postpones his suggestion, till, having familiarised his readers with Assyrian, Hindoo, and Chinese forms, he will have to deal with eyes less likely to be startled by novelties which at present they might regard as somewhat uncouth. We can imagine how the parasol roofs and tent-like outlines of Chinese architecture might lead, by an easy enough transition, considering the advancement of our English engineers in their art of suspensory constructions, to a style in which roofs of illimitable extent, and of any form the fancy of the builder might desire, would be hung from inverted cables between piers of masonry, like Menai, expanded laterally till the under surface of the flooring should become the ceiling of an apartment of an acre in extent, or Menai crossed by Hammer-smith, spreading their diagonals over an apartment of ten acres. We could imagine all the most recent aids of science employed in heating, lighting, and ventilating such a hall, and that when all was done it might express

very effectively the triumphs of modern physics; but we are at liberty to say of our own creation, that we apprehend it would be, in point of appearance, eminently ugly, and in point of durability by no means equal to an arched, or even timber-roofed stone building. Yet between a construction suspended in some such way, and one supported in something of the usual manner, by walls or pillars, we see no prospect of Mr. Fergusson discovering any alternative method, and will own that we would be satisfied to take Somerset House in lieu of all that he is likely to suggest of novelty in civil architecture, or St. Martin's in the Fields, in full discharge of his obligation to produce us something unexemplified in church building.

On this latter subject, however, Mr. Fergusson suggests an experiment which we could very well wish to see put in trial:—

“Suppose (he says) some English church-building society were to determine to erect a modern English church, which should not be either Grecian or Gothic, or, indeed, of any other style, but simply the best possible edifice for the performance of the Anglo-Protestant form of worship, it would be no easy matter to procure in England a design for such an edifice; but a good premium would produce several attempts. Suppose the best chosen, and carried into effect, no sooner is it built, than it is easy to see its defects. But let the company, having carefully noted and judged its imperfections, employ the same architect, or another, to build a second church, in which they will be avoided as far as the case admits of, few can doubt that the second church would be an improvement on the first. A third might remedy many defects that still might be detected in the second; but if this mode of elimination of defects were steadily pursued through a series of say ten successive churches, without swerving to the right or to the left, but steadily striving to produce the best possible church, the tenth would certainly be a very perfect building.”

That is to say, perfect of the kind, and in the particular taste of the first-selected model. But till some one were selected which might be subsequently refined on, the process of improvement would still remain to be begun; and in fixing on that first

model consists the difficulty. We believe all that judgment and sagacity can suggest on the general form and arrangement of a modern Protestant church may be found in the letter written by that renowned mason, Sir Christopher Wren, on his appointment to the commission for building fifty new parish churches for London and Westminster, under the statute of Queen Anne, A.D. 1707. If we could have any hope that words of wisdom and knowledge would penetrate the dull ears of those who, unhappily for the cultivation of the liberal arts in this country, now direct the construction and repair of our churches of the Irish establishment, we would extract entire the lesson set before them by Wren. But the arrogance of stupidity despises admonition, and we shall satisfy ourselves with such portions of the Grand Master's instructions as we would wish, in connexion with Mr. Fergusson's proposal, to bring before those church-building societies of England who have begun to perceive the inconsistency and mischief of mediæval restorations. After speaking of sites and materials, and declaring—what is little known, but very well deserving of the attention of builders—that the clay of London can still be made into bricks, as good as those made there in ancient times by the Romans, and more durable than any stone produced in our islands—recommending Portland stone for quoins and ornamental work externally; and cautioning the builder to use oak in the roof, because it will best bear the negligence of churchwardens, “who usually whitewash the church, and set up their names, but neglect to preserve the roof over their heads,” he goes on to say:—

“If the churches could hold each two thousand, it would still be short of the necessary supply. The churches, therefore, should be large; but still, in our reformed religion, it should seem vain to make a parish church larger than that all who are present can both hear and see. The Romanists, indeed, may build larger churches: it is enough if they hear the murmur of the mass, and see the elevation of the host; but ours are to be fitted for auditories. I can hardly think it practicable to make a single room so capacious, with pews and galleries, as to hold above two thousand

persons, and all to hear the service; and both to hear distinctly and see the preacher. I endeavoured (he says) to effect this in building the parish church of St. James's, Westminster, which, I presume, is the most capacious, with these qualifications, that hath yet been built. In this church I mention, though very broad, and the middle nave arched up, yet, as there are no walls of a second order, nor lanterns, nor buttresses, but the whole roof rests upon the pillars, as do also the galleries, I think it may be found beautiful and convenient, and as such the cheapest of any form I could invent. Concerning the placing of the pulpit, I shall observe—a moderate voice may be heard fifty feet before the preacher, thirty feet on each side, and twenty behind the pulpit; and not this (here we pray the attention of the clergyman as well as the architect) unless the pronunciation be distinct and equal, without losing the voice at the last word of the sentence, which is commonly emphatical, and, if obscured, spoils the whole sense. A Frenchman is heard further than an English preacher, because he raises his voice, and not sinks his last words. I mention this as an insufferable fault in the pronunciation of some of our otherwise excellent preachers, which schoolmasters might correct in the young, as a vicious pronunciation, and not as the Roman orators spoke; for the principal verb in Latin is usually the last word; and if that be lost, what becomes of the sentence? By what I have said, it may be thought reasonable that the new churches should be, at least, sixty feet broad, and ninety feet long, besides a chancel at one end, and the belfry and portico at the other. And we are not to observe too nicely east or west in the position, unless it falls out purposely; and such parts as happen to lie most open in view should be adorned with porticos, both for beauty and convenience, which, together with handsome spires or lanterns, rising above the neighbouring houses, may be of sufficient ornament to the town, without a great expense for enriching the outward walls.”

If we could select one passage more full of gall and wormwood for our author than another, it probably would be this commendation of the revived Augustan style for our English churches; for much as his indignation is excited against the Roman model, it burns with tenfold vehemence against the British copy. England, in his judgment, ought to be original, as she is great, in all things—ought to banish

Latin and Greek literature from her universities; and, as she has thrown off the thralldom of papal Rome, in her ritual of public worship, ought to reject the examples of pagan Rome in the construction of her temples. Old London Bridge, he argues, was as perfect a structure of its kind, and answered all the purposes for which it was intended, as completely as Westminster Abbey. We have had the courage to pull down the one, and replace it by a better; why not then pull down—but we will not participate in the sacrilege which the argument suggests. For it is sacrilege, and, in addition, folly, to speak of laying hands on monuments still beautiful, and still worthy of the magnificence and piety of their founders (however unsuited for the new erections of an age possessed with different ideas, and accustomed, hitherto, to express these ideas in other forms of construction), for the purpose, merely, of making room for something, we know not what, of our own devising. It is as if we should say, let us have a new religion; and as preparatory to devising what our new faith is to be, let us abrogate the old: let us have a new social system; and as preparatory to settling our future constitution, let us divorce our wives, and abjure our properties. "It may be asked," says Mr. Fergusson—and so, indeed, it reasonably may—"if I propose to throw over all precedent, and to abandon at once all Grecian pillars and Gothic pinnacles, and all the classical and mediæval externals, which now make up the stock in trade of an architect, what would I propose to establish in their

place? The answer is a simple, though scarcely a satisfactory one, as it is merely—I do not know. But if any one reflects a moment, he will see that it is impossible I or any one else could know, without, at least, the gift of prophecy; for the very essence of progress is its procession towards something which we do not now see, and the essence of invention is, finding out what we do not know, and what could not be known before." And the essence of vanity, it may not unjustly be added, is to deem one's-self wiser than all who have gone before; to claim the privileges of prophecy without having had either dream or vision; and to pretend to the capacity for invention without knowing what it is we seek.

That a vanity so offensive should deform the writings of an able and original-minded man, is matter of regret rather than of surprise, considering how and where the rudiments of that intellectual cultivation, the extent of which he so much over-estimates, were acquired by our author. An education at one of the universities, whose learning he so arrogantly contemns, would have taught Mr. Fergusson how much the suggestions of genius are aided by, at least, the ostensible accompaniment of modesty. But no defects, however glaring, in point of taste or style, ought to diminish the merit of these substantially new views, which, in the midst of much that is eccentric, and a good deal that is mere folly, will reward the reader honestly desirous of instruction, who takes up this remarkable volume of a remarkable man.

THE CROSS ON THE SNOW MOUNTAINS.

A SCANDINAVIAN TALE.

CHAPTER I.

A SHIP, a rude, pine-built vessel, lay tossing, and heaving, and tempest-driven, on a southern sea. Brave, wild-looking Norsemen were on her deck, breasting the storm, and controlling the ship with a desperate strength and almost ferocious energy, which, in those early days, stood in the place of skill. For it was in the time of Europe's stormy, unfettered youth, when civilisation was just dawning in those of its climes which were nearest the sun. But the ship came from the North, the wild and savage North; her pine timbers had once rocked to the tempests in a Scandinavian forest, and afterwards, winter by winter, had struggled with the ice-bound waters of Scandinavian seas. It was the ship of a Viking.

The vessel seemed struggling between the sea and sky. The leaden, low clouds almost rested on her topmost masts, as if to press her down into the boiling deep; the storm-spirits howled above her—the waves answered the roar from beneath. And in the ship there was one faint, wailing cry, which made that wild chorus the birth-hymn of a human soul.

The mother, the young mother of an hour, lay unconscious of all the turmoil around her. With the Angel of Birth came the Angel of Death; already the shadow of his wings was upon her. The Viking sat at her feet, still, stern, immovable. Perhaps he now felt how it was that the fair southern flower, stolen and forcibly planted on a cold, northern rock, had withered so soon. He sat with his grey head resting on his rough, wrinkled hands, his cold, blue eyes, beneath their shaggy brows, looking with an iron-bound, tearless, terrible grief, upon the death-white face of his young spouse.

The nurse laid the babe on a silken cushion at his feet.

"Let my lord look upon his son, his heir. This is a joyful day for the

noble Jarl Hialmar. Praise be to Odin; ah, it is a blessed day!"

The Viking's eye turned to the child, and then back again to the mother, and a slight quivering agitated the stern lips.

"A blessed day, Ulva, sayest thou, and she——"

A gesture and a glance, half of scorn and half of hatred, showed how the Norsewoman felt towards the desolate southern maid who had become the Viking's bride. Ulva expressed, in the metaphorical poetry of her country, what she dared not say in plain language.

"There was a poor, frail, southern flower, and under the shadow of its leaves sprang up a seedling pine. What mattered it that the flower withered, when the noble pine grew? Was it not glory enough to have sheltered the young seed, and then died? What was the weak southern plant compared to the stately tree—the glory of the North? Let it perish. Why should my lord mourn?"

At this moment a low wail burst from the new-born babe. The sound seemed to pierce like an arrow of light through the mist of death-slumber that was fast shrouding the young mother. Her marble fingers fluttered, her eyes opened, and turned with an imploring gaze towards the nurse, who had taken in her arms the moaning child.

"She asks for the babe—give it," muttered the father.

But the hard, rigid features of Ulva showed no pity.

"I guard my lord's child," she said; "his young life must not be perilled by the touch of death."

The mother's eyes wandered towards her husband with a mute, agonised entreaty, that went to his heart.

"Give me the child," his strong voice thundered, unmindful of the terror which convulsed every limb of

that frail, perishing form. He laid the babe on her breast, already cold, and guided the feeble, dying hands, until they wrapped it round in a close embrace.

"Now, Clotilde, what wouldst thou?—speak!" he said, and his voice grew strangely gentle.

Then the strength of a mother's heart conquered even death for a time. The Jarl's wife looked in her lord's face, and spoke faintly.

"Ulva said truly—I die. It was not for me to see again my sunny land. But my lord was kind to bear me thither once more, though it is too late. I had rather sleep under the soft billows that wash against the shores of my own land, than beneath the northern snows; they have frozen my heart. Not even thou canst warm it, my babe, my little babe!"

The Viking listened without reply. His face was turned away, but his strong, muscular hands were clenched, until the blue veins rose up like knots. At that moment he saw before him, in fancy, a young captive maiden, who knelt at his feet, and clasped his robe, praying that he would send her back to her own southern home. Then he beheld a pale woman, the wife of a noble Jarl, with the distinctive chain on her neck, a golden-fettered slave. And both wore the same face, though hardly so white and calm, as the one that drooped over the young babe, with the mournful lament—"They have frozen my heart; they have frozen my heart!"

And Hjalmar felt that he had bestowed the Jarl's coronet and the nuptial ring with a hand little less guilty than if it had been a murderer's.

"Clotilde," whispered he, "thou and I shall never meet more, in life or after. Thou goest to the Christian heaven—I shall drink mead in the Valhalla of my fathers. Before we part, forgive me if I did thee wrong, and say if there is any token by which I may prove that I repent."

The dying mother's eyes wandered from her child to its father, and there was in them less of fear and more of love than he had ever seen.

"Hjalmar," she murmured, "I forgive—forgive me, too. Perhaps I might have striven more to love thee; but the dove could not live in the sea-

eagle's nest. It is best to die. I have only one prayer—Take my babe with thee to my own land; let him stay there in his frail childhood, and betroth him there to some bride who will make his nature gentle, that he may not regard, with the pride and scorn of his northern blood, the mother to whom his birth was death."

"I promise," said the Viking; and he lifted his giant sword to swear by.

"Not that; not that!" cried the young mother, as, with a desperate energy, she half rose from her bed. "I see blood upon it—my father's, my brethren's. O, God! not that."

A superstitious fear seemed to strike like ice through the Jarl's iron frame. He laid down the sword, and took in his giant palm the tiny hand of the babe.

"This child shall be a token between us," he said, hoarsely. "I swear by thy son and mine to do all thou askest. Clotilde, die in peace."

But the blessing was wafted after an already parted soul.

Ulva started up from the corner where she had crouched, and took the child. As she did so, she felt on its neck a little silver cross, which the expiring mother had secretly contrived to place there—the only baptism Clotilde could give her babe. Ulva snatched it away, and trampled on it.

"He is all Norse now, true son of the Vikingir. Great Odin! dry up in his young veins every drop of the accursed stranger's blood, and make him wholly the child of Hjalmar!"

* * * * *

Another birth-scene. It was among the vine-covered plains of France, where, at the foot of a feudal castle, the limpid Garonne flowed. All was mirth, and sunshine, and song, within and without. Of Charlemagne's knights, there was none braver than Sir Loys of Aveyran. And he was rich, too; his vineyards lay far and wide, outspread to the glowing sun of southern France—so that the minstrels who came to celebrate the approaching birth, had good reason to hail the heir of Sir Loys of Aveyran. An heir it must be, all felt certain, for the knight had already a goodly train of four daughters, and orisons innumerable had been put up to the Virgin and all the saints, that the next might be a son.

It must be a son—for the old nurse of Sir Loys, a strange woman, who, almost dead to this world, was said to peer dimly into the world beyond, had seen a vision of a young, armed warrior, climbing snow-covered hills, lending by the hand a fair, spirit-like maiden, while the twain between them bore a golden cross, the device of Sir Loys; and the mother-expectant had dreamed of a beautiful boy's face, with clustering amber hair, and beside it appeared another less fair, but more feminine—until at last both faded, and fading, seemed to blend into one. Thereupon the nurse interpreted the two visions as signifying that at the same time would be born, in some distant land, a future bride for the heir.

At last, just after sunset, a light arose in the turret window—a signal to the assembled watchers that one more being was added to earth. The child was born.

Oh, strange and solemn birth-hour, when God breathes into flesh a new spark of his divinity, and makes unto himself another human soul! A soul, it may be, so great, so pure, so glorious, that the whole world acknowledges it to come from God; or, even now confessing, is swayed by it as by a portion of the divine essence. Oh, mysterious instant of a new creation—a creation greater than that of a material world.

The shouts rose up from the valleys, the joy-fires blazed on the hills, when the light in the turret was suddenly seen to disappear. It had been dashed down by the hand of Sir Loys, in rage that heaven had only granted him a daughter. Poor unwelcome little wailer! whose birth brought no glad pride to the father's eye, no smile even to the mother's pale lips. The attendants hardly dared to glance at the helpless innocent, who lay uncared-for and unregarded. All trembled at the stormy passions of the knight, and stealing away, left the babe alone. Then Ulrika, the old German nurse, came and stood before her foster-son, with his little daughter in her arms.

"Sir Loys," she said, "God has sent thee one more jewel to keep, give unto it the token of joyful acceptance, the father's kiss."

But Sir Loys turned away in bitter wrath.

"It is no treasure; it is a burthen—a curse! Woman, what were all thy dreams worth? Where is the noble boy which thou and the Lady of Aveyran saw? Fools that ye were! And I, too, to believe in such dreaming."

There came a wondrous dignity to the German woman's small, spare, age-bent form, and a wild enthusiasm kindled in her still lustrous eyes.

"Shamed be the lips of the Knight of Aveyran, when such words come from them. * The dreams which Heaven sends, Heaven will fulfil. Dare not thou to cast contempt on mine age, and on this young bud, fresh from the hands of angels, which heaven can cause to open into a goodly flower. Doubt not, Sir Loys, the dream will yet come true."

The knight laughed derisively, and was about to leave the apartment; but Ulrika stood in his way. With one arm she held the little one close to her breast—the other she raised with imperious gesture, that formed a strange contrast to her shrunken, diminutive figure. The knight, strong and stalwart as he was, might have crushed her like a worm on his pathway, and yet he seemed to quail before the indomitable and almost supernatural resolve that shone in her eyes.

"Ulrika, I have spoken—take away the child, and let me go," he said; and his tones sounded more like entreaty than command.

But the woman still confronted him with her wild, imperious eyes, beneath which his own sank in confusion. She—that frail creature, who seemed to need but a breath from death's icy lips to plunge her into the already open tomb—she ruled him as mind rules matter, as the soul commands the body. Loys of Aveyran, the bravest of Charlemagne's knights, was like a child before her.

"What wouldst thou, Ulrika?" he said, at last.

She pointed to the babe, and, obeying her imperative gesture, the father stooped down, and signed its forehead with the sign of the cross. At the touch of the mailed fingers, the little one lifted up its voice in a half-subdued cry.

"Ave Mary!" said the knight, in disgust; "it is a puny, wailing imp. If Heaven has, indeed, sent it, Heaven may take it back again—for there are daughters enough in the house of

Aveyran. This one shall be a nun—'tis fit for nothing else."

"Shame on thee, sacrilegious man," cried Ulrika, indignantly.

But the knight left her more swiftly than ever he had fled from a foe. The aged nurse threw herself on her knees before a rude image of the Virgin, at whose feet she laid the child—

"Oh! holy Mother," she prayed, "let not the dreams and visions of the night be unfulfilled. I believe them—I only of all this house. For my faith's sake, give to this innocent that glorious destiny which, with prophetic eye, I saw. The world casteth her out—take her, O Mother, into thy sacred arms, and make her pure, and meek, and holy, like thyself. I go the way of all the earth; but thou, O Blessed One, into thy arms I give this maid."

When Ulrika rose up, she saw that her petition had not been offered in solitude. Another person had entered the turret chamber. It was a young man—the counterpart of herself in the small, spare form, yellow face, and wild, dark eyes. He wore a dress half lay, half clerical, and his whole appearance was that of one immersed in deep studies, and almost oblivious of the ordinary affairs of life.

"Mother, is that the child?" he said, abruptly.

"Well, son, and hast thou also come to cast shame on this poor unwelcome one, like the man who has just gone from hence?—I blush to say, thy foster-brother and thy lord," was the stern answer of Ulrika.

The student knelt on one knee, and took gently the baby-hand that peeped out of the purple mantle prepared for the heir. He examined it long and eagerly—

"One may see the flower's form in the bud, and I might, perhaps, trace the lines even now," he said. "Ah! there it is—even as I read in the stars—a noble nature—a life destined for some great end. Yet these crosses—oh! fate, strange and solemn, but not sad. And some aspects of her birth are the same as in mine own. It is marvellous!"

Ulrika drew away the child, and sighed.

"Ah! my son—my noble Ansgarius—wilt thou still go on with thy un-
earthly lore. It is not meet for one to whom holy church has long opened

her bosom; and said, come, my child—my only one—I would fain see thee less learned, and more pious. What art thou now muttering over this babe—some of thy secrets about the stars? All—all are vanity!"

"Mother," said Ansgarius, sternly, "thou believest in thy dreams and revelations from heaven—I in my science. Let neither judge the other harshly, for the world outside thus judges both."

And he went on with his earnest examination of the child's palm, occasionally moving to the turret window to look out on the sky, now all glittering with stars, and then again consulting the tablets that he always carried in his girdle.

Ulrika watched him with a steady and mournful gaze, which softened into the light of mother-love her dark, gleaming, almost fierce eyes. She sat, or rather crouched, at the foot of the Virgin's niche, with the babe asleep on her knees. Her lean, yellow fingers ran over the beads of her rosary, and her lips moved silently.

"Mother," said Ansgarius, suddenly, "what art thou doing there!"

"Praying for thee, my son," she answered—"praying that these devices lead thee not astray, and that thou mayest find at last the true wisdom."

"I want it not—I believe but what I know, and have proved. It was thy will which clad me in this priest's garment. I opposed it not, but I will seek God in my own way. I will climb to His heaven by the might of knowledge—that alone will make me like unto Him."

Ulrika turned away from her son.

"And it was to this man—this proud, self-glorifier—that I would fain have confided the pure young soul this night sent upon the earth! No—son of my bosom—my life's care—may the Merciful One be long-suffering with thee until the change in thy spirit come. And this worse than orphan babe, O Mother of consolation, I lay at thy feet, with the last orison of a life spent in prayers. For this new human soul, accept the offering of that which now comes to thee."

Ulrika's latter words were faint and indistinct, and her head leaned heavily against the feet of the image. Her son, absorbed in his pursuits, neither

saw nor heard. Suddenly she arose, stood upright, and cried with a loud, clear, joyful voice—

"It will come, that glory—I see it now—the golden cross she bears upon the hills of snow. There are footsteps before her—they are thine, son of my hopes—child of my long-enduring faith! Ansgarius—my Ansga-

rius—thou art the blessed—the chosen one!"

Her voice failed suddenly, and she sank, on bended knees, at the feet of the Virgin. Ansgarius, startled, almost terrified, lifted up his head, so that the lamplight illumined her face. The son looked on his dead mother.

CHAPTER II.

LET us pass over a few years, before we stand once more in the grey towers of Aveyran.

It was a feast, for Sir Loys was entertaining a strange guest—an old man, who came unattended and unaccompanied, save by a child and its nurse. He had claimed, rather than implored hospitality; and though he came in such humble guise, there was a nobility in his bearing which impressed the knight with perfect faith in his truth, when the wanderer declared his rank to be equal with that of Sir Loys himself.

"Who I am and what I seek, I will reveal ere I depart," abruptly said the wanderer; and with the chivalrous courtesy of old the host, sought to know no more, but bade him welcome to Aveyran.

The old man sat at the board, stern and grave, and immovable as a statue; but his little son ran hither and thither, and played with the knight's wife and her maidens, who praised his fair silken hair, his childish beauty, and his fearless confidence. But wherever he moved, there followed him continually the cold, piercing eyes of the nurse—a tall woman, whose dress was foreign, and who never uttered a word, save in a tongue which sounded strange and harsh in the musical ears of the Provençals.

The feast over, the guest arose, and addressed the knight of Aveyran—

"Sir Loys, for the welcome and good cheer thou hast given, receive the thanks of Hialmar Jarl, chief of all the Vikings of the north."

At this name, once the terror of half of Europe, the knight made a gesture of surprise, and a thrill of apprehension ran through the hall. Hialmar saw it, and a proud smile bent his lips.

"Children of the south, ye need not fear, though the sea-eagle is in your very nest; he is old and grey—his talons are weak now," said the Jarl, adopting the metaphorical name which had been given him in former times, and which was his boast still.

"Hialmar is welcome—we fear no enemy in a guest and stranger," answered Sir Loys. "Let the noble Jarl say on."

The Viking continued—

"I have vowed to take for my son a southern bride. Throughout Europe, I have found no nest in which the young eagle could mate. Sir Loys of Aveyran, thou art noble and courteous—thou hast many fair daughters—give me one, that I may betroth her unto my son."

At this sudden proposition, Sir Loys looked aghast, and the Lady of Aveyran uttered a suppressed shriek; for the Vikings were universally regarded with terror, as barbarous heathens; and many were the legends of young maidens carried off by them with a short and rough wooing.

Hialmar glanced at the terror-stricken faces around, and his own grew dark with anger.

"Is there here any craven son of France who dares despise a union with the mighty line of Hialmar?" he cried, threateningly. "But the ship of the Viking rides on the near seas, and the sea-eagle will make his talons strong, and his pinions broad, yet."

Sir Loys half-drew his sword, and then replaced it. He was too true a knight to show discourtesy to an aged and unarmed guest.

"Hialmar," he answered, calmly, "thy words are somewhat free, but mine shall remember thy grey hairs. Thou seest my four daughters; but I cannot give one as thy son's bride,

seeing they are already betrothed in the fashion of our country; and a good knight's pledge is never broken."

"And are there no more of the line of Aveyran?" inquired Hjalmar.

Sir Loys was about to reply, when, from a side-table that had been spread with meagre, lenten fare, contrasting with the plenty-laden board, there rose up a man in a monk's dress. From under the close cowl two piercing eyes confronted the Lord of Aveyran. They seemed to force truth from his lips against his will.

"I have one child more," he said, "a poor worthless plant, but she will be made a nun. Why dost thou gaze at me so strangely, Father Ansgarius?" added the knight, uneasily "Ulrika—heaven rest her soul!"—and he crossed himself almost fearfully,— "thy mother Ulrika seems to look at me from thine eyes."

"Even so," said the monk, in a low tone. "Then, Loys of Aveyran, hear her voice from my lips. I see in the words of this strange guest the working of heaven's will. Do thou dispute it not. Send for the child Hermolin."

The knight's loud laugh rang out as scornfully as years before in the little turret-chamber.

"What!" said he, though he took courteous care the words should not reach Hjalmar's ears, "am I to be swayed hither and thither by old women's dreams and priestly prophecies? I thought it was by thy consent, good father, that she was to become a nun, and now thou sayest she shall wed this young whelp of a northern bear."

Ansgarius replied not to this contemptuous speech, but his commanding eyes met the knight's; and once again the bold Sir Loys grew humble; as if the dead Ulrika's soul had passed into that of her son, so as to sway her foster-child still.

"It is a strange thing for a servant of Holy Church to strive to break a vow, especially which devotes a child to the Virgin. I dare not do so great a sin!" faintly argued the Lord of Aveyran.

But it seemed as though the cloudy, false subterfuge with which the knight had veiled his meaning fell off, pierced through and through by the lightning of those truth-penetrating eyes. Sir Loys reddened to the very brow, with confusion as much as with anger.

"Isabelle," he muttered, "desire one of thy maidens to bring hither our youngest child."

The silent, meek lady of Aveyran had never a word of opposition to any of her lord's behests. She only lifted up her placid eyes in astonishment at this unusual command, and then obeyed it.

Hermolin was brought, trembling, weeping, too terrified even to struggle. Oh, sad and darkened image of childhood, when a gleam of unwonted kindness and love seemed to strike almost with fear the poor desolate little heart, accustomed only to a gloomy life of coldness and neglect. For the dislike, almost hatred, that fell like a shadow on her unwelcome birth, had gathered deeper and darker over the lonely child. No father's smile, no mother's caresses, were her portion. Shut out from the sunshine of love, the young plant grew up frail, wan, feeble, without beauty or brightness. No one ever heard from Hermolin's lips the glad laughter of infancy: among her sisters, she seemed like a shadow in the midst of their brightness. As she stood in the doorway, cowering under the robe of her conductor, her thin hands hiding her pale face, so unlike a child's in its sharp outline, and her large restless eyes glancing in terror on all before her, the Norsewoman's freezing gaze was the first turned towards her.

"By Odin! and it is such poor, worthless gifts as this that the Christians offer to their gods!" she muttered, in her own language.

"What art thou saying, Ulva?" sharply asked the Viking.

"Nothing, my lord," she answered, submissively, "but that the young Olof has at last found himself a bride. Look there."

The noble boy, whose fearless, frank, and generous spirit even now shone out, had darted forward, and now, with his arms clasped round Hermolin's neck, was soothing her fears, and trying to encourage her with childish caresses. The little girl understood not a word of his strange Norse tongue, but the tones were gentle and loving. She looked up at the sweet young face that bent over her, half-wondering at something which seemed new to her in the blue eyes and bright golden hair. Twining her fingers in

one of Olof's abundant locks, she compared it with one of her own long dark curls, laughed a low musical laugh, and finally, reassured, put up her little mouth to kiss him, in perfect confidence. Olof, proud of his success, led the little maiden through the room, amidst many a covert smile and jest.

But when the two children came near Sir Loys, Hermolin shrank back, and clung, weeping, to Olof's breast. There was no love in the father's heart, but there was much of pride and bitterness. The child's unconscious terror proclaimed aloud all the secrets of her cheerless life: it angered him beyond endurance. He clenched his gauntleted hands, and though he strove to make his tone calm, as became a right courteous knight, yet there was in it somewhat of wrathful sarcasm, as he addressed his guest.

"Jarl Hialmar, there stand my youngest child—though her looks would seem to belie the noble blood she owns. Heaven may take her, or thou—I care little which, so as I am no more burthened with a jewel I covet not."

The Norseman eyed with curiosity and doubt the frail, trembling child, who stood still enshielded by Olof's arms. It might be that the magic of that boyish love drew also the father's pity towards the little Hermolin; or perchance, the sorrowful, imploring look of those deep, lustrous brown eyes, brought back the memory of others, which long ago had drooped in darkness—the darkness of a life without love. The Jarl's face wore a new softness and tenderness when he beheld Hermolin; she felt it, and trebled not when Olof led her to his father's knees.

Hialmar, still irresolute, turned to the nurse, who stood behind, watching every movement of her foster-son.

"Ulva," he said, in his Norse language, "thou hast been faithful, even as a mother, to thy lord's child. What sayest thou—shall we take this poor unloved babe as a bride for the last of the race of Hialmar?"

Ulva's cold eyes regarded Hermolin; they wandered with jealous eagerness over the slight drooping form; the white, thin arms, that seemed wasting away like the last snow-wreaths

of winter; the quick-flitting roses, that deepened and faded momentarily on the marble cheek; and she said, in her heart—

"It is well; death will come before the bridal; and then, the vow fulfilled, Olof shall take a northern maiden to his bosom, and the footstep of the stranger shall not defile the halls of his fathers."

Then Ulva bent humbly before the Viking, saying aloud—

"My lips are not worthy to utter their desire; but has not the young Olof himself chosen. The great Odin sometimes speaks his will by the lips of babes, as well as by those of aged seers. It may be so now!"

"It shall be!" cried Hialmar. "Sir Loys, I take thy daughter to be mine, according as thou saidst. Thy church must seek another votary; for Hermolin shall be Olof's bride."

So saying, he enclosed both the children in his embrace, at which young Olof laughed, and clapped his hands, while the little Hermolin, half afraid, half wondering, only looked in the boy's bright face, and her own was lit up with confidence and joy. So, during the whole ceremony of betrothal, the baby-bride still seemed to draw courage and gladness from the fearless smile of her boy-lover, never removing her gaze from that sweet countenance, which had thus dawned upon her, the first love sunshine her young life had ever known.

When Olof was parted from his childish spouse, she clung to him with a wild, despairing energy, almost terrible in one so young. He called her by the new name they had taught him to use towards her, and which he uttered, and she heard—both how unconscious of the solemn life-bond it implied. Yet still it appeared to have a soothing influence; her tears ceased, and her delicate frame was no longer convulsed with grief. She lay in his arms, still and composed. But at that moment there bent over them a tall dark shadow: it seemed to the child's vivid imagination one of those evil spectral forms of which she had heard, and Ulva interposed her strong grasp. The last sight that Hermolin saw was not the beaming face, already so fondly beloved, of her young bridegroom, but the countenance of the Norsewoman had turned round upon her, with

the gloomy, threatening brow, and the white teeth glittering in a yet more fearful smile. No wonder that, years after, it haunted the child, com-

ing between her and the sunny image which, from that time ever visited her dreams, less like a reality than an angel from the unknown world.

CHAPTER III.

BENEATH the shadow of her convent walls the child Hermolin grew up. Her world was not that of her kindred: between her and them a line of separation was drawn that might not be crossed. She lived all alone. This was the destiny of her childhood and dawning youth. It was her father's will: she knew it, and murmured not. She lifted up to heaven those affections which she was forbidden to indulge on earth; and when she came to the Virgin's feet, her prayers and her love were less those of a devotee to a saint, than that of a child whose heart yearned towards a mother. She spent in vague reveries those sweet, tender fancies which might have brightened home; and for all brother and sister-love, her heart gathered its every tendril around the remembered image, which, star-like, had risen on her early childhood. It was her first memory: beyond it all seemed a shapeless dream of pain and darkness. The image was that of Olof. They had told her that she was his betrothed—that he alone of all the world laid claim to her; and though she understood not the tie, nor the fulfilment that might come one day, still she clung to it as to some strange blessedness and joy that had been once and would be again, of which the bright beautiful face, with its golden-shadowed hair, was a remembrance and an augury. Once, in a convent picture—rude, perhaps, yet most beautiful to her—the child fancied the limned head bore a likeness to this dream-image, and from that time it was impressed more firmly on her imagination. It mingled strangely with her vows, her prayers, and, above all, with her shadowy pictures of the future, over which, throughout her childhood, such mystery hung.

Hermolin knew that she had been devoted to the service of heaven. From her still convent she beheld the distant towers of Aveyran: she saw the festive train that carried away her eldest sister a bride; she heard from over the plains the dull lament which

told of her unseen mother's death; she joined the vespers for the departed soul. But all those tokens of the outside world were to her only phantasms of life. Far above them all, and looking down upon them, as a star looks down on the unquiet earth, dwelt Hermolin.

Yet she knew also that it would not be always so. The nuns regarded her as set apart, and not one of themselves. Round her neck she wore the betrothal ring, which as, day by day, her small childish hand grew to maiden roundness, she used to draw on, in a mood too earnest to be mere sport, wondering how soon the finger would fit the token, and with that, what strange change would come. And as her childhood passed by, Hermolin began to see a deeper meaning in the exhortations of one she loved dearest in the world—the monk who had been her confessor, friend, and counsellor all her life—Father Ansgarius.

There had come a change over the son of Ulrika. Who can tell how strong is a mother's prayer? The answering joy which her life could not attain to, was given to her death. A flower sprung up from the mother's dust, which brought peace, and holiness, and gladness into the bosom of the son. After her death, Ansgarius believed. He believed, not with the arid, lifeless faith of an assenting intellect, but the full, deep earnestness of a heart which takes into itself God's image, and is all-penetrated with the sunshine of His presence. The great and learned man saw that there was a higher knowledge still—that which made him even as a little child, cry, "O thou All-wise, teach me!—O thou All-merciful, love me!"

Thus a spirit, strong as a man's, and gentle as a woman's, guided the early years of Hermolin—the child of prayers. And so it is: God ever answers these heart-beseechings, not always in the manner we will it—even as the moisture which rises up to heaven in soft dew, sometimes falls down

in rain, but it surely does fall, and where earth most needs it. Gradually as her young soul was nurtured in peace and holiness, Ansgarius unfolded the future mission, in which he believed, with all the earnestness that singles out from the rest of mankind the true apostle—the *man sent*.

Hermolin listened humbly, reverently, then joyfully. On her young mind the story of Ulrika's dream impressed itself with a vivid power, from which her whole ideas took their colouring. And deeper, stronger, more engrossing became her worship of that golden-haired angel-youth, who, with her, was to bear unto the snow-covered mountains the holy cross. She had no thought of human love: in her mind, Olof was only an earth-incarnation of the saint before whose likeness she daily prayed; and who would come one day, and lead her on her life's journey, to fulfil the destiny of which Ansgarius spoke. But when, as years passed, her beautiful womanhood expanded leaf by leaf, like the bud of a rose, to which every day there comes a deeper colour and a lovelier form, Hermolin was conscious of a new want in her soul. It was not enough that the beloved ideal should haunt her thoughts, and look on her in her slumbers—a glorious being to be regarded with a worship deep, wild, as only the heart of dreaming girlhood knows. Hermolin had need of a more human and answering love. In all that she saw of the world's beauty—in all the new, glad feelings which overflowed her heart—she longed for some dear eyes to look into—some dear hand to press—that her deep happiness might not waste itself unshared. Looking out from her bower in the convent garden, she sometimes saw, in the twilight, young lovers wandering along the green hillside, singing their Provençal lays, or sitting side by side in a happy silence, which is to the glad outburst of love what the night, with her pure, star-lit quiet, and her deep pulses—beating all the fuller for that mysterious stillness—is to the sunny, open, all-rejoicing day. And then Hermolin's bosom thrilled with an unwonted emotion; and she thought how strange and beautiful must be that double life, when each twin-heart says to the other, "I am not mine own but thine,—nay,

I am not thine, but thyself—a part of thee!"

But all these fancies Hermolin folded up closely in her maiden bosom, though she knew not why she did so. And even when the time came that the token-ring ever clasped her delicate finger with a loving embrace, she still lived her pure and peaceful life, awaiting the perfecting of that destiny which she believed was to come.

At last on a day when it was not his wont to visit the convent, Ansgarius appeared. He found the young maiden sitting at her embroidery beneath the picture which was her delight. Often and often the gaudy work fell from her hands, while she looked up at the beautiful and noble face that seemed to watch over her.

Ansgarius came and stood beside his young pupil. His motions were restless, and his eyes wandering; and there was an unquiet tremulousness in his voice, which spoke more of the jarring world without, than of the subdued peace which ever abided within the convent walls. Hermolin was seized with a like uneasiness.

"My father," she said—for she had long since learned to give that title to her only friend—"my father, what is it that troubles thee?"

"I might say the same to thee, dear child; for thy cheek is flushed, and thine eye bright," the monk answered, evasively.

"I know not why, but my heart is not at rest," Hermolin said. "I feel a vague expectation, as if there were a voice calling me that I must answer, and arise and go."

The face of Ansgarius was lighted up with a wild enthusiasm. "It is the power of the Virgin upon the child," he murmured. "The time, the time is at hand! My daughter, wait," he said more calmly; "if the call be heaven's, thou canst not but follow at heaven's good pleasure."

"I do—I will," said Hermolin, meekly; and she folded her hands upon her young bosom, while her confessor gave her the benediction.

"And now, my child, I have somewhat to say to thee; wilt thou listen?"

"Yes, here, my father," she answered, seating herself at his feet, while her fingers played with a coarse rosary of wooden beads, which she had worn

all her life. After a long silence, it caught the eye of the monk, and he burst forth—

"Child, child, dare not to make a toy of that holy relic; never look at it but with prayers. Remember whose dying fingers once closed over it—on whose cold breast it once lay—ay, along with thee!"

"I remember," said Hermolin, softly. "Forgive me, O father, forgive me—blessed soul of Ulrika;" and, kissing the crucifix, she raised her pure eyes to heaven.

"Amen!" said Ansgarius, devoutly. "And, O mother! strengthen me to tell this child of the past and the future—mine and hers."

He remained silent for a little, and then said, suddenly—

"Hermolin, thou knowest what she was, and how she died. Listen while I speak, not of her, the blessed one! but of myself, and my sin. I lived in darkness, I scorned the light, until it burst upon me with the brightness of her soul, shed from its glorious wings when it rose to God. In that night I lay down, and dreamed I walked along a road all foul, and strewn with briars and thorns. Then came a vision; it was the last of earthly mothers, Mary. She showed me a bright pathway on which moved glorious angels, like women in countenance. One face was that which had bent over my childhood, youth, and manhood, with untiring love. Oh, mother! how I sprang forward with a yearning heart to thee; but the vision stood between us, and I heard a voice saying, 'Son, thou canst never go to thy mother till thy feet are no longer defiled. Leave that thorny way, and ascend to the heavenly road.' Then I awoke, and knew what my sin had been. O mother-saint, pray for me in heaven, that it may not be laid to my charge."

The monk sighed heavily, and bent down his head, already thickly strewn with the snowy footsteps of age. Then Hermolin stood up, and her face was as that of a young saint, resplendent with the inward shining of her pure, heaven-kindled soul; and she said, in a tone like one inspired—

"God and thy mother have forgiven thee, since thou hast done the will of both towards me. If, as thou

hast said, I must go forth at heaven's bidding, for a life to be spent in working that holy will, all men, and the angels that wait on men, shall behold that it is thy word I speak—it is thy spirit which dwells in me."

Ansgarius looked amazed, for never before had the maiden given such utterance to the thoughts which pervaded her whole life. Again he murmured "The time is near." But even while he regarded her, another change seemed to come over the fitful spirit of Hermolin. She sank at the monk's feet, and bathed them with a shower of tears.

"Oh, father, guide me," she wept, "I am not as I was; there is a change—I feel it in my heart, and I tremble."

"It is the shadow of thy coming fate, my child," said Ansgarius, solemnly; "know thy bridegroom is at hand."

Hermolin sprang up with a wild gesture of joy.

"Olof!—Olof! Is Olof here?" she cried.

And then, with an instinctive impulse of maidenly shame-facedness, she drooped her head, and hid her burning cheeks under the novice's veil she wore.

Ansgarius continued. "A ship lies at the river's mouth, and from the towers of Aveyran I saw a train winding across the plain. It may be that of the son of Hjalmar. Nay, why art thou trembling, child? Dost thou shrink from thy destiny?—thou, the chosen of the Virgin, whom I have reared up to this end with daily and nightly prayers," added Ansgarius, sternly.

But the ascetic monk, absorbed in the one purpose of his existence, knew not the wild flutterings of that young heart, nor how at the moment Hermolin was less the devotee, ready to work out her life's aim, than the timid maiden about to welcome in her betrothed, the realisation of a whole girlhood's dream of ideal love. Ansgarius took her by the hand, and led her to the Virgin's shrine. There, at his bidding, Hermolin, half unconscious of what she did, renewed her vows of dedication; but while she knelt, the noise of rude, yet joyful music, was heard, and up the hill

* For this incident in the life of Ansgarius, see the "History of Sweden," translated by Mary Howitt.

wound a goodly train. First of all there rode one, who, to the strong frame and almost giant proportions of manhood, added the clear, fair face of a youth. His long, sun-bright locks floated in the wind, and his eagle's plume danced above them; his eye, bold and frank, was that of one born to rule, and there was pride even in his smile. Yet, through all this change, Hermolin knew that face was the same which had been the sunshine of her childhood—the dream of her youth—and her heart leaped towards her bridegroom.

"Olof!—my Olof!" she cried, and would have flown to meet him, with the same child-like love which had poured itself forth in tears on his neck years before, in the castle of Aveyran, but Angarius stood before her.

"I am little versed in the world's ways," he said, "yet it seems to me that this is scarcely the guise in which a maiden should go to meet her bridegroom;" and he glanced at the coarse nun's dress which always enfolded the light form of Hermolin. The words touched a new chord in the soul of the young betrothed.

Never until then had Hermolin thought whether she were beautiful or no. In her calm retirement, she heard no idle talk about maiden's charms. Day after day she attired herself in her simple dress, and felt no grief in folding up her long silken tresses under her close veil, or enveloping her slender figure in the coarse and thick girdle of cord. But now her heart beat with anxiety: she fled hastily away to her own chamber. There she found

the aged nun who attended her, while many rich garments, such as high-born damsels wore, lay scattered about. The glistening of them dazzled and confused Hermolin's senses. She stood motionless, while the nun silently exchanged her simple robe for the new attire; and then, while she beheld herself in this unwonted likeness, her courage failed, her whole frame trembled, and she wept passionately.

Hermolin felt that she was not beautiful. Another might, perhaps, have seen, in the small, almost child-like form, an airy grace that atoned for its want of dignity, and have traced admiringly the warm southern blood that gave richness to the clear brown skin. But Hermolin had known one only ideal of perfection; and all beauty, that bore no likeness to Olof, was as nothing in her eyes.

Soon, ringing through the still convent, she heard a bold, clear voice, and the girlish weakness passed away, while a boundless devotion sprang up in the woman's heart of Hermolin. Love, which united the clinging tenderness of the human, with the deep worship of the divine, took possession of her inmost soul. When she stood before her bridegroom, she thought of herself no more—she became absorbed in him. And when young Olof, in his somewhat rough but affectionate greeting, lifted his fairy-like bride up in his strong arms, he little knew how deep and wild was the devotion of that heart which then cast itself down at his feet, to be cherished, thrown aside, or trampled on, yet loving evermore.

CHAPTER IV.

ON, gaily on, ploughing the same seas which had carried on their stormy breast the dead and the newly-born, went the ship of the young Norse chieftain. And onward to the same northern home, from beneath whose blighting shadow the dying mother had been borne, was wafted another southern bride. But it was not with her as with the wife of Hjalmar. Love, mighty, all-enduring love, made Hermolin go forth, strong and fearless. She stood on the rocking deck, with the dark, surging, shoreless waves before her eyes, not the green, sheep-

besprinkled meads, and purple vineyards of Provence, with the rude voices and wild countenances of the Viking's crew ever haunting her, instead of the vesper chaunts, and the mild-faced nuns, with their noiseless, sweeping garments. But Hermolin trembled not, doubted not, for Olof was near her, and his presence lighted up her world with joy. The freezing north wind seemed to blow across her brow with the softness of a balm-scented breeze, when she met it, standing by her husband's side, or leaning against his breast. She looked not once back

to the sunny shore of Provence, but ever onward to the north, the strong and daring north, without fear, and in the fulness of hope, for it was Olof's land.

And he, the one, sole master of this golden mine of love, this true woman's heart, pure as rich, and rich as beautiful, how was it with him? He took it as a long-preserved possession, which came to him as a right, whose value he never troubled himself to estimate. The young heir of the Viking had heard, all his life, of the southern bride who awaited his pleasure to claim her. Now and then, during the few seasons of restless idleness which intervened by chance between his hunting and his war expeditions, the soft dark eyes and twining arms of a little child had crossed his memory, but Ulva, his nurse, said such ideas were weak and womanish in a chieftain's son, and bade him drive them away with bold thoughts and active deeds, more becoming in a man.

Jarl Hjalmar lived to behold his son the bravest of the young northern warriors, and then sank into the embrace of the Volkyriæ. He died in battle, one hand on his sword, and the other grasping a long lock of woman's hair. On this relic he made the son of the dead Clotilde swear, by the soul of his mother, to claim from the lord of France, either by fair words or force of arms, his plighted bride; and so Olof, longing for adventurous deeds in any cause, went forth with all the eagerness of youth on his quest. A little while he rejoiced in his prize, like a child toying with a precious jewel; a little while he softened his bold, fierce nature, into the semblance of gentleness and love; and then, looking in his face, whereon was set the seal of almost angelic beauty, Hermolin believed in the realisation of all her dreams. The golden-haloed saint of her peaceful youth lived again in the beloved Olof.

And so it was, that in the wild fulness of this new joy, this blessed, human love, Hermolin, the child vowed to the Virgin, the pious maiden of the convent, became merged in Hermolin, the wife of the young northern Jarl. It was less the pupil of Ansgarius, sent forth, heaven-guided, on her holy mission, than the devoted woman, who would fain cling through

life and death unto her heart's chosen. Gradually the shadow of an earthly love was gliding between that pure spirit and heaven's light, and when it is so, ever with that soul-eclipse darkness comes.

When the ship yet rode upon the seas, Olof's mien wore less of bridegroom tenderness, and he grew chafed and restless at times. He lingered not at Hermolin's side, to listen while she spoke of her childish past, or talk to her of the future—of their northern home. He never now, in lover-like playfulness, made her teach him then the almost-forgotten speech of his mother's land, or laughed when her sweet lips tried in vain to frame the harsh accents of the north. Many a time, Hermolin stood lonely by the vessel's side, trying to bring back to her soul those holy and pure thoughts which had once made a heaven of solitude. But still in the clouds, to which she lifted her eyes, in the waves which dashed almost against her feet, she only saw and heard Olof's face and Olof's voice. Then she would remember the parting words of Ansgarius, when he stood watching the ship, that, as he still fervently believed, bore, dove-like, the olive branch of peace, and pure faith to that northern land—

"My child," he said, "love thy husband—worship only God."

And conscious of its wild idolatry, the heart of Hermolin trembled, so that it dared not even pray.

At last the vessel neared the land, the sublime land of the north, with its giant snow-mountains, its dark pine-forests, its wild, desolate plains. To the eyes of the young Provençale it seemed, in its winter-bound stillness, like the dead earth lying, awfully beautiful, beneath her white-folded shroud. Hermolin felt as though she stood at the entrance of the land of shadows, with its solemn gloom, its eternal silence; and yet, while she gazed, her soul was filled with a sublime rapture. She crept to the side of her young spouse, folded his hand in her bosom, and looked up timidly in his face—

"Oh, my Olof," she whispered, "this then is our home—this is thy land—how beautiful it is—how grand!"

The young Jarl looked down on his fair wife, and smiled at her evident emotion, with the careless superiority

with which he might have regarded the vagaries of a wayward child.

"Yes," he answered, "it is a goodly land; these pine-forests are full of bears, and the sea-kings have had many a well-fought battle with the land-robbers in the defiles of the mountains. It was there that the sword of Olof was first reddened," the Jarl continued, proudly, while his lips curled and his eyes grew dilated.

A little did Hermolin shrink, even from that beloved hand she was folding to her heart; but immediately she drew closer to him, and wound his arm around her neck.

"Do not say this, my Olof," she murmured, caressingly; "let us talk rather of that glad time when there shall be no more warfare, the time of which I have often told thee, my beloved, when the golden-cross shines on the white snow, and thou and I ——"

But Olof silenced her with a burst of half-derisive laughter. "Not I, my fair wife, not I. Thou mayest dream among thy pretty toys, thy crosses, and rosaries; such playthings are fit for women and children, but the son of Hjalmar trusts to the faith of his fathers. Do as thou wilt, little one, only let me handle the hunting-spear, and guide the ship, and drain the mead-cups. Odin loves the bold arm of a warrior better than the puling lips of a saint, and the blood of an enemy is more precious in his sight than a thousand whining prayers. But see, there are my good soldiers awaiting us. Hark! their shouts of welcome. Verily, I am glad to see again my father's land!"

And the young Viking stood on his vessel's deck, magnificent in his proud and fearless beauty, acknowledging his followers' wild acclaims, as they rang through the still winter air. He saw not that his bride had shrunk away from his side, to where none could witness her agony. Her wild, tearless eyes wandered from the ghostlike mountains to the cold, clear, frosty sky, but the solemn beauty of the scene was gone—all was desolation now. It seemed to her a world on which the light of heaven and life-giving smile had never shone—a world where all was coldness, and silence, and death, and in it she stood alone—alone, with the ruins of a life's dream.

Hermolin neither wept nor struggled against her misery.* There was no anger in her heart, only utter despair. She looked at Olof where he stood, the very ideal of proud and glorious manhood, in all things resembling the dream-image of so many years. Hermolin's soul clung to it, and to him, with a wild intensity, that made her love seem almost terrible in its strength. And thus, while she thought of her life to come, Hermolin shuddered less at the unveiling of his heart's change, than at the knowledge of the deep faithfulness that would make enduring sorrow the portion of her own.

"I love him," she moaned, "through all—in spite of all—I love him! Olof, my noble, my beautiful; the light of my life. Oh, God, have mercy—have mercy on me."

CHAPTER V.

But still, oh, north wind; howl not at the iron-bound lattice; she hears not thee. Blinding snow, sweep not in such mad gusts over the mountains; thou canst not dim her eyes and freeze her heart more than an inward anguish has already effected. If Hermolin dwelt among the rose-bowers of Provence, instead of the chill, ghostly halls of the Viking, there would be the same icy burthen on her soul—the same dark shadow over all things on which her eyes look. The heart makes its own sunshine—its own eternal gloom.

The Jarl's bride was alone. Even

that day he had left her on the threshold of the palace, and the envious eyes of the wondering Norse hand-maidens had been the only welcome in her husband's halls. Through those halls she glided like a wandering spirit, shrinking from their ghastly grandeur, that filled her young soul with fear. The white-tusked spoils of the bear-hunters seemed to grin like evil spirits from the walls; and as she passed by the empty armour of many a departed Viking, spectral shapes appeared to creep within it, until beneath the vacant helm glittered

fiery eyes, and shadowy hands formed themselves out of the air, wielding the ungrasped spear. Hermolin shivered with terror; her limbs moved heavily; her eyes dared not lift themselves from the ground.

One sun-gleam from that bright, beloved face, and the horrible phantoms would have fled like dreams. But it came not. Hermolin reached her chamber, and was alone. Ringing through the long corridor, she heard the laughter of her retreating maiden-train; she listened while they mocked at the terrors of the Jarl's young bride, and said how much fitter had been a fearless Norse maiden, than a poor shrinking child of the south, to tread the halls of the son of Hialmar.

Hermolin's cheek flushed, and her terror changed to pride—not for herself, but for him.

"They shall never say the wife of Olof is afraid. I will be strong—I will teach my heart to beat as it were with the bold northern blood. My Olof, thou shalt not blush for me."

But still the young cheek blanched at the shrieks which seemed to mingle in the tempestuous blast, and still, when the blazing faggots cast fantastic shapes on the walls, Hermolin started and trembled. Hour after hour passed, and Olof came not. Her fears melted into sorrow, and she poured forth the tears of an aching and lonely heart.

Wild storm of the north, howl over that poor broken flower, but thou canst not wither the life-fluid which will yet make its leaves green, and its blossoms fair—the essence of its being—its hope—its strength—its enduring love.

Still, as ever, alone, Hermolin retraced the gloomy halls, as she glided, like a spirit of light come to reanimate the dead, past the mailed shadows, that kept memorial watch over the Viking's halls, with her faint gleaming lamp, and her floating hair, which every blast seemed to lift with a spirit hand.

Led by the distant sound of voices, Hermolin came to the festival hall. Her terror-stricken fancy had pictured Olof in the storm; his stalwart frame paralysed; his gold hair mingling with the snow-wraths, and death—a terrible death—stealing over him. But

as she stood in the shadow-hung entrance, Hermolin saw her lord. He sat among his young warriors, the blithest of all, quaffing many a cup of sparkling mead, his laugh ringing loud, but still musical; and his beautiful face resplendent with mirth and festive gaiety.

But for the first time its sunshine fell on Hermolin all joylessly. There was a deadly coldness at her heart, which no power could take away. Her lips murmured a thanksgiving that Olof was safe; but no smile sealed the joyful amen of the orison. Silently as she came she glided away, and the sinner knew not how near him, yet all unregarded, had passed the angel's wing.

When Hermolin re-entered her chamber, there rose up from one corner a dark shadow. Soon it formed itself into the likeness of humanity, and confronted the young bride—a woman, not yet aged, but with iron-grey locks and deeply-furrowed brow. Suddenly as the thought of a terrible dream gone by, that wild face, those piercing eyes, rushed upon Hermolin's memory. It was the remembrance which had been the haunting terror of her childhood—the face of Ulva.

The nurse bent in a half-mocking courtesy to Olof's wife.

"Welcome, my lady from the south, whose vacant chamber I have dared to enter," said Ulva. "Perchance she likes it not; but it is too late now."

"My lord's home is ever pleasant in his wife's eyes," answered Hermolin, striving to impart strength and dignity to her trembling frame.

"It is well," said the nurse. "But the southern lady should know that it is not our custom for the wife of a noble Jarl to steal like a thief about the halls at night, and that the northern heroes admit no woman to their feasts. The young Olof's eyes had darted angry lightnings, had he known his bride intruded so near."

Hermolin shrunk from the loud and fierce tones of the Norsewoman. But while pressing her clasped hands on her breast, she felt Ulrika's cross. It gave her strength; for it carried her thoughts back from the desolate present to the pure and holy past; and from the remembered convent shrine lifted them up heavenwards,

as prayers. Then she turned to Ulva, and said, in that sweet meekness which bears with it unutterable weight—

"I am a stranger, and I know thee not. But I love my lord, and all that are his; therefore I forgive these discourteous words to Olof's wife. Now I would rest, and be alone."

As a spirit of evil steals from the light, so Ulva crept from the presence of Hermolin, and the young wife was once more alone.

No, not alone, though she sank prostrate on the floor, and laid her young brow on the cold stone, not even a silent lifting up of the eyes showing whither the heart fled in its desolation. Yet that stone was a Bethel-pillow, and there the angel-winged prayers, and angel-footed blessings ascended and descended between her and God. There for the first time arose up from those heathen halls the voice of thanksgiving. The wild blast came, and bore away amidst its thunder the sweet echoes of the Virgin's vesper-hymn; they floated upwards towards the snow mountains, music-clouds of incense, that marked the consecration of that wild land. And far above the loud organ-voice of the south, with its thousand altars and myriad orisons, arose from the desolate north the clear, low tone of one woman's earnest, loving prayer.

Then it seemed as though the holy ones who minister unseen to man, came and kissed her eyes into a sleep as deep and peaceful as that of the babe Hermolin on the breast of Ulrika. A veil was drawn over her senses, and the mingled sounds of the storm without, and the noisy revel within, melted to the sweetest music, and became a wondrous dream.

Beside her couch, in the spot where Hermolin's fast-closing eyes had watched the first glimmer of the storm-hidden moon, the light gathered and grew, until it became a face. Pale it was, and sad; with damp, wave-bedewed hair, such as we picture the airy shades of those over whom the billows sweep; but the eyes looked out with a sweet, human yearning, and the fair lips smiled with a mournful tenderness. Hermolin beheld without fear, for over the spirit-beauty of that face was cast an earthly likeness she knew well, and in her dream all that she had by chance heard concerning

the mother of Olof grew clear to her. Not with human voice did the vision speak, but it seemed that the soul of the dead overshadowed the sleeping soul of the living, and taught it the wisdom of the spirit-land. Now Hermolin saw how it was that the flower had withered, because it had no root—that the spirit had drooped because there was no in-dwelling love to be its life; and she learned more of love's nature—that its strength is in itself—that it stretches not forth its arms, saying, "Bless me, as I would fain bless—I give, therefore let me receive;" but it draws its light from its own essence, and pours it out in a sunshine-flood, surrounding and interpenetrating the beloved with radiance, as the sun the earth, from which it asks no answering brightness, save the faint reflection of that which itself has given.

And while yet was present in her dream the pale shadow of the joyless wife, whom not even mother-bliss could keep from the land of peace, for which the broken spirit yearned, Hermolin looked towards her own future, and grew strong.

"I love, therefore I can endure all—can do all," was the resolution that shot like a sunbeam through the sleeper's soul; and at the moment a ministering angel looked into that soul, changing the proud, yet noble resolve, into the humblest of prayer—"I will; O God, help me!"

Then the pale spirit seemed to rejoice with exceeding gladness, while mingling with her divine joy, a human mother-love made it still more sublime and tender. And, behold! there stood beside her another soul, whose dark-glorious orbs were added to their earth-likeness, the beauty of eyes which have looked on God. And, the mortal semblance not utterly taken away, but exalted into that perfection which the smile of divinity creates out of very dust, Hermolin knew in her spirit it was Ulrika.

Then bending together over the sleeper, the mother-souls kissed her brow, and fled.

Lift up thy voice again, O north wind, whose wings have been the airy chariots of God's messengers—lift up thy voice once more, but let it be in a grand, solemn, God-like hymn, such as should arise from the land of snows;

and rifting through the sublime, harmonious cloud, let there be a sunburst of divine melody, sweet as an angel's smile, telling of love—eternal

love—its strength, its holiness, its long-suffering, its omnipotence—love which dwells in humanity, as its life, its essence, its soul—which is God.

CHAPTER VI.

BEYOND the sea-coast, the abode of the race of Hjalmar, arises a giant mountain; pine-forests, huge and dark, clothe its foot; above them tower the grey masses of bare rock, and higher still comes the region of eternal snows. There sits the spirit of white Death, sublime in beautiful desolation; and over it the stars creep, solemn and never wearied watchers throughout the perpetual night. It is a land of silence, without movement, without life. Beneath a vast plain, whereon no trees wave, above a dull-grey sky, over which not a cloud is seen to float, earth and heaven mock each other in terrible tranquillity, and the wind steals between them, viewless as themselves, for there is nought to interrupt its path.

Lo! there is one trace of life on this land of death—one bold footprint marks the snow—one proud head lifts itself fearlessly up towards the leaden sky. The spirit that guides them is a woman's—one of the most daring of the daughters of the north. Alone, Ulva ascends through forest and rock, to that desolate snow plain, to ask counsel of the only living soul who inhabits the mountain—the priestess of the Nornir.

Ulva reached the verge of the plain where Svenska had formed her dwelling. It was said that the priestess of the Nornir needed no human sustenance, and that she made her couch among the snows, and that from the time when two stray bear-hunters found the maiden-babe lying on the white plain, she had abode there, a daughter of the unknown world.

And in truth, when Ulva stood before her, the likeness of the priestess was not unbefitting her supposed descent. Even with the spiritual beauty of her form, the dweller among the snows was of a presence that harmonised with the pallid desolation around. Life seemed to flow all bloodlessly beneath the marble frame; the features still and colourless, were almost ghastly in their motionless and perfect beau-

ty. The pale yellow hair fell down in stirless masses, and the drapery moved as she moved, and gathering round her white spectral folds, and floating without a sound, as snowy clouds over a southern sky.

Ulva fell at her feet, and gazed at her with a strange mingling of religious adoration and human love. Then the pale lips unclosed, to answer and to exhort; and the whole snow-statue became the inspired priestess. Long they talked—the woman of earth and the daughter of solitudes; and their speech was of the new strange worship that was creeping in upon Odin's land, after the footsteps of the southern maid, who had been brought into the halls of Hjalmar.

"I see it coming," cried Ulva, passionately. "The shapeless horror has its foot already on the threshold of the Viking. Already Olof wars no more, but sits idly by the hearth, and listens to southern tales from the whining lips of Hermolin. Even now the meadcup and the meats due to Odin are given to the throats of sick beggars, whom our fathers suffered not to cumber earth! And my lord Olof, the babe that I reared," hears it said that the gods of his fathers are false, and pardons the accursed lie, because it comes from fair lips. Oh, priestess, to whom, if thou art the daughter of the gods, I have given year by year at least somewhat of mortal nurture, until the child I loved has grown up the sacred maiden I adore—holy Svenska, give me counsel! How shall I tread out in the dust this growing fire—how save from defilement the worship of Odin?"

Svenska lifted her face to the east, where, out of the darkness, were beginning to shoot the starry battalions which light up northern skies. Then she said, "Follow," and began to traverse the snow with almost winged speed.

At last Ulva and her guide stood on the apex of the mountain!—there three peaks lifted themselves up—the

utmost boundary of the visible world; beyond, all was nothingness. The peculiar idealisation of Norse-worship, which, in the grandest and most fearful objects of nature, found its divinities, had symbolised in these giant rocks the three Nornir, or destinies, Udr, Verthandi, and Skuld. As they stood out against the cold grey sky, imagination might have traced in each a vague outline, somewhat resembling a female form, beneath the shadowy veil of snow, which no human hand could ever lift. Thus, in these solemn shapes, abiding between earth and heaven, it was not strange that their worshippers should see the emblems of the rulers of human destinies, until at last, as in all symbolised faiths, the myth and its outward type became one.

Svenska lifted up her voice, and it rang through the still, ice-bound air like a clarion—

"There is a spirit arising in Odin's land, and ye fear its might. The priest trembles beneath the temple's shadow, and the warrior's hand grows palsied upon the spear. Shall it grow up like a darkness over the shrines of our gods and the graves of our fathers? Skuld, far-seer into the future, answer!"

But there was silence over all.

Svenska bowed herself to the ground, and then said—

"It is vain! From north to south, from east to west, between earth and sky, float the threads which the Nornir weave. They are there, encompassing us continually, and yet we see them not. We walk with our heads aloft, but it is they who guide us; our minds may will, but it is they who control our minds. Therefore, hear my counsel, though it speaks not with an airy voice, but with a woman's tongue."

"I hear—I obey," answered Ulva, tremblingly.

"There are two spirits which govern man—ambition and love. The first is ever strongest, except in those pure and noble natures which seem less human than divine. Let the sound of battle rouse the young Viking from his dream. Let him dye the seas purple with his enemies' blood, and then Odin will be appeased. The fierce shout of northern victory will drown the beguiling whisper of a false woman's lips, and the son of Hjalmar will

rejoice again in the bold faith of his fathers."

* * * * *
News came to Jarl Olof, that the King of Upsala was about to fall upon him with fire and sword. How the rumour reached him, the young Viking knew not, and for a long time he scarcely heeded it, but sunned himself in the placid, tender smile, that day by day was melting the frost off his stern northern heart—the smile of Hermolth. But then, as time passed on, the nurse, Ulva, ever seemed to stand between the husband and wife. Olof shrank from the bitterness of the proud, mocking eye, which had exercised a strange influence over him from his childhood; and sometimes, too, her tongue cast out its sharp, pointed stings, even among the honey-words which she still used towards the son of her care.

When the spring came on, the young Viking yearned for his olden life of free warfare. He would fain forestall the taunts of the King of Upsala, and requite his unreasoning words with deeds; and though Hermolth shuddered at her lord's danger, and prayed him not to enter on a sinful and causeless war, still he refused to hearken. And so the sails were set, the vessel danced over the waters, and Hermolth was left to the bitterness of that first parting. A parting it was, not like that when soul is knitted unto soul, to cling in true faith and love, through distance, and absence, and time—nay, even through that life-severance which drops the veil of immortality between flesh and spirit—but it was a separation when a few leagues, a few weeks, are sundrance enough to blot out the past, and form a bar between the two to which the perfect bond of union is unknown. Therefore, when Hermolth saw her lord's ship fade like a speck upon the seas, it seemed as though the first dawning dream of Olof's affection faded too, and she became overwhelmed with the burthen of lonely love.

Oh, meek woman's heart, content with so little and giving so much, who shall requite thee? Yet what guardian needest thou, to whom the act of loving is alone bliss, and hope, and strength? Go on thy way, thou true one, and wait until the end!

The Viking's ship returned in triumph, laden with prey. Hermolin, when she flew to her lord and nestled in his breast, shedding joyful tears, forgot all but the bliss of Olof restored to her love. She sat with him in his hall of state while he apportioned the spoil, and decided the fortunes of the captives; and while the duty pained her gentle heart, and almost wrung her conscience, Hermolin strove to stifle all other feelings for the love she bore to him, and comfort herself in everything as became the wife of the great northern Jarl.

Among the captives was a man who, standing behind the rest, directed every glance of his piercing eyes towards the Viking's wife. Chains weighed down his small spare limbs, and his frame was worn and wasted; yet still, the lightnings of those wondrous eyes glittered above the ruins made by time. At last the prisoners were dismissed—all but this man. Olof glanced carelessly at him; but Hermolin beheld only the face of her lord, until the stern reply to the Jarl's question attracted her notice.

"My name, wouldst thou, son of Hjalmar? Ask thy wife: she knows it well, if her heart has not lost its home-memories, as her tongue its southern speech. Hermolin, are thine eyes too proud to look upon Ansgarius?"

Trembling, half with fear and half with joy, Hermolin sprang forward, and would have fallen at his feet, but Olof restrained her.

"Child, what is this rude beggar to thee? Thou forgettest thyself," he said.

Break, struggling heart, whom fearful love makes weaker still! What shouldst thou do? Helplessly, Hermolin sank back, and hid her face from the eyes of the monk.

"Is it even so?" cried Ansgarius. "Then, may the curse —"

But while the terrible words were yet half formed, he caught Hermolin's wild, imploring glance, and saw that, half hidden beneath the robe, her fingers closed despairingly over Ulrika's cross.

"God judge thee, I dare not," he added more softly, in the Provençal tongue. "Oh, daughter of my love, that I should meet thee with almost a curse on my lips! But no! it shall be

a blessing—it must be, thou child of many prayers!"

The softened tone, the long-forgotten tongue, pierced the heart of the Jarl's wife. She sank on her knees and sobbed. Olof looked at her, half wondering, half angrily.

"Forgive me, my lord, my beloved! But this man's speech is that of my own far land, and it makes me weep," she answered.

"As thou wilt, as thou wilt," answered Olof, coldly; "but thy tears should flow alone. Prisoner, leave the hall."

And as the followers of the Viking removed Ansgarius, the Jarl strode carelessly from his wife's presence, without another glance at her drooping and grief-stricken form.

"Oh, Mother of Mercies!" cried Hermolin, "did I pray for this joyful day and my lord's return, and lo! it is a time of bitterness and woe! And thou, the strong-hearted, bold-tongued, thou wilt be slain, Ansgarius, it may be by the hand of my Olof! Holy Mother of Consolation, all is darkness before me! I faint! I die! Oh, guide me through the gloom!"

Wait, thou tried and patient one. "At evening-tide it shall be light:" wait and pray.

Olof sat at night, dreaming alone over the fire-light in his hall, when he heard the voice of Ulva whispering in his ear—

"Is the Jarl sleeping while his wife is opening the prison doors? Why should my Lord Olof waste his strength and shed his blood to take captives, when the Lady Hermolin sets them free?"

Olof, half roused from his slumber, spoke angrily—

"Ulva, hold thy peace! Hermolin is asleep in the chamber."

"Come and see;" and the nurse, strong in her influence, led Olof to his wife's deserted room.

"A loving welcome for a long-absent lord!" said the sneering voice; "and it was no pale vision I saw gliding, lamp in hand, until it entered the prison of the southern captive, at the sight of whom she wept this morn, as I heard from her maidens."

"Woman!" thundered Olof, "one word more against my pure wife, and I slay thee with this hand. It was a priest, a vowed, grey-headed priest of her faith."

"And therefore thou wilt save him from death, and load him with honours! Son of Hjalmar, on thy father's tomb the phantom light burns yet, but thick darkness will fall over thine. Hjalmar was the last of Odin's heroes; Olof will sing psalms in the Christian's heaven."

"Never!" cried the young Jarl. "To the prison, that the priest may meet his doom!"

Silently and stealthily as death, Olof and Ulva entered; and the keeper of the dungeon, looking on his chief's face of stern resolve, prayed Odin to save from harm that gentle southern lady whom all revered and obeyed—knowing how pure and meek she was, and how dearly she loved her lord.

Hermolin was standing before Ansgarius. He awoke from his calm, holy sleep, and thought it had been the presence of an angel. But when she knelt at his feet weeping, and lifted up the mournful, Esau-like cry—"Bless me, even me also, O my father!"—then the stern missionary knew that it was the child whom he had taught, the young soul whom he had trained for the great work for which he believed it chosen.

"And God may fulfil that destiny yet, since thou hast not belied thy faith even among the heathen," said Ansgarius, when he had listened to her life's history since she left the shores of Provenge. "He may turn even this darkness into light. Heaven works not as we. When the good King Louis of France sent me to Upsala, the glad bearer of the holy cross, I thought it was heaven's call, and I went. And when thy lord's vessel took us captive on the seas, I bowed my head and said, 'God knoweth best. It may be that he leads me where the furrows are ripe for the seed,' and therefore, even here, in this dark prison, I rejoice to sing for joy."

"But if danger should come, if thy blood should be poured out upon this wild land?"

"It will be but as the early rain to soften the hard ground," said Ansgarius, with a calm smile. "And God will find himself another and a worthier husbandman, to follow after, and plant, and water, until the land be filled with increase."

So talked the son of Ulrika. O,

blessed mother, whose prayers had thus brought forth such glorious fruit! And then, all unconscious of the presence of others, the two knelt down in the prison, like the saints of old, and prayed. The strong, fearless man of faith, the meek and gentle woman, were types of the two foundations on which the early church was laid—the spirit of holy boldness and the spirit of love!

Ulva and the son of Hjalmar stood silent and motionless in the darkness, and heard all.

Then Hermolin arose, and Olof's name came to her lips with a heavy sigh.

"My heart is sore even to deceive him thus," she said. "I would not, save for thee. Must it be ever so, that my faith to heaven must war with the dear love I bear my lord—my true—my noble Olof."

Ansgarius looked surprised; his strong heart, engrossed in one life-purpose, had no room for human love. He understood it not. Even Hermolin had been to him only the instrument wherewith to work out his end.

"Dost thou love him so?" he said, in a compassionate tone. "Poor child—happier are those who give heaven all. Now, my daughter, leave me to pray. Who knoweth how soon death may come from the hands of these godless men."

Hermolin threw herself on the ground at his feet. "Oh, my father, my father, thou shalt not die," was her agonised cry. "If thou wouldst fly, the night is dark—my lord sleeps,"

Ansgarius turned round, and fixed upon her his gaze of stern reproof.

"A wife deceives her husband—a Christian dare not confess to his God. Is it for this that we brought the cross into the land?"

"No, no," Hermolin said—"thou must stay, and God will protect thee, O, my father! Olof—my Olof—I love thee—I trust thee—I will pray night and day that this sin may be kept from thy soul."

And while Hermolin called on her lord's name, Olof came forward and stood before them both. His face was very pale, but there was in it a beauty and a softness that resembled the young saint of the convent. His presence caused no fear, only an awe-struck silence. Then Olof spoke—

"Priest, I brought this sword to drink thy life's blood. I lay it now at thy feet. It shall not be said that the son of Odin was less noble than his Christian foe. Hermolin!"

She sprang to his arms—she clung there, and they folded round her as in that first embrace, when the young bridegroom stood at the convent

gate; and Hermolin felt that even the wild devotion of the maiden was as nothing to the fulness of the wife's love.

The prison doors closed on the retreating footsteps of three. But there was one who stayed behind, unnoticed in the darkness, gnashing her teeth, and cursing the day when a Christian foot first entered Odin's land.

CHAPTER VII.

THERE was again a footstep on the snow-mountains, and Ulva once more poured out her passionate soul at the feet of the strange priestess of the Nornir.

"The darkness gathers," she cried. "Odin has turned away his face from the land. Accursed be the victory that brought the Christian captive to our shores. My lord turned his foot aside; he would not crush the worm, and lo, it is growing into a serpent, whose venomous folds will fill the land. Already our warriors listen to the Christian priest, with his wily tongue. Already the worshippers desert Odin's fane; while the poor, the helpless, the weak, women and children, lift up their hands to another God than the great ruler of Asgard. And Jarl Olof heeds not though his people cast scorn on the faith of his fathers. Svenska, thou wisest one, who hearest the voice of the Nornir, inquire what may be the end of this terrible change that is coming over the land?"

Svenska answered not, but pointed silently to the place where the three rocks stood. Ulva remained at a distance, while the priestess performed her strange rites. The sound of her clear, shrill voice came borne on the air, rising at times into a cry, more like that of a soul in despair than a woman's tone. It seemed to pierce the heart of the Norsewoman. She grovelled on the earth, burying her head among the snows.

"My Svenska—my beloved—my soul's child," she moaned, "oh, that I could take thee to this heart, and feel thine own answer to it with human throbs. But I dare not—the pure soul would scorn the impure. Great Odin, if the sin was great, how heavy is the punishment!"

When after a time she lifted up her head, Svenska stood before her.

"Have the Nornir spoken?" asked Ulva, scarcely daring to look upon the face of the Daughter of the Snows.

"They utter no voice; but I feel them in my soul," said Svenska. "It is a terrible call; yet I must answer. Listen! The last of the race of Hialmar must not bring shame on his fathers. If Jarl Olof be left to yield to the persuasions of a woman, and the guile of a priest, the faith of Odin will vanish from the land."

"And how, O Svenska, can we sway the son of Hialmar, that this evil may not come?"

The face of the young priestess was strangely convulsed; and when, after a while, she spoke, her voice was like an icy whisper.

"I told thee once that there were two ruling spirits in man—ambition and love. With Olof, one has fallen powerless—the other yet remains. The spell of human passion must stand between the Jarl and his doom—the doom of those who despise the might of Odin."

A wild light shone in Ulva's fierce eyes.

"Would that it might be so—that a northern maid might tread under foot the dark-browed Hermolin, torture her, soul and body, until she died, unloved, unpitied. But our pure maidens cast not their eyes on another woman's lord, and who is there to win Olof from Hermolin?"

"I!"

Ulva uttered a cry, almost of agony. "Thou, my beautiful—my pure one—white-souled as the snows that name thee—thou to stoop to earth's sin—to be made the sacrifice," she muttered hoarsely.

It seemed as though a fallen spirit had entered that marble statue, and animated its pale beauty with a power new and terrible to behold. Svenska

lifted her arms upwards, and cried with a wild vehemence—

“Dread Nornir, I feel around me the threads ye weave; they draw my feet onward, and whither they lead I go. Never shall the worship of Odin fall before that of the Christian’s God. I devote myself to shame—to sin which the sacrifice makes holy—that the dwellers in Asgard may still look down upon the land, and the children of the north may not turn aside from the faith of their fathers.”

Ulva sank at Svenska’s feet, folded them in her arms, and kissed them passionately. Then she rose up, and followed the steps of the priestess in silence. Only as they passed the three rock statues her agony burst forth in a low moaning—

“Terrible Nornir, sin avengers, to whom, as atonement, I devoted this child, ye have made the precious gift an arrow to pierce my soul!”

The Jarl Olof came home from a bear-hunt, carrying with him a strange prize. He had found in the snows a maiden, white and pale, and almost lifeless, yet of unearthly beauty. Gradually the soul awakened in that lovely form, and looked at Olof from out the heavenly eyes. His own answered to it, with a vague pleasure, and sweet in his ear sounded the voice which uttered musically the accents of the Norse tongue. The young Jarl himself bore the weak and fainting form for many weary leagues, until he brought the beautiful desolate one to the presence of his wife, and laid her in Hermolin’s chamber.

Hermolin bent over her in pity and amaze. She, too, was penetrated to the very soul with that dazzling and wondrous beauty—so spiritual, and yet so human—so divine, and yet so womanly. The Jarl’s wife twined her fingers among the pale amber tresses with almost childlike admiration, and gazed wistfully on the white, round arms and graceful throat, beneath whose marble purity a faint rose-hue began to steal, while the life-current again wandered through the blue delicate veins.

“Olof, how beautiful she is—like one of the angels, which I used to see in my childish dreams. How happy it must be to know one’s self so fair.” And a light sigh thrilled Hermolin’s bosom.

Olof did not answer; his eyes, too—nay, his whole soul, drank in the beauty of which Hermolin spoke. The wife saw it, and again she sighed.

Far behind the group stood one who beheld the gaze, and heard the sigh, and Ulva’s heart throbbed with fierce exultation, for she saw from afar the rising of that little cloud.

Months passed away, and still the stranger maiden cast the magic of her superhuman beauty over the halls of the Viking. Asluaga, when she came forth from the harp, like a spirit of light, or when she stood before Ragnar Lodbrog, enchaining the wild sea-king with the spells of a lovely soul in a lovely form—Asluaga herself was not more omnipotent in power than was the strange daughter of the snows. And day by day, over Svenska’s beauty there crept a new charm—a softness and all-subduing womanliness, that endowed with life and warmth the once passionless form. The spell thrilled through Olof’s whole nature, and his soul bent like a reed before the storm of wild emotions that swept over him.

Oh, thou pure angel, who weapest all alone, on whom has faded the light of that dearest smile—who seest each day the love wane, though an innate nobleness still makes duty keep its place in the heart where it was thy heaven to rest! Hermolin! will thy love fail now?—will it sink in the trial, or will it forget itself and its own wrongs, and watch over the sinner with tenderness and prayers, until it bring him back in forgiveness, repentance, and peace?

Listen how that faithful, patient heart answers the bitterness which the stern monk pours out against the erring one who is tempted to betray such love.

“My father,” said Hermolin, when Asgarius would fain have dealt out reproaches and threatenings against her husband—“my father, condemn him not yet. It is a bitter struggle; he is tempted sore. How sweet her smile is!—how glorious her beauty!—while I, alas! alas!—I have only love to give him. And then she is from his own North, and she speaks to him of his fathers, and her wild nature governs his. Oh, my Olof! that I could be all this—that I could make myself more like thee—more worthy to win thy love.”

And when the inflexible spirit of Anagarius, in justly condemning the sin, shut out all compassion for the sinner, Hermolin only wept.

"Oh, father, have pity on him—on me. He did love me once—he will love me yet. I will be patient; and love is so strong to bear—so omnipotent in prayers; heaven will keep him from sin, and I shall win him back. Olof, my Olof! God will not let me die, until thou lovest me as I have loved, as I do love thee—my soul's soul!—my life's blessing!"

And ere the words were well uttered, an angel carried them to heaven, and then cast them down again, like an echo, upon the spirit of him who had won such love. The invisible influence fell upon him, even though he stood alone with Svenska, overwhelmed with the delirium of her presence.

She had enchained his soul; she had drawn from his lips the avowal of wild and sinful passion; she had strengthened her power over him, by bringing into the earthly bond all the influences of their ancient faith, to which she had won him back; and now, her end gained, Svenska quailed before the tempest she had raised.

What power was it which had changed the priestess, who once cast her arms to heaven with that terrible vow, into the trembling woman who dared not look on Olof's face; and who, even in her triumphant joy, shrank before the wild energy of his words.

He promised her that her heart's desire should be accomplished—that no Christian prayer should be heard in Odin's land—that the monk and his proselytes should be swept from the face of the earth.

Why was it, O Svenska, that even then, when the flash of triumph had passed from thine eyes, they sank towards earth, and thy pale lips quivered like a weak girl's?

"There is one thing more, Olof, and then I give thee my love," she said. "The shadow is passing, and Odin's smile will again brighten the shores; but the land is still defiled—blood only can make it pure; there must be a sacrifice."

Her voice rose, her stature dilated, and Svenska was again the inspired of the Nornir. As Olof beheld her, even his own bold spirit quailed beneath the terrible strength of hers.

"There must be a sacrifice!" she repeated in yet more vehement tones. "In the dark night a voice haunts me, and the words are ever the same; when I look on the snow-mountains, I see there traces of blood, which never pass away. Odin demands the offering, and will not be appeased. Olof! I am thine when thou hast given up the victim!"

"Who?" murmured Olof, instinctively drooping his face beneath the glare of those terrible eyes.

She stooped over him; her soft breath swept his cheek; her fair serpent lips approached his ear; they uttered one name—"Hermolin!"

He sprang from her side with a shuddering cry. One moment he covered his eyes, as though to shut out some horrible sight, and then the tempted stood face to face with the tempter. The veil had fallen: he beheld in her now, not the beautiful beguiler, but the ghastly impersonation of the meditated sin. It stood revealed, the crime in all its black deformity; it hissed at him in that perfumed breath; it scorched him in the lightnings of these lustrous eyes. Horror-stricken and dumb, he gazed, until at last his lips formed themselves into the echo of that one word—"Hermolin!"

It fell like a sunburst upon his clouded spirit, and, rising through that blackest darkness, Olof beheld the light. He sprang towards it; for there was yet a beauty and a nobleness in the young Northman's soul—how else could Hermolin have loved him? Through the silent hall rang that name—but, rising from the husband's lips and heart—first as a murmur, then as a wild, yearning cry—"Hermolin! Hermolin!"

Surely it was an angel who bore that call to the wife's ear—who guided her feet all unwittingly to where her beloved wrestled with that deadly sin. Lo! as it were in answer to his voice, Hermolin stood at the entrance of the hall. Olof glanced at Svenska; her gleaming eyes, her writhing lips, and her beauty, seemed changed to the likeness of a fiend. And there, soft, smiling on him, with the meek, loving face of old, leaned Hermolin, her arms stretched out, as if to welcome him, in forgiveness and peace, to the shelter of that pure breast.

He fled there. There was a cry such as rarely bursts from man's lips

—"Hermolin, Hermolin, save me!" and the proud one knelt at her feet, hiding his face in her garments, pressing her pure hands upon his eyes, as though to shut out the sight of the lure which so nearly led him on to a fearful sin.

Hermolin asked nought, said nought—but she folded her arms round his neck; she knelt beside him, and drew his head to her bosom, as a mother would a beloved and repentant child. Then she whispered softly, "Olof, my Olof, come!" and led him away, his hand still clinging for safety and guidance to that faithful one of hers; and his eyes never daring to turn away from that face, which looked on him like an angel's from out of heaven, full of love so holy, so complete, that pardon itself had no place there.

Svenska stood beholding them, and still and fixed as stone, until Olof's form passed from her sight; then she fell to the earth without a cry or sound.

Ulva's breast was soon her pillow—Ulva who haunted her steps like a shadow. No mother's fondness could have poured out more passionate words over the insensible form; but when the shadow of seeming death left the beautiful face, her manner became again that of distant and reverent tenderness.

"Priestess of the Nornir, awake!" she said. "Let the curse of Odin fall. we will go far hence into the wild mountains, and leave the race of Hialmar to perish. The vow was vain; but Nornir were not wholly pitiless. No shame has fallen upon thee, pure Daughter of the Snows!"

Svenska heard not—regarded not. Drawing herself away from all support, the young priestess stood erect. She spoke, not to Ulva, but uttering her thoughts aloud—

"Dread Nornir! is this your will? Ye deceived me—nay, but I beguiled myself. How could evil work out good? Odin scorns the unholy offering; the sinful vow brings its own punishment. Olof, Olof! whom I came to betray, I love thee, as my own soul I love thee, and in vain."

It was no more the priestess, but a desolate, despairing woman who lay

there in the cold ground, and moaned in uncontrollable anguish. Ulva, stung to the heart, gazed on her without a word. The day of requital had come at last.

When the misty light of day changed into the star-lit beauty of a northern night, a clear sound pierced the silence of the hall. It was the Christian vesper-hymn, led by a fresh young voice, through whose melody trembled a tone of almost angelic gladness—the voice of Hermolin. Svenska, aroused from her trance, sprang madly on her feet.

"Olof, Olof," she cried, "the curse of Odin will fall; they will beguile thy soul, and I shall never see thee after death in the blessed dwellings of the Æser. Is there no help—no atonement? Ah!" she continued, and her voice suddenly rose from the shrillness of despair to the full tone of joy—"I see it now. Odin! thy will is clear: mine ear heard truly—mine eye saw plain. The sacrifice—it shall be offered still, and Odin's wrath be turned away. To the mountain, to the mountain, to the mountain!—son of Hialmar, son of Hialmar! I will yet await thee in the Valhalla of thy fathers."

She darted from the hall, and bounded away with the speed of the wind. Night and day, night and day, far up in the mountains, did Ulva follow that flying form, until at times she thought it was only the spirit of the priestess that still flitted on before her sight. At last she came to a wild ravine, in which lay a frozen sea of snow; on its verge stood that white shadow, with the outstretched arms, and the amber-floating hair.

As Ulva looked, there grew on the stillness a sound like the roaring of the sea; and a mighty snow-billow, loosened from its mountain cave, came heaving on: nearer, nearer it drew, and the pale shape was there still; it passed, and the Daughter of the Snows slept beneath them.

The Daughter of the Snows!—whence, then, that shriek of mother's agony, the last that ever parted Ulva's lips—"My child, my child!" "Lost! Death, the great veiler of mysteries! keep until eternity one dread secret more!"

D. M. M.

THE KABYLE OF ALGERIA

THIS work is made up of separate narratives, while its unity is maintained by their having reference to the one topic of Algeria. It is written with liveliness and good sense, tells of the moving accidents of a strange campaign, graphically outlines the scenery of the route, daguerreotypes the light-hearted, laughter-loving soldiery of France, and comprises, in compactest space, a great deal of fresh information on the condition and resources of French Africa. The first and main department of the book is a journal of a six weeks' campaign against the Kabailes of Algeria. The word "Kabail" means "a tribe," and is applied by the French especially to the inhabitants of the mountain barrier between Algiers and Constantine, to which district they give the name of "The Kabylie." In strong contrast to this portion of the work, is the peaceful character of the second notice, which details the hazardous adventure of Mr. Suchot, the *Secrétaire* General of Algeria, who volunteered to go alone in search of the camp of Abd-el-Kader, for the purpose of treating with him about an exchange of prisoners, and who, having accomplished his object, returned in safety. A third, and the concluding paper, describes Mr. Borrer's ride through the province of Constantine. First, then, for the campaign in the Kabylie.

The narrative of a French *razzia* may be expected to present some revolting features. War is ever stern, and wears its worst aspect when carried on amongst the uncivilised; but we believe there are few in England, and not many in France, who, after making every conceivable allowance, will not at once feel that some of the doings described in this volume transgress the limits of honourable conflict, and stain the name of soldier. They are, we may add, described by our author with a manifest disposition to

excuse them, so far as he honestly can. These tragic scenes cast their dark shadows over a work which is, in other respects, full of good feeling, and almost always gay.

The extensive territory called the Kabylie embraces that series of lofty mountains, of which the Djurjura—the Mons Ferratus of the ancients—is the highest, and holds on its rich slopes, and in its teeming vales, a population which, it is said, affords not less than 80,000 fighting men. This people retained their independence through all the vicissitudes of the Turkish rule, and, with the exception of some of the more exposed tribes, who, after hard contests, have submitted to the French, hold it still. They are a bold and industrious race; and, except in religion, have nothing in common with the Arabs of the plains. Unlike them, they are averse to a wandering life, are settled in well-built villages, cultivate with care their valleys and hill-sides, make their own agricultural instruments, their arms, their powder, their haiks and carpets, and have works in leather and in other arts. Their language is the Shilla tongue, which is quite distinct from the Arabic. Their form of government is also different, being purely democratic, while that of the Arabs is aristocratic. The Kabyle chiefs are called "Amins," and become so, not by inheritance, but by election. They are often deposed without form, and have seldom much power, the popular influence resting mostly with the "marrabbutts," or saints. In their polity there is this disadvantage—that each tribe is a separate republic, and that, in consequence, there are frequent wars amongst them, which, however, all cease on the appearance of a common enemy. Like most mountaineers, they love their homes, and from a self-confidence, induced by immemorial independence, they are much disposed to treat invaders with

scorn. They were, indeed, accustomed to regard them as judicial victims. "The stranger who penetrates into our country is sent by heaven, it being the will of Allah that he should be despoiled by us." Again, long after the French had settled in Algiers and Bugie, their haughty saying was, "You may sow your grain in the plains; but whenever it is our good pleasure, we shall come down and reap it." This they had often done in the time of the Turks; but the French have taught them some impressive lessons, and latterly they have shown a certain highland prudence mingled with their courage. Their answer to Abd-el-Kader, when, in 1845, he applied to them for hospitality for himself and followers, is characteristic:—"We would wish to yield you that hospitality so pleasing to the great God; but the Christian is powerful. We have this year cultivated certain tracts upon the plains of Boghni and of Hamza: our works of husbandry are there considerable. The Christian will come up to burn our crops; what shall we then say to the poor and the needy, who look to us for their sustenance? Behold it is our duty to refuse your demand, and we do refuse." Mr. Borrer represents the Kabyles as practising atrocious barbarities, as roasting their enemies, &c.; but the charge is made in general language—no instance—no authority adduced, and we incline to regard it as a French exaggeration, which he has too hastily inhibited. A people who are—as he describes the Kabyles—brave, industrious, and well supplied with the necessaries of life, are not likely to be pre-eminently cruel.

The Kabyles are first-rate horsemen and "crack shots." Their costume, well known now, through the prints taken from Horacio Vernet's pictures, consists of the "khandoura," a kind of woollen shirt, with large loose sleeves, and the "burnoose," a white, or black-and-white, woollen mantle, with a large hood. The last, we are told, is worn "night and day, summer and winter, and is handed down from generation to generation, until perfectly reduced by the ravages of time and filth." They have slight sandals of hide, and broad hats made of the palm-leaf, but are generally seen with the head uncovered.

When, in 1846, it was understood that Marshal Bugeaud, the Governor-General of Algeria, contemplated an attack on the Kabyles, the movement was extremely unpopular both in the colony and in the mother-country. The general opinion amongst the settlers, and one to which Mr. Borrer seems to lean, was, that if left in peace, this people would soon be attracted into dealings with the French, and might, in time, acknowledge their supremacy; but that a resort to arms would only inflame their aversion to all strangers, and to Christians in particular, and make them lasting and expensive enemies. In France it is to the honour of the country, that the character of the previous wars in Africa had raised a public feeling against new hostilities—Marshal Soult expressed his strong disapprobation of the measure, the minister of war was opposed to it, and a "commission, charged by the French chambers to examine and report upon the state of affairs in Algeria," laid before the government a formal declaration against the undertaking. Notwithstanding all this, Marshal Bugeaud thought proper, on his own responsibility, to proclaim war against the Kabyles, having first written to the authorities at home, stating that the submission of the native tribes could never be depended on "*Jusqu'à ce que la poudre eût parlé.*" The opinion of Marshal Bugeaud is, doubtless, entitled to much respect. During a six years' government in Algeria, he had a good deal raised the condition of the colony, and no one was better acquainted with its wants and resources. He very justly attached great importance to—what was, in fact, the main object of the expedition—the opening of a route by land between Algiers and Bougie, the chief stations of the settlement, the only communication between them at that time being by sea, and at the dividing distance of thirty-five leagues. In this he was pursuing the policy of the Romans, who, as is quite plain from existing remains, established connecting routes throughout their Numidia, and maintained them in the most mountainous regions by chains of military posts. Mr. Borrer has often halted in the wild province of Constantine to examine the ruins of these Roman posts, and their massive blocks

of stone indicated that they were never built for any merely temporary purpose. The desirableness of establishing a communication between the chief stations of Algiers, Setif, and Bougie, through the mountains held by the Kabyles, was felt alike by the colonists and by the marshal. The former, however, conceived that this object might be obtained without having recourse to arms, while the latter, no doubt, thought that delay would itself be attended with greater difficulties than any which were likely to arise from the expedition. Were this question to be determined by the results of the undertaking, as known up to the present moment, we should say that the settlers were in the right. The proposed advantages could not be secured without the maintenance of new stations, the increase of the army, and the allocation of further funds from France. But if all this was little to be expected then, when the expenses of Algeria were already much complained of, it is not to be hoped for now. It must, however, be admitted, that the changes which have since taken place in the government and finance of the parent country were elements in the consideration of this *vezata questio*, which neither of the parties would have much attended to. Be, however, the policy of the measure what it may, the Mareschal Duc D'Isly had, as we have said, resolved to carry it out; and while the wise men of Algiers were vaticinating that starved sheep and bloated bulletins would be its only profits, and that it must be abandoned, the sound of trumpet and of drum, and the tramp of armed men, announced, on the sunny 6th of May, that the troops were in motion for the Kabylie.

"Many a bright eye was bedimmed that fine May morning, as the gallant 'Vainqueurs d'Afrique' filed by, destined to seek 'la gloire' amidst the rude rocks and fastnesses of that sturdy people—that 'genus insuperabile bello'—which, from time immemorial, have laughed to scorn those passing clouds of foreign usurpation beneath which their neighbours of the plain have so often bowed."

Mr. Borrer obtained the marshal's leave to accompany the expedition, and having purchased a horse, and supplied himself with a mule to carry canteens,

tent, &c., he attached himself to the sixth squadron of the First *Chasseurs d'Afrique*, the officers of which had courteously invited him to mess with them. Early on the first morning they crossed the Haratch—the *Savus* of the ancients—and proceeded across the plain of the Metidja, which is many leagues in breadth:—

"As we traversed the wide Metidja (looking like a vast lake from the white mist rising from its death-fraught swamps), here cultivated with corn, and there stretching out in wide expanses of brushwood and coarse grass, or vast marshes producing forests of lofty reeds, a fine covert for the wild boar and the panther. The stillness of the morning was agreeably broken by the music of fourteen trumpeters, who preceded our squadron, playing, ever and anon, warlike airs, suited to the occasion and their auditors. Then, as the fair-sounding tones died off, did the gay troopers burst forth into one wild chorus with the songs of 'La belle France.' All was hilarity and enthusiasm. 'Ah, my lads,' thought I, 'some of you will be sleeping your last sleep amidst yon snow-clad mountains, and some of you will be singing rather out of tune as you are undergoing the process of being roasted before a Kabyle fire—*hazard de la guerre*.'"—p. 20.

They halt at a spot on the Metidja, called the "Arba," where, once a week, a large market is held, and which is much frequented by the Arabs, who bring horses, cattle, &c. It is at the foot of Djebel Moussa, one of the lower heights of the Little Atlas, and there are many streams about it. "Delightful groves of orange, lemon, and pomegranate, with massive clumps of lentisk and wild olive, adorn this portion of the plain, and, at this time, the earth was gay with flowers of every hue, whilst the song of the nightingale was heard on all sides, and," adds our author, "what was better still, our horses were revelling in fine herbage." As the cavalry were moving off, Mr. Borrer had an opportunity of observing some facts which betray the maladministration of the French. Numerous Arabs came on the ground to glean the corn which was left by the horses, and it was surprising to see the patience with which they picked out, grain by grain, the barley from amongst the trampled herbage. Many

of these famished wretches were, he assures us, once proprietors of the soil on which they were now gathering the scattered grain, with fear; many, too, belonged to tribes who had not only submitted to, but fought their invaders, who, with impolicy, as well as injustice, had deprived them of their lands, without indemnity, and compelled them to recede, and bear with them a steadier hatred of the Christians. To support these charges, and show that they are not the offspring of prejudice, he cites the written statement of one of the members of the Commission sent out to Algeria by the French government, and to which we have before referred.

At Arba they commenced the ascent of the Djebel Moussa, by a route cut along the face of that mountain, and leading to the new post of Aunale, once the *Auzia* of the Romans, and which is four days' march to the S. E. of Algiers. It is to be observed, that this road, like all such others in the colony, was made by the army, and it is a strong fact in support of Marshal Bugeaud's view of the pressing importance of facilitating internal communication, that, from the want of it, the carrying-trade, to the amount of thirteen millions of francs, is lost to the colonists, being altogether in the hands of the native muleteers. The roads in many directions, and to the principal outposts, are but pathways which are known to the Arabs only, and thus the transport of provisions, materials, &c., of necessity falls to them. The following short passage describes the scenery of this portion of their route, and the shepherd-huts of the natives, which are often found embowered in myrtles, mingled with the bright-flowered coronilla, and the dwarf gum-cistus:—

"The mountains we are now traversing are intersected by extremely deep and beautiful valleys, upon the steep slopes of which are clustered numerous 'gourbies,' or huts, forming villages, or 'dashkrahs,' as the mountaineers name them. These huts are constructed of rough stones, or masses of turf, the interstices filled up with mud, and with the dung of cattle. The roofs are thatched with coarse grass, straw, or reeds, and branches of trees. The extreme lowness of these dwellings is remarkable, the walls of few being

more than three feet in height; so that the branches covering the roof often touch the ground at the eaves. One large apartment alone is found in each hut, a portion of which is enjoyed by the family, and the rest by their five stock. It is only in the centre, generally, that, beneath the ridge of the roof, one can stand upright. In the neighbourhood of these villages the land is well cultivated, and crops of remarkably fine bearded wheat were now upon the ground."—pp. 29, 30.

The Arabs are accomplished artistes in horse-stealing, and in this particular have the thievish dexterity of the most thoroughbred Thugs of India. They sometimes succeed in taking the best horse, and from the centre of the camp. Our author is led to the topic by the circumstance, that several of their troop steeds are stolen at one of their bivouacs:—

"These predatory horse-fanciers reject, with disdain, bad cattle, and it is always the finest horses which disappear in so mysterious a manner, in spite of sentinels and tethers. Gifted with the most untrifling patience, the Moslem horse-stealer employs many cunning manoeuvres to appropriate such horses as please him. For instance, where there are clumps of brushwood in and about the bivouac, he will transform himself into a walking bush, fastening around his body boughs of brushwood, carefully arranged so as to cover him from head to foot; then, as the darkness comes on, will he station himself, watching, with the eyes of a lynx, each movement of the sentinel; he advances inch by inch, taking advantage of each change of guard to gain ground. An hour does not advance him, perhaps, more than a few yards. The sentinel sees nothing but a mass of brushwood, and confounds it with those scattered around. At last, the coveted horse at hand, the crafty Arab quits for an instant his disguise, detaches the footstrap, and attaches in its stead a small cord, of great length. His leafy cloak again resumed, he commences his retreat, and, arrived at a distance, gently tugs the cord; the horse advances a step or two, then pauses; another jerk produces another step or two, and, after due perseverance, he is at the confines of the camp, mounted, and galloping like lightning. Others will advance in the same stealthy manner upon their belly, merely holding a brand before them. And another mode is this: The robber will lead a mare into the neighbourhood of the camp,

the horses of the country being all entire horses, the vicinity of a mare renders them outrageous. Snuffing the night-air, the gallant steed bursts his bonds, and dashes from the camp. The robber trusts to chance that the most fiery only will fall into the snare, and, mounting his mare, away he goes. The noble pursuer follows madly the track of his desire—

'Thro' his mane and tail the high-wind sings ;'

Onward, onward, they fly—the pursuer and the pursued—through the brush-wood, across the wide plain, or into the heart of the mountains. There does the seducer seize his prize, and, delighted with his success, leads him to his gourbie. His admiring brother-rascals gather round, and, examining with a critical eye the noble prisoner, laugh to scorn the 'dog of a Christian,' his former owner. Numerous, indeed, are the manoeuvres thus put in practice by the African horse-stealer, and often is he successful ; but woe betide him if he is caught."—pp. 31-3.

The French cavalry in Africa are well mounted, especially their finest regiment, the Chasseurs d'Afrique, who have all Arab horses, and these are found to be better suited to the climate, and more capable of enduring fatigue, than the horses of France and Sardinia, with which many of the other regiments are supplied. The Arab horse is, like his native master, abstemious—"A little green meat, or chopped straw, or even a few leaves of the wild artichoke upon an emergency, will sustain his courage for a good length of time, and a ration of barley is a luxury to him ;" whilst the European steed craves his three feeds a-day, and cannot endure the want of water. Oats he cannot get, as there are none in Algeria ; barley is used there, as being less heating. The breed of horses has much degenerated in Algeria, owing to the wars there, and to the discouragement of those who breed them. The native dealer knows that if he has a fine horse he will be obliged to give him up to the French at their own price, or for nothing. The French are trying to remedy this evil by establishing "haras," or places for breeding and improving the race of horses in Algeria. The best are now found in the province of Constantine, and especially at Setif, and at Bone, the ancient Hippona, where Saint Augustine lived and died. Mr. Borrer states

the mean price given by the "remonte" for cavalry horses at about 425 francs, that is, about £17. When the French first came, in 1830, horses were more plenty, and such as answered for the cavalry were to be had at little more than half the present price, that is, for about 280 francs.

We have observed that the French officers employ their men at the outposts in road-making ; they have another practice, which we might do well to imitate, that is, a system of allotting gardens to their soldiers. Mr. Borrer saw, at Guelma, the *Calanca* of classic times, in the province of Constantine, a fine piece of ground, well dressed and cultivated in this manner.

But to return, "*a nos moutons*"—if a reader of the book before us can consent to the application of this term—to the French troops in the Kabylie. Their line of march now lay through a hilly country, cultivated, in part, with corn, and, until their approach, thickly inhabited ; for they passed village after village, which were all alike tenantless and silent. To this indication of hostility another was now added. A soldier, during a mid-day halt, went down to the river-side to drink, and was fired at from a covert on the opposite bank and killed. This was the first blow, and three Arabs, seen dashing across the ground at full gallop, were the first inhabitants they beheld. In consequence of this commencement of hostilities, some vacant "gourbies" were set on fire, and as the column was moving through a rich district, armed foragers were sent out, each man with a sickle and a sack, to cut down the ripening wheat, groups of the inhabitants gazing from the heights, vowing vengeance, no doubt, on the hated "Roumis." The Kabyles rely much on night attacks, to which the Arabs of the plain are not at all given. This being known, the sentinels were doubled, and it seems to have been well for them that they took this immediate precaution :—

"Now soft-winged evening came hovering over us, chasing from the woodlands and the sand-rock heights the gilded tints of the setting sun. Repose was in the camp : suddenly a sharp fusillade greeted our ears—the Kabails were attacking one of our outposts

The ring of the French carbine, and the dull explosion of the Kabyle gun, were easily distinguishable; for the latter are loaded with enormous charges of powder, badly rammed down. Volley succeeded volley. The voice of the nightingale was hushed; for man marred the tranquillity of her abode. The wailing jackal fled far aloof; and the crafty lynx, prowling forth upon her evening chase, bounded into the dark recesses of the tangled covert. A fiendish yell from the repulsed mountaineers reached our ears; then all was quiet again, and the stillness of the ensuing night was only interrupted afterwards by dropping shots from different quarters of the camp, chiefly proceeding from French muskets, directed against robber Arabs, descried by the sharp-eyed sentinels amidst the brushwood."—p. 66.

On the following day they passed some Kabyle towns, which wore a far superior aspect to the miserable gourdis they had seen before. They looked, from a distance, much like Italian villages, and not inferior to them. The houses were of stone, well tiled, and with roofs presenting regular gables. The first of these towns, large, compact, and well built, belonged to the Omed-Mansour, a rich tribe, and was named "Mansour." The guides said that, on a mountain in the back ground, there was a city belonging to this tribe which had a population of eighteen thousand souls. Opposite to Mansour was another considerable town, belonging to the Beni-Yala, and called "Cherfa." The fertile valley which divided these towns was covered with fine crops of corn, the ground clear, and beautifully cultivated. Innumerable and gigantic olive-trees, some isolated, others clumped together, all most scientifically grafted by their owners, and producing the finest fruit, vary the low lands, and adorn the slopes of the surrounding hills. No sounds were heard from these towns, and not a soul was seen; they were, like the small villages they had passed, to all appearance deserted. The column next entered the territory of the "Bni Abbés," the wealthiest and most renowned of all the tribes in the Kabylie, and distinguished amongst them, not only by their boldness in war, but by their industry and skill in many arts. Their district comprises a vast extent of mountainous country, with rich slopes and highly-cultivated vales.

The Marshal deputed an allied sheikh, a khalif of influence, who accompanied the expedition, to hold council with the chiefs of this tribe, and urge them to offer submission, and to allow the French troops to traverse their territory in peace. This chief passed a night with them; but though he made known to them the power of the French, and their determination to devastate their homes in the event of a refusal, they not only declined to yield, but demanded some thousand dollars for the right of passage for the column, adding, that if it were not paid they would "wipe them from the face of the earth." There is reason to believe that they had always succeeded in enforcing this toll from the Turks, and we presume they thought either that they could defend their passes against any force, or that the Christians, like the Turks, would rather pay the money than have recourse to violence. In this they were much mistaken. Great was the rejoicing amongst the French soldiers when it was understood that they were to be opposed. Tired of the monotony of a peaceful march, they longed for the excitement of combat. Henceforth they were determined to show themselves unsparing enemies:—

"Onward," says our author, "we marched, trampling beneath our feet vast extents of corn, almost ready for the sickle; smiling fertility before us—devastation in our rear. Every blade and every head of corn was crushed to earth."

Amidst all this anger and excitement, there were few amongst them who did not view with admiration the scenery through which they were passing. A lofty isolated mountain reared its unclouded peak before them. This was the "Djebel-ben-Thom," and behind that, from east to west, extended the barren heights of the mighty Djurjura, whose summits are for ever capped with glistening snow. Who that remembers that Africa is the clime, summer the tide, and May the hour, will not sympathise with our author when he says—

"It may well be imagined with what longing eyes we gazed upon that pure snow; for the water of the river was tepid from the great heat, and the

parched breath of the sirocco wind was upon us."

A rill of cool sweet water, flowing from the heights, crossed the spot on which they were about to bivouac, but the envious natives cut it off, turning its course higher up on the hills. Alas, for the bitter feelings which all such incidents engender on the eve of conflict!

The firing of guns heard, ever and anon, as the column proceeded in its march, announced that the Beni Abbès were making signals of its approach, and soon their green banners were for the first time seen. There were two large standards planted upon the ridge of a lofty and extensive precipice; around which were grouped the chiefs and elders of the Beni-Abbès, while hundreds of the tribe were ranged in various stations, watching their enemies. They were all well armed with long guns, Spanish blunderbusses, pistols, the cruel Kabyle sword, and other offensive weapons. Some volleys were exchanged, and a dropping fire was kept up until the sun had set, when, in that climate, darkness soon follows:—

"All now was still for half an hour or more; the heavens glistened with the mountain fires, but not a yell or a shot was heard: it was a dead silence, broken only by the sighing of the wind, as it swept across the camp in fitful gusts. This was but a suspicious lull, however; and about eight p.m. the storm burst forth in all its fury. A hellish yell from a thousand throats at once, accompanied by furious volleys poured in from all sides, announced a combined and vigorous attack upon the various outposts. It was a glorious moment. The dark veil of night was rent by unceasing flashes of musketry; the fierce cries of the French soldiery mingled with the unearthly howls of their assailants, as the latter, baffled and repulsed by superior discipline and determination, were forced back into the covert, from whence again they would presently dash forth with renewed shouts, responding to the encouraging war-cries of their women, who, collected about the fires upon the heights, stirred up the fierce flames, singing the glorious deeds of the warriors of their tribe. In spite of their determined bravery, the outposts, after repeated and gallant struggles with their numerous foe, were compelled to fall back upon the 'grand garde'.

This raised still more the spirits of the assailants, who, rushing madly on every side, were only repulsed by vigorous and repeated charges of the bayonet.

"About this time orders were issued for the tents to be struck, and the troops to lie on the ground; for showers of balls were whistling and falling in every direction—sources of thoughtless mirth to those to whom they were not billeted; for every narrow escape, every shave of the whiskers from these leaden messengers of death, begot a volley of jests and sarcasms from the groups gathered about the smouldering campfires. *En passant*, one of these whistlers seemed to have been billeted for myself; for, having rolled a stone near one of the fires, to serve me for a pillow, my head was no sooner placed upon it than an envious Kabyle sent a bullet, which, striking the stone within a few inches of my pate, almost made me swallow the cigar in my mouth. Had it arrived a minute sooner, it would probably have gone through my head, which had been reposing upon the same spot before the luxury of a pillow had seduced me to seek the friendly aid."—pp 89, 90.

By one o'clock the moon rose, and the enemy retired. They conceived, as it afterwards appeared, from the silence in the camp, and from the fact that the troops were lying down, that they had gone far to accomplish their threat of "wiping these Christians from the face of the earth."

The first visit was thus made by the Kabyles, and it was soon returned. A little before dawn there was a noiseless movement in the camp: no trumpet was sounded, and the word of command was "passed along the ranks in a whisper. By four in the morning, eight battalions "sans sacs," with a small body of cavalry, and some mountain-guns were toiling up the first heights, the marshal having decided on destroying some of the Kabyle towns. This column had much difficulty in scrambling up the first hill, and a mule, laden with a gun, sent Mr. Borrer, horse and all, headlong down a steep slope, "anathematising the prickly thorns of the wild jujeb." They, however, soon reached the base of two lofty ridges of rock, which commanded the pass, and where the Beni-Abbes—seen in vast numbers—opened on them a determined fire. This was not returned for about twenty minutes, during which time the French threw out some skirmishers

amongst the brushwood in one direction, while a column was sent to turn the heights. Pending this movement, the Kabyle fire was extremely hot, and balls were whistling around the French who were waiting below. They, as our author tells us, philosophically lighted their pipes, and their indifference to danger was, it seems, shared by one of the gentler sex:—

“One could not but admire the ‘sang froid’ of a pretty ‘vivandière,’ who sat upon her horse, fully exposed to this fire, with her laughing face overshadowed by a little hat, adorned with long feathers, cocked knowingly on one side, and jesting light-heartedly with those around her. There she sat, cavalier-fashion, with her canvas trousers and red tunic, evidently enjoying the excitement of the moment and the music of the bullets.”—p. 94.

Mr. Borrer had leisure to remark on the sharp twang of the Kabyle bullet, and picking up one, he found it of small calibre, and cut round, as if carved with a knife, which accounts for the peculiar sound, as well as for the dangerous wound it gives.

“The Zouaves, with their leather baskins and loose Oriental trousers, might now be seen occupying the summits of the precipices, which, half an hour before, were covered with Kabyles, and the green bunting was no longer visible. How the Zouaves ever get there, was surprising to those not acquainted with them; but their troops scale rocks with the agility of mountain goats, combining the utmost endurance with great hardiness and strength; for they are all picked men, and generally of rather short stature, broad-shouldered, deep-breasted, and bull-necked—much more serviceable men (for such fighting, at all events) than our six-foot grenadiers.”—p. 96.

These Numidian sepoys, the Zouaves, were first formed into regiments by General Clausel, in 1830, and were at that time composed wholly of natives, but they have now mingled with them a large number of French. Their Oriental costume is picturesque, and their arms consist of the musket, bayonet, and the short Roman sword. They have been engaged in every affair of note in Africa, and have uniformly distinguished themselves. They neither give nor obtain quarter, but

are described as eager for plunder, and superlatively cruel. It was at the head of this corps that Lamoricière mounted the breach at Constantine, where the Turks and Kabyles made a memorable defence. He was then their colonel.

“It was,” adds our author, “in cheering them on during that murderous struggle that this talented officer, then their colonel, so narrowly escaped a hideous death, from the explosion of numerous magazines, the fire from which, falling upon the bags of powder borne by the soldiers of the ‘genie,’ grievously wounded him, blew half his men into eternity, and rendered a portion of his venerable ‘Cirta’ an infernal chaos of ruins, flames, and dying wretches, vainly struggling to draw their mangled bodies from the devouring fire.”

The Kabyles were driven from height to height, keeping up, however, a steady and heavy fire. The villages were situated on summits, and overlooked from the hills around by isolated towers, lofty, square at the base, and carried up in an octagonal form. These are supposed to have been holy places of resort in time of peace, and to have served as watch-towers during war. They were looped, and an unceasing fire poured from them; but congraves and obusiers were brought into play, and the garrison was soon compelled to leave them. The Kabyles dread the obusier, which they call the *twice-firing cannon*. They fly from the direction which the ‘obus’ takes, and will not again approach the spot where it falls.

The assailants still advanced, but, from the nature of the ground, with extreme difficulty, and exposed to a fire from several of such towers, in the neighbourhood of the villages, as we have described. Two or three of the soldiers, in mounting to these attacks, fell dead, from the desperate exertion and the intense heat; and the cavalry dashing on, or floundering amongst the rocks, had a hard, but an exciting run.

“The villages were all surrounded with walls of about twelve feet in height, and composed of stones cemented together with mud mingled with chopped straw; a strong fence of thorny bushes crowning them, and impenetra-

ble hedges of the prickly pear growing along their base. The inhabitants fired chiefly from the loopholes pierced in these walls, and in the walls of the houses. Upon the terraces of the latter also might be seen picturesque groups of gaunt warriors, their flowing burnouses thrown back, as they handled with activity their long guns. In one of these last villages some half-dozen of them boldly remained, after the great body of their comrades had fled, in a large square building, commanding the entrance of the village on the side we approached, and kept up a determined fire at '*bout portant*.' It was all to no avail, however; the narrow streets were soon crowded with French troops—ravishing, massacring, and plundering on all sides. Neither sex nor age was regarded—the sword fell upon all alike. From one house, blood-stained soldiers, laden with spoil, passed forth as I entered it. Upon the floor of one of the chambers lay a little girl, of twelve or fourteen years of age; there she lay, weltering in gore, and in the agonies of death; an accursed ruffian thrust his bayonet into her. God will requite him. In another house, a wrinkled old woman sat crouched upon the matting, rapidly muttering, in the agony of fear, prayers to Allah, with a trembling tongue. A pretty child, of six or seven years old, laden with silver and coral ornaments, clung to her side, her eyes streaming with tears as she clasped her aged mother's arm. The soldiery, mad with blood and rage, were nigh at hand. I seized the fair child; a moment was left to force her into a dark recess at the far end of the building; some ragged matting thrown before it served to conceal her; and whilst I was making signs to her mother to hold silence, soldiers rushed in. Some ransacked the habitation; others pricked the old female with their bayonets. 'Soldiers, will you slay an aged woman?' 'No, monsieur,' said one fellow, 'we will not kill her; but her valuables are concealed, and we must have them.'

"In nearly every house were vast jars of oil (for the Kabyles make, consume, and sell vast quantities), often six or seven feet in height, and ranged in rows around the chambers. Holes being rapped in all those jars, the houses were soon flooded with oil, and streams of it were pouring down the very streets. When the soldiers had ransacked the dwellings, and smashed to atoms all that they could not carry off, or did not think worth seizing as spoil, they heaped the remnants and mattings together, and fired them. As I was hastily traversing the narrow streets, to regain the outside

of the village, disgusted with the horrors I had witnessed, flames burst forth on all sides, and torrents of fire came swiftly gliding down the thoroughfares, for the flames had gained the oil. An instant I turned, the fearful doom of the poor concealed child and the decrepit mother flashing on my mind. It was too late; who could distinguish the house amongst hundreds exactly similar? The fire was crackling, blazing with increased fury, and there was no time to lose. The way of the gateway was barred with roaring flames; scrambling to the terrace of a low building, I threw myself over the wall. The unfortunate Kabyle child was, doubtless, consumed, with her aged parent. How many others may have shared her fate!" —pp. 101-4.

Alas! are these the idolaters of glory—the soldiers of civilization? How deeply have the French to blush for their triumphs in Africa! How must the chivalrous amongst them lament that their well-established valour is ungraced by mercy—their national honour stained by such demon acts as we have recorded, and the something "more exquisite still," which is almost too bad and too painful to be read:—

"The soldiers pronounced the country '*joliment nettoyé*;' and I heard two ruffians, after the sacking was over, relating with great gusto how many young girls had been burnt in one house, after being abused by their brutal comrades and themselves. They pronounced that house '*joliment nettoyé*' also. It was indeed a very favourite phrase with them."—p. 113.

The best of the villages which was thus consumed by fire had all the appearance of opulence. There were *fabrics* in it of arms, gunpowder, haiks, burnouses, and other stuffs, and shops of workers in silver, in cord, venders of silks and articles of French and Tunisian manufacture, brought by the traders of the tribe from Algiers and Tunis. The quantity of spoil taken by the captors was immense, and the soldiers also found considerable sums of money. The powder was so fine that the French said, with bitter feeling, that it was made in England; it is, however, well known that the Kabyles make it very fine themselves. In some of the houses Mr. Borrer observed vast coffers of

walnutwood, handsomely carved and richly ornamented. These were full of books and bundles of manuscripts. These—cases, and manuscripts, and books—the Vandal soldiery set on fire. One work only, which proved to be a Koran, was saved by our author, and he was offered two hundred francs for it by a taleb of the chief mosque of Algiers: “for,” said this personage, “I do not like so holy a book to be in the hands of a Christian.” The Arab soldiers saved some few manuscripts, and preserved them with care—but the great mass of them was destroyed; and who can tell what treasures of antiquity, what translations from lost classic works into the Arabic, thus for ever perished?

The tribe of the Beni-Abbes is said to number forty thousand souls; and at the close of this conflict, their great chief, Hamon Tahar, having, by a flag of truce, signified his desire of submitting to the marshal, was accordingly conducted to his tent.

“Oh, great sheik of the Christians,” said the humbled prince, “recall your men of night—sheath again the sword of vengeance: by the rising of to-morrow’s sun, the chiefs and elders of the Beni-Abbes shall all bow down before you. You will command that which seemeth good in your eyes, and we will obey.”

On the following day, Hamon Tahar, with the remaining leaders of his tribe, were seen wending down their hills, in sad procession; and with mourning pace advanced to make their formal submission to the French. It appeared that they had resisted against the advice of their “wise men.” They now bound themselves to pay a tribute of fifty thousand francs, but in consequence of their losses, the payment for the first year was remitted. Mr. Borrer and the French officers thought that they had made a very weak defence; and that had they exhibited only a little more of skill and steadiness, at least one-half of the attacking column must have been destroyed.

As we have freely observed upon the ferocity of French warfare in Africa, we conceive ourselves bound to state what Mr. Borrer says in its defence. War, when waged against uncivilized tribes, does, we admit, of

necessity, assume a sterner character than would be at all justified under other circumstances. A barbarous people are usually fanatic, treacherous, cruel, and little impressible by anything but fear. The commander may thus be justified in dealing with them more severely, and his soldiers excused if the atrocities of their opponents have had a degrading influence on them. This is not the language of Mr. Borrer; but it appears to us to be the fair amount of what he puts forward as a true defence for those with whom he marched. There are necessities in war, and harsh deeds, which such considerations may excuse; but who feels that they in the least palliate the foul abuse of victory, the savage butchery of helpless children and unresisting women, which we have only in part detailed? Who? we may ask; for even our author, at the close of what is, perhaps, the only labourered page in his book, says:—“The slaughter by wholesale of defenceless women and children, however difficult to restrain, and ill-regulated the troops may be, yet cover the commanding officer with dishonour.”

We are not, however, disposed to admit that the Kabyles are the cruel characters which Mr. Borrer and the French describe them to be. There certainly is not in the book before us any evidence of this, no authenticated instance of a single act of atrocity on their part. On the contrary, judging from what is there recorded, the Kabyles must be pronounced a far more amiable people than their European, civilised, and Christian invaders.

There is another argument adduced by Mr. Borrer, in extenuation of the conduct of his friends, and to which we think he attaches more value than it deserves. It is, that the ranks of the French army in Africa are composed, in a great measure, of the very scum of France. This is only admitting that it is a vile army, and is consequently no defence.

One of the best-marked traits of Arab character is a veneration for religion. It is to this sentiment that Abd-el-Kader appealed with much success in exciting his countrymen to war; and when the Abbé Suchet adventured forth alone to seek the Emir’s camp, in the hope of procuring the

release of fifty-six of his countrymen, who were their prisoners, he found that a regard for his character, of priest was his great protection. The Arabs can respect Christians, but seeing the prevailing negligence of the French on the subject of religion, they despise and hate them as utter infidels. "Les Arabes," says a French writer cited by Mr. Borrer, "ne peuvent pas comprendre un état sans religion. Quand ils virent que nous ne professons aucune culte, ils en conclurent que nous n'étions pas une société, mais une agglomération de mécréants." There is always the danger, amongst the extremely ignorant, of this feeling for religion degenerating into fanaticism, and Mr. Borrer supplies us with some remarkable illustrations of the fact. We shall refer to one, showing the implicit confidence which the Arabs place in their marabbutts, or priests, and which has the further interest of being connected with a name much before the public. The incident occurred in the July of 1846:—

"One of these saints foretold the taking of 'Tlemçen' from the French, sending word at the same time to Gen. Cavaignac, who held it, that the sooner he returned to France, the better, and that if he did not immediately evacuate the city, he should come on such a day and take it. On the day named, eight hundred Arab horse and twelve hundred infantry appeared in the neighbourhood of the town. The chief told them that the town would now be evacuated. His words proved correct to a certain extent, as General Cavaignac sallied forth with his troops to meet the enemy. The expectant Arabs stood their ground in perfect tranquillity, as the French approached, for their marabbutt had said that the earth would presently open and swallow up the French general and his forces. Patiently the infatuated Moslems waited to behold the consummation of the miracle, when suddenly the veil was torn from their eyes. The French trumpet sounded the charge—the cavalry came thundering down upon the astonished Arabs, standing like sheep for the slaughter, and they were sabred almost to a man.

"Again, a celebrated marabbutt, of the province of Ouar, informed his tribe

that on a certain day the French muskets could not be fired, and that they would then go forth and take possession of a certain fort in the neighbourhood, held by the French. The day arrived; a troop of sixty Arabs were beheld by the sentinels of the garrison approaching the fort, playing the fantasia. Their cries of joy and amity rang on high, mingled with the sound of the 'tam-tam,' and other musical instruments. The admiring sentinels, at the gateway of the fort were hailed by them as friends, and considering them as such let them pass into the fort, not discovering their error until the cold yatagans of the cavaliers in the rear cleft through their brains. The French guard hastily turned out. Onward the treacherous Moslems dashed, cutting down a brigadier and several men. A musket was aimed at the breast of a cavalier, and the trigger pulled, but it would not go off. The cavaliers cried aloud, 'Behold, the words of our prophet are true!' and making onwards, had almost taken the fort by surprise, when volley after volley was opened upon them. Horse and man fell beneath the fire; every one of them was slain, and their bodies were cast into the ditch around the walls, within an hour of their entering the fort. Several accidents having taken place, from the carelessness of the French soldiers with their muskets when on guard, the percussion lock having been lately introduced amongst them, orders had been issued that the 'piston' or capsule should not be applied by them, except when danger was at hand. The cunning marabbutt had doubtless found this out by some means, and made the above use of his discovery."—pp. 118, 119.

The country now called Algeria, and which includes the Kabylie, extends from east to west, between two hundred and forty and two hundred and fifty French leagues; and its breadth, north and south, that is, from the sea to the little Sahara, varies from forty to sixty leagues. About two-thirds of this is mountainous, but with fertile valleys. The native population is estimated by Marshal Bugeaud at from three to four millions. This territory is divided by nature into two regions—the upper, between the Great and the Little Atlas; the lower between the latter and the sea.

* The city of Abd-el-Kader, at that time, and now, in possession of the French.

This last is the European zone, and is called the Tell, a word which implies that it is fit for the production of grain. From the Tell to the Great Sahara is called the Little Desert or Little Sahara. It has received the name of "desert" because it yields no grain, but in other respects it is in many places fruitful and well peopled. The inhabitants of the Tell, and of the desert beyond it, are so linked by intercourse, and by the latter looking to the former for corn, &c., that the desert proverb is—"He is our lord, who is lord of our mother, and our mother is the Tell." The climate of this latter zone is, as Mr. Borrer conceives, for the most part healthy. It is protected by the Little Atlas chain from the desert wind, which, from its suffocating heat, as well as from its being impregnated with the fine sand of the Sahara, has a most injurious influence on many constitutions. The atmosphere, too, in this littoral region, is cleared during many months by prevailing storms, and in warm weather it is tempered by the sea-breezes. Malaria, engendered by the marshes, or choked-up river-courses, has rendered many parts dangerous, but this evil might be cured by draining; and the Romans, who were well aware of this great source of public health, paid, it is evident, great attention to it in Africa. "Across the vast plain of the Metidja," says Mr. Borrer, "behind Algiers, may be traced the line of a great Roman drain, running from the eastern to the western limits of the plain, which with the aid of numerous tributary drains, served to carry off the stagnant waters of the plain, thus rendering it healthy and fertile."

The present condition of the vast plain we have mentioned—the Metidja

—tells badly for the colonial system of France. When that power first took possession of Algiers, this extensive tract was, to a great extent, under careful tillage; it is now comparatively, a desert, while the price of corn in Algiers is enormous. Indeed, all the necessities of life are dearer in Algiers than in Paris. If to this we add, that the natives abhor French government, as well from experience of its injustice as from a feeling of its severity—that the expense of the colony to the mother-country is almost intolerable, and that of this large expenditure a great proportion gets into the hands of the native population, and never returns in any form,* we can hardly come to any other conclusion than this, that their African experiment is not very successful. We speak of it only as a colonial experiment; it may have proved, and be, a good safety-valve for a turbulent soldiery; it may, like India with us, keep the army in practical discipline; but of all those who are at all acquainted with its condition, we cannot imagine that there is one so sanguine as seriously to entertain the hope of ever seeing it a profitable adjunct to the French empire. We unfeignedly deplore that, from their ignorance of, or inattention to, the first principles of colonisation, the French are thus losing the opportunity of introducing the true blessings of civilised life into regions which have been so long neglected.

Mr. Borrer's book is a single volume, and without any luxury of illustration. We can honestly commend it as presenting much to amuse, much to interest, and very much to instruct a reader, upon the subject of the French in Africa, and the ways and manners of the native tribes.

* "The Arab comes to market with horses, cattle, fowl, burnouses, figs, oil, &c., for which he receives French gold—no exchange of product taking place; for all luxuries are totally unrequired by the Arab."—Borrer's Kabylie, p. 250.

ITALY AND THE ITALIAN QUESTIONS.

* No more convincing proof of the impossibility of squaring the question of foreign politics by the application of home rules was ever presented, than the case of Italy at this moment. Our journals, admirably edited and well-informed as they are, exhibit this difficulty daily; and while we see Conservatives apologising, on the one hand, for the natural errors of dynastic origin, we find Liberals deploring the casual excesses of those too long withheld from the benefit of free institutions.

The simple truth is, that, not content with fitting every foreign land with a constitution, trial by jury, freedom of the press, and other like privileges, in our thorough-going John Bullism, we must insist on marshalling the political forces into Whig and Tory. We organise the contending factions after home models, and never rest content till we have discovered certain analogies with our Cobdens and O'Connors, as though the very scheme of a free government should necessarily include every adventitious person and occurrence we see among ourselves.

So long as we occupied ourselves with French politics, as they existed under the late reign, the task was tolerably easy. The leading men in the French chamber made no scruple in avowing this imitation of the working of the English constitution, and imperceptibly glided into the forms of party, which in many respects resembled our own; and although the shades of opinion in the Chamber were more varied than in the House of Commons, two great prevailing colours predistinguishing themselves in the prism, and the party of the crown and the opposition were as well-marked as ever we saw them at home.

In Italy, however, such an application was impossible. Neither the monarchies nor the people of the peninsula had any analogy with what is observable elsewhere. The great camps of rival parties could not exist without public opinion, and how could there be public opinion without

its exponent, an able and independent press? It is true that for several years back a party professing strong democratic opinions had spread through every state of the peninsula, exhibiting itself with more or less boldness, according to the freedom permitted in each particular government. This party by degrees assumed the garb of nationality, and on the death of the late Pope, and the accession of the present, took the field by an open denunciation of the Austrian rule in Lombardy. Too weak to assail the strongholds of monarchy at once, they began by a movement well calculated to enlist national sympathies, and elicit expressions of opinion favourable to the cause they advocated. A revolt in Piedmont, or in Naples, in Tuscany, or the States of the Church, would at once have called for Austrian intervention to suppress it. But a rising in Lombardy—a resistance to the dominion of the “stranger,” was certain to call into the field sections of every party disposed to Liberal opinions. The Italian princes anticipated the rich spoil of a partitioned territory, and the removal beyond the Alps of a haughty and unbending neighbour; the trading classes were flattered with the hopes of an untrammelled commerce from the Gulf of Genoa to the Adriatic; while the people were led into a dream of national greatness, which should restore Italy to the rank she once held amongst the nations.

It is undeniable that there were many grievances to allege against the Austrian rule in Lombardy—some of them to be explained by the not too satisfactory excuse of expediency; others not even so defensible.

To hold in subjection any country where the masses are indisposed to the governing power, and rendered inimical either by differences of religion or nationality, will always imply a system of which repression forms a part; nor are concessions, in such circumstances, attended with the same success as elsewhere—they are either regarded as late and tardy acts of

long-denied justice, or, worse still, victories won from a weakened and declining power.

This was strikingly the case in Lombardy. The cabinet of Vienna, not confident enough to appeal to the nation by an organised system of free institutions, sought a species of compromise, by promoting to places of trust in the administration, many Italians of rank and influence. They fancied that the acceptance of office and emolument had enlisted these men in the cause, and secured their fidelity. In this, however, they were deceived—the officials either lost all influence with their countrymen, or regained it by the disgraceful alternative of being traitors to their benefactors.

Each concession of the Austrian government was used as an agency for weakening the Imperial power. Thus the scientific congresses became debating clubs of political subjects, and the very ceremonies that welcomed a new archbishop at Milan, were converted into a display of feeling inimical to the government. These are but two from what might be swelled into a long catalogue of similar grievances.

But let any one conceive the details of an administration carried on by men personally and deeply interested in its ruin, anxious to conceal its good and develop all its bad—thwarting, by every means in their power, all conciliatory efforts of the government, and exhibiting, in the most odious light, any act of necessary severity. Let any one picture to himself the working of such a system, aided by all the subtlety of the Italian character, and he will readily acknowledge that the faults of Austrian rule in Lombardy were far more likely to be harshly judged, than appreciated with any leanings to mercy.

That the material prosperity of the country attained a very high standard under German domination, the most violent patriot does not attempt to deny. No city of all Italy could compare with Milan but one short year ago. The splendour of its equipages, the elegance and luxury of its shops, the style of the private residences, the dress and general appearance of its inhabitants, reminded the stranger at once of London and Paris. The same movement in the crowded thorough-

fares—the businesslike look of everyone—the appearance of purpose, so very different from the wearisome lassitude so observable in other Italian capitals, struck even the least observing visitor. You looked about you in vain for the evidences of a despotism whose prerogative is to crush enterprise and destroy commerce. You saw no other sign of a foreign rule than the white uniform of some Austrian grenadier, or the laced boot of a Hungarian sentinel. It is true that in society no admixture of the two races ever occurred. To be received and welcomed by the German was to be shunned and avoided by the Italian. The entrance of an Austrian gentleman into a lady's box at the opera—a rare case, most unquestionably—would be the signal for every Italian to leave it. But in all the signs of external well-doing—in that activity that bespeaks successful industry and rewarding labour, Milan was pre-eminent. The peace of the city was committed to a police, which to strangers' eyes certainly offered nothing obtrusive or impertinent. The most unfrequented quarters were safe at every hour of the night; the foot-passenger might traverse the city from the Como gate to the Corso without the slightest danger of molestation. Property was no less safe than person; in fact, in comparison with its amount of population, Milan might have challenged any city of Europe for the excellence of its internal administration.

Such was the condition of Milan at the close of the year 1847, when the first measures of the new Pope began to excite the hopes of that party who had long determined that the battle of democracy should be fought on the plain of Lombardy.

It was well known to every influential Italian of the Milanese that Austria had at last decided on making large and important concessions to her Italian subjects. The necessity of yielding at home, which the constitution then announced by the king of Prussia manifested, compelled also the adoption of similar measures for the Lombard kingdom. This was no secret; the theme was discussed in every café and in every *salon*, and men canvassed openly the nature and extent of the coming reforms. The habitual slowness of Austria had protracted the time for making these concessions—the

tedious pedantry of that Bureau system—that “*schreiberei*,” as they themselves designate it—had dallied so long, that a feeling of uncertainty arose among the Italians, as to the fulfilment of the promise—a doubt most eagerly laid hold of by those whose interest it was to perpetuate discontent. Some demonstrations in favour of the Pope—some avowedly insulting allusions to the imperial house, also retarded the intended measures; when suddenly the news of the French revolution burst upon the astonished ears of Europe. The overwhelming success of a movement which actually seemed to carry all before it rather by menace than force—the downfall of what seemed the strongest throne of the Continent—the powerless attitude of a great army in face of an undisciplined rabble—the triumph of the wildest theories of popular liberty over the matured wisdom of statesmanship, came, one by one, to the remotest cities of Europe—at first like a vague rumour—then assuming gradually a kind of consistency, and at last heralded by the new officials of the new republic, who, attired in the costume of '92, appeared as commissaries to convey in form the tidings to the different missions of France.

When the news reached Milan, all thought of further dependence on Austria was over. The assistance of France they deemed certain: already the secret terms of a treaty had assured them of the aid of Piedmont. The bold front of the populace—the mysterious meetings of the nobles—the ground-swell of the coming storm, were all noted by the officials of the Austrian government, who already had been engaged in a profitless struggle with the inhabitants regarding a new impost on tobacco. The accustomed measures of police were resorted to, to repress this troublous spirit; but it was no longer a street disturbance—it was already a revolt; and so, while the Germans occupied themselves in closing the theatres and the cafés—in forbidding assemblages of more than six people, the wearing of certain peculiarly shaped hats—the exchange of certain signs of recognition, and so on, the work of preparation went steadily forward outside the frontier, and the Swiss behind the Ticino, and the Piedmontese, were all preparing for the coming struggle.

It is true that the Austrian envoy at Turin demanded an explanation of certain warlike preparations he witnessed, and still more of the tone assumed by the public press, even of that portion avowedly in the confidence of the government. The accused assured him that he had nothing to fear—that the house of Savoy had never wavered in its ancient fidelity to that of Hapsburg; and that, in the present excited state of public opinion it was safer and wiser to permit these liberties of the journalists, than to enter into a conflict whose termination none could foresee. The Austrian minister was satisfied with these reasonings, and within one month after, Carlo Alberto marched forth at the head of his army, to make war on the Austrian territory.

We have intentionally, in this brief recital of events, omitted all mention of the occupation of Ferrara, because, although assuming at the time it happened the semblance of a grave event, in reality it contributed nothing, or next to nothing, to the embarrassment which ensued. The Austrian, by the clause of a treaty, claimed the right, if circumstances should require it, to garrison the town, as well as the fortress of that place. The right was contested by the pontifical legate, and the occupation took place in opposition to his wish. The Austrians, however, soon afterwards withdrew the troops, and nothing remained to mark the occurrence save the excited attacks of Italian journalists, who inveighed against the invasion of territory with an honest indignation, they never, certainly, applied to the advances of the Piedmontese army.

The events of that memorable struggle are too well known, and too recent, to require recapitulation here; the clever notices from the seat of war, contributed by the correspondent of a London journal, kept its million readers “*au courant*” with the changeful fortunes of a very exciting campaign. One only circumstance excited our astonishment in reading them—which was, how a person of very considerable shrewdness, with great opportunities for well-judging, could have at first formed, and subsequently adhered to the notion, that Austria must in the end be defeated!

This certainly was not shared by any of those whose position afforded them

a clear insight into the character of the struggle. In the first place, the Austrian army stands second to none in Europe for the perfection of every military arm. In cavalry it is unquestionably superior to any other; while the artillery has attained a development fully equal to the famed practice of our own. Against this force the Piedmontese alone had any pretension to contend. These were certainly very superior troops, admirably armed, and well disciplined, animated with the highest courage, and only anxious for the opportunity of distinction. The staff-officers, however, were confessedly inferior, and the commissariat in a condition of almost disorganization. The disastrous retreat from Savanna Campagna, unhappily demonstrated this beyond a doubt.

But who were the allies of the brave Piedmontese? The miserable, half-fed, ill-armed rabble of Tuscany—the refuse of a town population, too idle to work, and induced to join the army by the bright expectation of booty—the enthusiastic students of Pisa, boys of fourteen or fifteen, whose weak constitutions succumbed to the heat of a summer that tried even the hardy frames of the Hun and the Croat—the bearded artists of Rome, heroes who, in their costume of “Crociato” (Crusader), were more often to be met with at Florence and Turin than in the plain of Lombardy;—these, and the volunteers of Milan (memorable for a cowardice that has consigned them to infamy), were the men whom Charles Albert was to brigade with his own gallant followers, and to entrust with the occupation and defence of important posts.

It was constantly asserted by the Italian journals (and, I believe, to a great extent, credited in England), that the peasantry were to a man the enemies of Austria, and that a war similar to the guerilla system of the Spaniards harassed the imperial troops at every step, cutting off their detachments, arresting their baggage, impeding their marches, and even assassinating the wounded whenever met upon the high roads. Nothing is more false than this. The peasantry were in every instance well affected to those whose rigid discipline forbid plunder and prevented marauding.

The punctual payment of the Austrian commissaries for every article required by the troops—the habitual respect of property, so instinctive in the German of every class—the orderly conduct of the soldiers, with whom each officer comes into immediate and incessant contact, all impressed the peasantry most favourably. Besides, there was the ever-present desire of the Austrian generals, to spare to the utmost a territory they had no intention of abandoning: the same foresight that made Radetzki withhold his artillery at Milan inducing him to treat with forbearance a land which was to revert to his master. The terrible destruction of the mulberry-trees, the source of the great prosperity of Lombardy, as by their leaves the silk-worms are fed, whose labours employ the looms of Milan—the wanton injury to the ingenious channels of irrigation, by which the rice-fields are watered—the breaking down of bridges—the mining of roads, so generously ascribed to the “Barbari,” were the depredations of those reckless hordes of Rome and Naples, who, with all the licence of a soldiery and none of the courage, committed every species of violence and excess upon the peasantry when refused the exorbitant demands they were in the habit of making.

Little did the Italian journals know when denouncing the cruelty of the Croat soldiers, and asserting that the inhumanity of these semi-savages had roused the peasantry to an almost insensate fury, that the name of a “Crociato” had more terror for a Lombard peasant, than any Hun or Croat that ever bivouacked beneath his roof. Not, indeed, that the knowledge would have induced recantation of the error—the whole press of Italy having, with the most treacherous falsehood, misled the public in every event of the war, its fortunes, and its probable results. Battles were described as fought and won when no conflict had taken place; cannon were captured, and prisoners taken, when neither a gun nor a man was lost; generals were led captive to Turin, whom the Austrian “order of the day” proclaimed as at the head of the battalions. Nor was this all. The cowardice of the imperial army was a stock subject of newspaper comment. Scarcely a day passed that the *Alba* did not record the flight of an Austrian

brigade before some subaltern party of Italians; frequently the very announcement of their approach was sufficient to route these "Barbari," who, by such a strange inconsistency, had long been permitted to wear the lion's skin unexposed!

The honest credulity of the Italian public received and "swallowed" these narratives with a most delightful simplicity. The only dread that many experienced, when "leaving for the wars," was, that not an Austrian would be left ere he arrived, and that he should lose the pleasant spectacle of the white uniform flying like sheep in the distance. We well remember the effect the first contrary testimony created, when a Florentine gentleman who had escaped, the only one, from a party that were cut to pieces by an Austrian squadron, narrated, in a few brief words, his experience of a campaign against the Germans. The incredulity at first, then the stealing conviction, and at last the terror-struck dismay, as of men who had been basely and cruelly tampered with, were a sad price to pay for the flattering delusion of superiority.

Even the government did not dare to tell the truth; so infatuated had the people become with the fancied heroism, that to speak of defeat, would have been construed into an act of treachery; and thus when tidings the most serious had arrived, and hurried councils of ministers told the initiated that some circumstance of uncommon emergency had occurred, an official bulletin would announce another victory; a hastily-printed supplement to the *Alba* or the *Patria*, proclaimed to the town the overthrow of the Barbari, with the loss of all his cannon, concluding with the customary formula of encomium on Italian valour and invincibility—themes whose repetition seemed to render them even more palatable.

The "whole truth," however, never was generally known, in fact. Carlo Alberto, after five days of disastrous retreat, threw himself into Milan—that city which, four months previously, he had declared he would only enter when he had planted the flag of Italian independence on the Alps. The unperformed pledge of the king was in melancholy keeping with the disgraceful conduct of the populace; for no sooner had they learned that his Majesty had determined on a "conven-

tion," than they pronounced him a traitor to the Italian cause; and the savage yells of "Morte a Carlo Alberto" resounded beneath his windows, from men whose hands were ready to perform what their tongues proclaimed. It was to no purpose that they were told that Milan was indefensible; that the walls could not resist artillery; that "ammunition for two days, and provisions for one," were all that the Provisional Government had procured. These gallant patriots, who had fled from every battle, whose cowardice had made the Piedmontese declare that they would not be brigaded along with them—these heroes of a hundred flights proclaimed that Milan should be another Saragossa.

Whatever may be alleged against the king of Sardinia, on the score of good faith and candour, not even the most malicious calumny could assail his personal bravery. The whole campaign exhibited him, and the two princes, his sons, foremost in every danger. Yet even this fact could not avail against the ruffian ribaldry of that mob, who now surrounded the house where he was, and, with frantic cries, avowed that they would burn it to the ground.

The circumstances of his escape were almost worthy of romance. An officer of his staff lowered himself from a back window into the courtyard of the palace, and made his way to the barrack of the royal guard, with a detachment of which he returned, and forced an entry into the house. It was at the head of this party, and in the uniform of an officer of his own guard, that the king issued forth, and, undetected, arrived at the gate of the city, where—oh, terrible Nemesis, in treason to his word!—an Austrian column, sent by the order of Marshal Radetzki, was in waiting to receive and protect him over the frontier into Piedmont.

Here ends, for the present at least, the Lombard episode on the Italian conflict. The judgment men will pass upon it will mainly depend on their previous leanings in politics.

In Italy, opinions are divided—some ascribing the unhappy result to Carlo Alberto; others attributing the blame to the king of Naples, whose Sicilian troubles compelled him to recall his troops from Lombardy;

while a third section of politicians do not scruple to charge the Pope with all the calamity of defeat.

Carlo Alberto, it is said, displayed no more zeal in the war when Venice proclaimed herself a republic. The acquisition of territory alone, they alleged, induced him to commence the war, and he resolved to abandon it, when the cause became merely a national one. It would be nearer the truth to say, that he relaxed his efforts, when he discovered they were hopeless. When Radetzki, declining to divide his army, suffered Peschiera to fall, without coming to its rescue, the king saw that a grander strategy was contemplated, and that in thus waiting for reinforcements, the marshal intended, with an overwhelming force, to conclude the war at once. It was then that the king urged his ministry, by every means in his power, to conclude a peace, and to negotiate. But the spirit of Italian nationality, excited into a false enthusiasm by the newspapers, spurned every thought of a compromise, and the unhappy monarch saw himself compelled to finish a game in which he was certain to lose. The king of Naples, never sincere in his adhesion to the cause of Lombardy, delayed long in sending his contingent, and when they did arrive, they bore a most ludicrous resemblance to the force Falstaff enlisted under not very dissimilar intentions. They were, without question, the most hang-dog, unprepossessing set, that ever marched to music. Their uniform, a simple "blouse" of striped blue and white, and a round hat, decorated with a tricolor cockade, did not set them off to any particular advantage. They walked—not marched—in squads of ten or twelve, carrying their muskets—old and disabled weapons, it is said—after every fashion fancy dictated, chatting, smoking, and laughing, in all the free and easy liberty of the rabble they had emerged from a few days before. What troops to oppose to the "Macedonian phalanx" of Austrian infantry! What men to meet the onward rush of the gigantic Croat, or the infuriated charge of the daring Hungarian! It is true, they did not expose their inferiority to such a fearful ordeal.

The papal contingent was scarcely more respectable, save the small force which consisted of Swiss—these Dal-

gettys of Europe—so faithful and so mercenary! The Romans were dispatched ostensibly for the defence of their own frontier; but on reaching the Po, at a demand from their general, at once crossed the river, and proclaimed themselves of the army of Italy. The Pope, however, had uniformly and obstinately refused to proclaim war against Austria. "He had armed a force—he had blessed the banners"—he had given them a parting benediction, with an exhortation to valour, and then he consoled himself by saying, "If they do fight, it is no affair of mine; I am at war with nobody." The Austrians took him at his word, and proclaimed, that instead of treating such prisoners as they might take among the Roman troops by the rules of honourable war, they would hang them by the neck as brigands. A few instances of such summary justice, it is said, cooled down the ardour of the "Crusaders," who were afterwards rarely heard of in the campaign.

The disastrous termination of the Lombard war, with the despair of obtaining French intervention, now compelled the liberal party to another tactique. The cause of democracy stood favourably in the other states of the peninsula—if from no other reason, that no longer could the Princes, now hard pressed, call on Austria for aid. The king of Naples could not, as in 1820, invoke assistance from the imperial government, to repress the excesses of his subjects. Neither could the Pope or the Grand Duke of Tuscany ask support from those they had stigmatised as their enemies. The Italian rulers had entrusted the safety of their thrones to national guards, and now was the hour to test the wisdom of their confidence.

The democrats saw this; they perceived that monarchy, pledged as it had been in the late struggle, was between the horns of a dilemma. To go back—or in the phrase of the day, to become reactionary—would have been the signal for revolt at once. To continue the game of concession, was merely protracting the few hours in life, while bleeding to death. The king of Naples boldly resolved on the former course; with what success is well known.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany determined on the latter; and already the

revolt of Leghorn, the appointment of an ultra-radical ministry, indicate the fate before him.

The Pope, taking a middle turn, unable to resist, unwilling to yield, flees the scene of trouble, and in the policy of expectancy hopes an issue to his misfortunes. Meanwhile the patriot king, Carlo Alberto, afraid to trust himself in his capital, remains shut up in his fortress of Alexandria, surveying with terror the onward march of that aggressive spirit to which he was one of the first to give an impulse.

The present condition of Italy, as contrasted with its state two years back, presents a melancholy contrast. Milan in military occupation, a heavy war-contribution levied on its inhabitants, who, unable to meet their foes in a fair field, limit the efforts of their patriotism to occasional assassinations of isolated sentinels, and such like deeds of heroism. Florence, without either law or government, dependant for its internal quiet on the good pleasure of a mob, too indolent to be sanguinary. Without police of any kind, the tribunals acknowledge that they are powerless to enforce the decrees. They appeal to the Guardia Civica, who in their turn confess, that in assuming the garb of soldiers, they never contemplated fighting. The court has, meanwhile, left the capital, and retired to Sienna, the Tuscan La Vendée. The grand duke, one of the most amiable of men, and the weakest of sovereigns, only preserves his throne by the avowal of his willingness to abandon it. Leghorn, the great commercial town of the grand duchy, after being twice in the possession of the mob, is deserted by its rich traders, and now only escapes the last vengeance of pillage owing to the presence of three English vessels of war.

All this time, with ruined trade, and commerce annihilated, the imposts are near doubled. The new charges of a representative government, a very dear blessing in Continental states, added to the war contribution in Lombardy, have augmented heavily the taxes on the peasantry, whose products no longer have the same market as heretofore. Florence derived a very large share, if not the largest, of its prosperity, from being the chosen residence of strangers. The hospitality of its court, the works of high art with which it is filled, the salubrity of its

climate, and the facility of a society, consisting of members of every European nationality, had made it the resort of travellers from every land. This year, however, it is actually deserted. Of the Russians, a class whose wealth has long succeeded to the place once accorded to John Bull, not one remains. A few English, of small fortune, undistinguished in any way, and a still smaller number of French, comprise the whole stranger population. The streets, once thronged with gay groups, intent on pleasure, or hastening from gallery to gallery, are now filled with beggars, whose demands too plainly evince that the tone of entreaty has given way to open menace. Burglaries and street robberies take place in open day—the utmost penalty of such offences being a few days', sometimes a few hours' imprisonment. Nor is the country better off than the town. For upwards of forty years the insecurity has not been so great as at present. From the Alps to the sea, brigandage is in full sway. Thrice within one week the diligence from Bologna to Florence was stopped, and the passengers robbed of everything; and in one instance, for some imprudent expression of anger, severely beaten. The intercourse between the towns of the Legation is almost at an end. From Volterra to Rome few travellers would adventure their lives.

In Rome itself, assassination is of daily occurrence, and what is still more fearful in its effect—no effort is made to arrest the criminal. When Rossi fell upon the steps of the Chamber, the members who deliberated within affected ignorance of the deed; and his colleagues, trembling with terror for their own lives, went on with the routine of their duties, as though nothing had occurred. The soldiers of a Tuscan battalion, when drawn up for parade, fired a volley on their colonel—a certain Signor "Giovannetti," a brave and gallant officer, but whose discipline was reported to be severe. He fell dead in open day, in the square of Padua. Not a man was brought to justice for the deed. There was an order of the day, it is true, with a reprimand; there was even some talk of disbandment; but this passed over, and the occurrence is long since forgotten. Such and such like are the first fruits of Italian emancipation from the dark

rule of a secret police, and the pressure of absolute government. The press, with a very few exceptions, has played a most shameful part throughout the crisis. Each new aggressive movement of the populace has been applauded and encouraged. The wrongs of the people have been insisted on in a tone which even the red republicans of France have not yet avowed. A separate sheet of the *Cornese di Livorno* informed the inhabitants of Rossi's murder, with a grand piqueyrie on "the brave hand that slew the traitor." It is but fair to say, that, one by one, every man of eminence and talent has withdrawn from the daily press.

No longer are the names of Gioberti, Azeglio, Balba, Talvagudli, and others of like celebrity, to be found at the foot of leading articles: the consequence, however honourable to these few, is, that the guidance of the public mind is committed to men of little ability and less character. Truth was never deemed a necessary ingredient in Italian journalism, nor is this period favourable to its cultivation. The articles on England are, as might be expected, vituperative to the last degree, and ingenuity is taxed for motives to lines of conduct which it would be supposed impossible for any malignity to misinterpret. Some months back, when nothing but the most strenuous interference of the English minister at Florence prevented the occupation of Massa and Carrara by the Austrian troops under General Weldon, the story ran that the British envoy had interposed his power to save the Austrian battalions from the just vengeance that awaited them in those cities!

Indeed the English envoy at that court has had no common difficulties to contend against, since to his hands alone have been entrusted the most delicate and dangerous passages of this terrible crisis. It is but a few months back that the Princess of Parma, the sister of the Count de Chambord, sought an asylum in Tuscany, under circumstances which might be supposed sufficient to plead for her, even in presence of the "sovereign people." Deserted by every member of her family, who were compelled to flight to save their lives, she arrived at Modena at night, in a small open carriage, drawn by one horse, and accompanied by a single attendant. She was within a few weeks of her confine-

ment, without a friend, and almost without money. In this forlorn condition, she addressed herself to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, whose kindness of heart she was well assured would compassionate her; but times had changed. The power of the people, now in the ascendant, had actually made it dangerous to offer this poor deserted lady a refuge; and on the rumour of her coming, the walls were inscribed with the ominous words, "Morte a la Principessa di Parma." It was enough that she was of royal blood and a Bourbon; for she had never, in any way, been political, nor had she been known, save for the courtesy and cordiality of her manner towards all admitted to her circle. Would it be believed that the grand duke did not dare to offer her the shelter she stood in need of, and had it not been for the chivalrous honour of the English minister, who set off at night, and posted to Bologna, at speed, the princess might have remained without succour or counsel—without a friend, or even a roof, to protect her.

He found her in the open street of Bologna, at midnight, sitting in the little carriage which had conveyed her from Modena, while a number of gens-d'armes, grouped around her, were demanding the reasons of her journey, and imperatively calling for her passport! On her arrival at Florence, a small villa, belonging to the grand duke, was placed at her disposal, and here his royal highness visited her, accompanied by the grand duchess, but always in secret, and generally at night. This is but one episode of the changeful fortunes which have been rife in these latter days, nor would it claim our mention, except in illustrating the miserable thralldom to which a prince can be reduced, whose measures were based upon the gratitude of a populace!

The abuses of the former governments in Italy have been made the pretext for all the violent changes and terrible convulsions the past year has witnessed. With what truth, however, a brief consideration will show. It is undeniable that the system of internal administration in Tuscany, the best governed state of the peninsula, was highly reprehensible. Speculation in every branch of the revenue; irregularity and disorder in all the public offices, monopolies and restrictions on

trade, in a hundred vexatious forms, pressed upon the people, compelled to maintain a show of submission by the tyranny of a secret police. These were great evils, and might well have warranted the boldest efforts to abolish them. But however plausible as grievances, the democratic party had other wrongs to redress, which they considered of far more moment, and which, so far as their own chance of permanence in power is concerned, they were right in so deeming. Hence we see that the first measures of popular freedom are not the repeal of laws which press heavily on the poor—not the reduction of state expenditure and the lowering of taxation—not the amelioration of the condition of those for whose sakes it is always asserted “revolutions are made.” What, for instance, had been more natural than the repeal of that odious “octroi” which is demanded at the gates of the city, and by which the peasant cannot bring the humblest commodity to market, without submitting it to be taxed? A tax, oppressive in its nature, and almost-insulting in the mode of its collection; yet no endeavour has ever been made to abolish it. No; the first steps of the movement party were made with a view to their own permanence. They saw that with a national guard the people cease to be subjects, and can discuss every question of government “*de pair*” with the prince. An armed force, constituted to protect their own property, first; and, secondly, to uphold any form of government they at the time deem best, is a dangerous ally to a throne. The experience of every state where revolution has prevailed has shown, that their conduct has been uniformly the same—vacillating and weak, when courage was called for; treacherous to the sovereign; truckling to the mob, and only roused to a show of resistance when it became a question of their own chattels.

Albeit the Florentine Guardia have as yet escaped any trying test of their fealty and daring, their conduct upon one or two trifling occasions has well shown what might be expected from them in greater emergencies. The first memorable instance was when a Neapolitan general was passing through Florence, on his return from Lombardy, whither he had carried the orders of his king for the recall of the troops. No sooner was

his arrival made known in the city, than a mob besieged the doors of his hotel, demanding, with savage cries, that he should be given up to them. He was fortunate enough to escape by a back way, and obtain an asylum in a fortress near. Nothing remained, then, for popular vengeance, but his travelling carriage, and this, on their demand, was given to them. They wheeled it into the great square of the “Piazza Vecchia,” where already two companies of the national guard had arrived, as some said, to disperse the mob, and rescue the carriage. Far from it! The armed party formed a square around the carriage, and “stood at ease,” while the mob, passing through the ranks with faggots and combustible substances, set fire to the carriage, and burned it! This took place about six o’clock of a calm summer afternoon, in one of the most frequented squares of the capital, thousands looking on—some approvingly—many, indeed, with undisguised terror—for it was the first specimen they had seen of popular will, and the first evidence that they were living in a land where the law was at least an “intermittent.” Freedom of the press and universal suffrage—the stereotyped wants of humanity!—have been attended with the customary results. The press, appealing to the lowest class, has been deserted by every writer of ability. The task of inflaming the popular mind against the aristocracy, and attributing base motives to all in high places, might well be committed to very moderate capacities, and so it has been. In like manner, universal suffrage has had no interest for a people who never troubled their heads about political privileges, and in many districts, not all the efforts of agitators could bring a sufficient number of voters to the poll, to make the election valid.

Six months will no more make a parliament than it will an oak. The great element of all constitutions is wanting in foreign countries—no independent gentry class. There is nothing which represents, or even affects to represent this, and you meet with cultivated and highly-informed proficient men, scholars, and savans, of even European celebrity, everywhere. You are struck with the range of the acquirements, and the exactness, and extent of the knowledge, but the practical, work-day, common sense ha-

bits of Englishmen, are found nowhere. The titled classes abroad, particularly in Italy, have no other aim or pursuit than pleasure. No career open to them of any kind, they give themselves up to an enervating self-indulgence, which, weakening their natural powers of mind, makes them reserved and shy towards strangers, and consequently deprives them of all the sources of information which conversation supplies. These are not the men to form a senate, nor could it be supposed that they should bring to the dry labour of legislation, the patient research, the calm spirit of inquiry, the laborious attention which characterise a class, which in England is respected for its great services to the nation, rather than its wealth and high lineage.

We have heard more than one intelligent Italian say—"We are unfitted for constitutional freedom; the system which works well with you will work badly here;" and there are many reasons why it should. Lord Byron, in one of his letters to Mr. Murray, keenly remarks, when speaking of this people, remember "that *their* morality is not *your* morality, nor any of *their* standards *your* standards. If we wished, for instance, to say, what quality in a public man *here* would excite the same amount of respect and admiration as a great character for probity and strict honor would do in England, we should at once say 'subtlety.' The man whose skilful ingenuity could outwit his opponent, would be the great Italian."

The failure of the present pope, his irretrievable fall in public estimation, is far more attributable to the character of the man than to anything in his political career. The simplicity of mind, the frank honesty of purpose, the confiding credulity, which all pre-eminently distinguished him, were great blemishes in a land where the brightest intelligences are the falsest, and where the "most honorable means are the surest, the speediest, and the darkest." We have heard it asserted in quarters which might seem to claim authenticity, that on arriving at the papal dignity, his whole mind was set upon these moderate, but much wanting reforms, which all lay within his own immediate power, and the granting of which could never have led to popular excesses. To correct the police system, the worst and most

demoralising in Europe—to grant an amnesty to all prisoners confined for political offences—to provide for the education of the poorer classes—to reform the fiscal administration of the realm, and in particular that portion applied to religious foundations, were all natural and most laudable objects of ambition; and had he done these, and stopped there, there is reason to believe that we should have been spared much of the terrible drama the past year has revealed to us over the entire of Europe.

No sooner, however, had he entered on his career of reformer, than the whole strength of democratic Italy hailed him as their chief. The enthusiasm became a rage: his bust, his pictures, were everywhere; no other head was seen in brooches, or cut in cameos; the Hymn of the Pope became the national anthem of all Italy; religion itself, sadly fallen into the "scar and yellow" during his predecessor's reign, became fashionable, and none were more prominent, in public places, to seek the benediction of the Holy Father, than the men well known for the boldest doctrines of rebellion against both church and sovereign.

There is no saying what amount of influence this show of returning obedience may have exercised on the Pope himself. Even supposing—and it is a favourable supposition for one of humble origin and lowly expectations—even supposing him proof against the flattering homage of an entire people, not alone of those beneath his own sway, but of millions in other parts of the peninsula, is it not reasonable to infer that these signs of submission to the church—this newly-lighted zeal for its ordinances—might have shadowed to his mind a return to the gorgeous days of the papacy, in all the plenitude of its power over prince and people? Would it be unlikely that a man whose whole soul was in "his order," should dream of the revival of "the Church," and that the proud part of a Hildebrand was to be his own? Such a vision had already occurred to one great mind of the present era; and what more natural than to suppose these evidences of popular enthusiasm to be the first dawning of the bright day? There was everything to favour the belief:

never were the churches more crowded by worshippers — never were holy shrines so beset by penitents ; a species of pious fervour pervaded the great city, which mingled with its daily duties, and blended a kind of solemn enthusiasm through all the joy of the period. Even distinguished conversions to the faith were not wanting to swell the proud triumph ; several of those who had deserted the reformed religion were then at Rome, and one, at least, among them, a name of no mean celebrity.

Mr. Whiteside attributes to Pius IX. the hope of Catholicising England ; and the supposition perfectly accords with what we are suggesting. This explanation—if we may hazard so bold a word—will account for nearly every circumstance of his brief and eventful career.

The zeal of his first movements—the his anxiety for a purification of the old monastic establishments, whose abuses have inflicted so many breaches on the faith—his openly expressed delight at the increased fervor of the people—his clemency to the political criminals, conceded in all the phraseology of an act of mercy. Then as he advanced further, his doubts and hesitations about those concessions, which seemed to weaken the powers of the Vatican, and more than all, his determined refusal to proclaim war against Austria, showing how his character of a temporal prince was less the ruling principle of his mind, than his position as Pope. The very last act of his flight proved, that throughout all it was the churchman, and not the sovereign. It was the priest that hoped—not the politician who plotted. It has been said, we know not on what sufficient grounds, that letters are in existence from his holiness to the Emperor of Austria, and also to some of his ministers, frankly owning that he was carried along in a current he could not oppose ; that he deplored deeply the terrible calamity which separated the apostolic emperor from his nearest ally ; but that he was powerless. One fact, however, there is little doubt of, which is, that Marshal Welden's occupation of Bologna was at the earnest solicitation of his holiness, who at last, but too late, discovered that the spirit of democracy was an adversary he could not cope with.

The imputation of these acts, however, would weigh lightly in the estimation of an Italian, compared with

the yielding weakness of his timid character.

The liquefaction of St. Januarius's blood was not a greater miracle for the masses, than the accession of a reforming Pope was to the democrats of Europe. The papacy had long been deemed by them the "great difficulty" of Italy. They foresaw all the powerful antagonism such a mighty agent might oppose ; they knew well the immense influence possessed over the popular mind by that black legion, which in every gradation of life, from the palace to the hovel, has its ready representative. It was, then, a success far beyond expectation—almost above belief—when they beheld in the first rank of the movement the Pope himself. Not alone in Italy, but throughout France, and even in England, the tidings were hailed with a warm enthusiasm. What an occasion for the Montalemberts and Wisemans to trumpet forth to the world a haughty denial of the oft-asserted reproach, that Romanism was the deadly enemy of all progress—that the very constitution of that church was in direct antagonism to all civil liberty ! How much longer could Protestantism arrogate to itself the championship of political and intellectual freedom ? The living Pope, Pius the Ninth, the man who, on the steps of the Vatican, bestowed his blessing on the banners of the "Crociati," was refutation strong enough. The triumph, if brilliant, was but fleeting. Nor can there be a more significant evidence of its success than the last date we read on a Papal rescript—"The Fortress of Gaeta !"

It is but one short year since the sonorous phrases of the language were ransacked to find distinctive epithets for three men, who, in their several states, attracted the admiring wonder of Italy—the Pope, Carlo Alberto, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany—and what are they now ? One an exile ; the second branded as the "Re Traditore ;" and the last, the weak occupant of a throne, bereft of all dignity and power.

If there was neither genius nor heroism but a year ago, there is as little treason and falsehood to be laid to their charge now. The crime is, that they served not "two," but many "masters ;" that they were slaves of a democracy, whose vow is to destroy, and whose means are blood ! L.

AYTOUN'S LAYS OF THE SCOTTISH CAVALIERS.*

THE man who, in the present day, sits down to write a ballad, undertakes, perhaps, the most difficult task in poetry. His story must be picturesque—his passion or pathos simple, direct, and strong—his language clear, natural, unstudied; and the accessories of his picture, all that gives local colouring, and marks the characteristics of the time, must be suggested without visible effort. But, above all, he must forget himself, and all that is peculiar to his own time. He must be as completely sunk in his subject as the dramatist. His characters must be shown, not described; and, as he has less space to work in, not a word may be thrown away. The poetry must be that of situation, incident, or passion, and as little the poetry of mere expression as may be. A ballad should be the musical expression of the circumstances and emotions of the story, as it might have been rendered by the strong sympathy of a poetical nature living in the time in which the story is laid. It is in wanting this quality that nearly all modern ballads fail. They are not so much poetry in stories, as stories in poetry. The writer is not lost in his subject, but is looking at it. His characters do not speak as they would speak under the given circumstances, but as he fancies they would have spoken; and the narrator or minstrel's own commentaries, or fillings-in of the picture, are more often those of an antiquarian or a critic, than of the sympathetic chronicler of those

"Old, unhappy far-off things,
And battles long ago."

which form the appropriate theme of all genuine ballad poetry.

The Germans far surpass us in this art. Goethe's "Bride of Corinth," the richest and most picturesque of all modern ballads, chaunted in music of the most exquisite beauty, is, to our minds, the model of what a modern

ballad should be. Placed in a classic time and country, it nevertheless needs no classical knowledge to enjoy it; although the scholar may alone, perhaps, be able to feel its recondite beauties, or appreciate the skill and knowledge that have gone to produce so harmonious and truthful a picture. The story is told as if the incidents were reflected from a mirror, and the interest rises gradually and steadily to the last verse of the poem. We forget the poet in his fiction, and when we lay down the book, the quickened pulse and shortened breath remind us how thoroughly the passion of the characters has possessed us.

Schiller is only second to Goethe. His "Fight with the Dragon," "Friedolin," "Cranes of Ibycus," and "The Diver," comprise the best qualities of the old ballads, with something which they had not, in a higher moral strain and wider range of view. Many of Uhland's ballads are perfect in the simplicity and depth of their pathos, and in that invaluable quality of suggestiveness, without which no poem of this class can claim a high rank. The noble ballads of Wilhelm Müller, on themes connected with the revolutionary war in Greece, possess a character of martial fervour, a passionate strength of feeling, and a loftiness of cadence peculiar to themselves, and which have not, we think, been sufficiently appreciated. Besides these, there are Teutonic bardings, whose name is Legion, who have made permanent additions to the stock of genuine ballad poetry.

How stands the case with our modern English writers? We do not speak of ballads of humour. In these, England may be backed against the field. Cowper, Southey, Hook, Hood, Ingoldsby, our friend and contributor Bon Gaultier, and some or one of the writers in *Punch*, not to mention others, have distanced all rivals. But what have we to show in serious ballad poetry?

* "The Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, and other Poems." By William Edmondstone Aytoun, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons. 1849.

Goldsmith's "Edwin and Emma" will certainly not help to maintain our national character; and between him and Coleridge we can remember nothing. "The Ancient Mariner" and the "Genevieve" are, indeed, something to show. Wordsworth's ballads are beautiful, but they want the movement and the pure pathos of the true ballad. Their pathos is reflective, not sympathetic. Neither Byron nor Moore have written a ballad, nor could they have written one with success. They are both too artificial. And

Tennyson and Miss Barrett, who have published ballads of a high order of merit, have, however, overlaid them by redundancy both of reflection and imagery. Macaulay, in his "Battle of Ivry," and the fine fragment on the "Armada," has come nearer the true ballad tone than any of his compeers. These poems fill the eyes with pictures, and the heart with emotion. In reading the one, we follow the white plume of Henry of Navarre into the thickest of the fray—

"Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance!"

And we fancy ourselves shouting, "Remember Saint Bartholomew!" and cutting down the "brood of false Lorraine" by the dozen, as though we

had the massacre of father, wife, child, and kindred to avenge. So in the "Armada," we are out into the market-place with the first alarm—Yonder

"With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers—before him sound the drums;
His yeomen round the market-cross make clear an ample space,
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
And slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the Lion of the Sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
So glared he when, at Agincourt, in wrath he turned to bay,
And crush'd and torn beneath his feet the princely hunters lay.
Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knights—Ho! scatter flowers, fair maids;
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute—Ho! gallants, draw your blades!
Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her wide,
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride!"

These ballads have a vital interest and a truth of colouring, the want of which is fatal to the same author's "Lays of Rome;" and yet, with all their excellence, they are more remarkable, perhaps, for rhetorical fervour than for true poetical glow. But the Roman Lays have *only* rhetorical fervour and brilliancy of description to recommend them. All must have felt, for example, the absurdity of Icilius's addressing the Roman populace in a speech of some fifty lines, when the outrage is threatened to his betrothed Virginia. Men's words are few and terrible at such a crisis. Two lines could have done the work far better than fifty, and they *would* have done it in the verses of a true poet. But here, as in all these lays, it is apparent that they are not what they profess to be—those of a Roman addressed to Romans—but the toilsome effort of an accomplished scholar, re-creating the forms, fashions, architecture, and loca-

lities of Rome, its suburbs, and its people, and connecting these multifarious objects by the threads of the story, which, in place of being paramount, is only subordinate. Let the reader imagine a tale of English chivalry told in a strain corresponding to that of the "Horatius," or "The Battle of the Lake Regillus," and he will at once see how untrue these lays are to their character of Roman ballads. For example, what bard ever would inform his hearers that it was the practice in his and their country to sing the praises of his hero, as is done by Macaulay, in the very picturesque lines at the close of the "Horatius?" He is singing their praises himself, and they would not thank him for such intelligence, or for a description of the circle in which he and they are sitting at the time. To put this in a clearer light, we place the lines in question side by side with an imitation of them in Bon Gaultier's "Lay of Mr.

Colt," and ask our readers which is the more absurd—a Roman singing to Romans like Macaulay, or an American singing to Kentuckians like

MACAULAY.

" And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow ;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within ;
When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit ;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit ;
When young and old in circle
Around the fireside close,
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows ;
When the goodman mends his armour,
And turns his helmet's plume ;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom ;
With weeping and with laughter,
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old !"

Macaulay has had many imitators. For instance, Lord John Manners struck the lyric shell with a kind of kid-gloved ferocity, and Frenchmen and Roundheads bit the dust in his verses by the score, till Thackeray, the prince of satirists, caught up the note, and showed that this drawing-room Tyrtæus was, in fact, a very innocent and very absurd verse-spinner, and the voice of the minstrel has since been dumb in the land. The Honourable G. S. Smythe, in his "*Historic Fancies*," gave golden promise. He knew how to strike the high chivalrous tone of the knights and cavaliers of old. But politics have apparently stifled the muse of song, and "*The Death of Mary of Scots*" stands the solitary triumph of his skill.

Ireland, in these latter years, has not been idle. The names of Griffin, Davis, Ferguson, McCarthy, Carleton, Duffy, and others, are linked to ballads of which any country may be proud, and which must live. The "*Sir Turlough*" of Carleton is perhaps the most successful legendary ballad of modern times ; and although his reputation rested upon this ballad alone, the author might count upon that lasting fame which would now be so readily ac-

his satirist ? They are both, it seems to us, equally picturesque ; indeed, the parodist is the more so of the two :—

BON GAULTIER.

" And when the lamp is lighted
In the long November days,
And lads and lasses mingle
At shucking of the maize ;
When pies of smoking pumpkin
Upon the table stand,
And bowls of black molasses
Go round from hand to hand ;
When slap-jacks, maple-sugared,
Are hissing in the pan,
And cider, with a dash of gin,
Foams in the social can ;
When the goodman whets his whistle,
And the goodwife scolds the child,
And the girls exclaim, convulsively,
' Have done, or I'll be riled !'
When the loafer sitting next them
Attempts a sly caress,
And whispers, ' Oh, you 'possum,
You've fixed my heart, I guess !'
With laughter and with weeping,
Then shall they tell the tale,
How Colt his foeman quartered,
And died within the jail !"

corded to those nameless bards, whose lays will move our tears and stir our hearts, as long as the language in which they wrote is the language of living men.

Scotland is peculiarly the country of ballad-poetry, and even now, despite the Free Kirk and the blight of useful knowledge, the old passion lives in her valleys and homesteads. Turn where you will, the country affords the scene of some "localized romance," some tale of faery or of crime, of hapless love or peerless daring. Its history, above all, is luminous with incidents and men, such as the poet loves to dwell upon. The characters, action, and scenery, are there ready to his hand, and he is sure of the sympathies of a numerous audience, if he possess the power to enter into the soul of knight or lady, of peasant or damsel, and to enrich the voice of nature and feeling with numerous verse.

Professor Aytoun has appreciated the wealth of his country's history in themes for the historical ballad. He has done well to forego the easier praise of adding to the already too numerous band of poets of mere personal emotion, or what is worse, of versified reflections. He has spared the public

pocket handkerchief the tears of sympathetic woe, wisely agreeing with Shakespeare—

"That now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep and groan,
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan;"

and as Wordsworth and Mrs. Hemans have used up the poetical capabilities of cowslips and daffodillics, he does not invite us to philosophise over these and other botanical curiosities. That Professor Aytoun can move tears as well as laughter, in the lighter forms of poetry, as well as prose, whenever he pleases, the readers of *Blackwood's Magazine* have frequent occasion to know. But in the volume now before us, he puts forth a sustained power, which, in our estimation, places him in the foremost rank of the poets of his time. His lays combine the best qualities of Macaulay and of William Müller. They have all the historic truth and picturesque force of the former, with all the poetic fire and stately march of the latter.

We feel, in reading these lays, that we are dealing, not with shadows, but with living men. We are swept back into the stirring times of old, when brave hearts and high souls declared themselves in brave deeds—when honour, self-denial, devotion, were living things—when patriotism and loyalty were active principles, and the worship of mammon had not shrivelled up the souls of men into self-seeking and sordid pride. We thank the poet who elevates our soul by a noble thought—by a delineation of some generous and lofty nature, woven from the visions of his own brain. We doubly thank him, who links noble thoughts and noble deeds with some great historic name—who places the hero living before us, till we can read his eye, and hear his voice, and he swayed by his influence. But, above all, do we thank him, when he rescues some great name from dishonour, and drowns the slander for ever in the torrent of our sympathies. This Professor Aytoun has done for two of the noblest, yet most misrepresented, names in Scottish annals. "The Execution of Montrose," and "The Burial March of Dundee," are tributes of historical as well as of poetical justice to the two men of all others the most conspicuous for chivalrous virtue in the annals of modern Europe.

Nothing can be more graphic than the former of these poems. An old

Highlander is telling the tale of the Great Marquis's death to his grandson:—

"A traitor sold him to his foes—
Oh, deed of deathless shame!
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet
With one of Assynt's name—
Be it upon the mountain side,
Or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone,
Or backed by armed men—
Face him as thou wouldst face the man

Who wrong'd thy sire's renown,
Remember of what blood thou art,
And strike the caitiff down!

"They brought him to the Watergate,
Hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there,
And not a fenceless man.

They set him high upon a cart—
The hangman rode below—
They drew his hands behind his back,
And bared his noble brow.
Then as a hound is slipped from

leash,
They cheered the common throng,
And blew the note with yell and shout,
And bade him pass along.

"It would have made a brave man's heart

Grow sick and sad that day,
To watch the keen, malignant eyes
Bent down on that array.
There stood the Whig West-country lords

In balcony and bow—
There sat their gaunt and withered dames

And their daughters all a-row;
And every open window
Was full, as full might be,
With black-robed covenanting carles,
That goodly sport to see.

"But when he came, though pale and wan,

He looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front,
So calm his steadfast eye—

The rabble rout forbore to shout,
And each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul
Was face to face with death.
And then a mournful shudder

Through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him,
Now turned aside and wept."

We must pass the description of his progress up the Canongate, the scene in the Parliament-house, where his death-sentence is read, and his noble address to the "perjured traitors" there,

and come to the execution of the sentence :—

“ Ah, God ! that ghastly gibbet !
How dismal 'tis to see
The great tall spectral skeleton,
The ladder, and the tree !
Hark ! hark ! it is the clash of arms—
The bells begin to toll—
He is coming ! he is coming !
God's mercy on his soul !
One last long peal of thunder,
The clouds are cleared away,
And the glorious sun once more looks
down

Amidst the dazzling day.

“ He is coming ! he is coming !
Like a bridegroom from his room,
Came the hero from his prison
To the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead,
There was lustre in his eye,
And he never walked to battle
More proudly than to die :
There was colour in his visage,
Though the cheeks of all were wan,
And they marvelled as they saw him
pass,
That great and goodly man !

“ He mounted up the scaffold,
And he turned him to the crowd ;
But they dared not trust the people,
So he might not speak aloud.
But he looked upon the heavens,
And they were clear and blue,
And in the liquid ether
The eye of God shone through ;
Yet a black and murky battlement
Lay resting on the hill,
And though the thunder slept within,
All else was calm and still.

“ The grim Geneva ministers
With anxious scowl drew near,
As you have seen the ravens flock
Around the dying deer.
He would not deign them word nor
sign,
But alone he bent the knee,
And veiled his face for Christ's dear
grace,
Beneath the gallows-tree.
Then radiant and serene he rose,
And cast his cloak away :
For he had taken the latest look
Of earth, and sun, and day.

“ A beam of light fell o'er him,
Like a glory round the shaven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder,
As it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud,
And a stunning thunder roll,
And no man dared to look aloft,
For fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound,
A hush, and then a groan ;
And darkness swept across the sky—
The work of death is done !”

There is not one circumstance in this ballad which is not derived from contemporary memoirs, and a stronger proof that reality is superior to fiction could hardly be desired. But not less is the poet's skill to be admired, who has selected, and so happily arranged the striking aspects of his subject into a picture so august and impressive. It will not have escaped the reader to observe with what art the ignoble manner of the hero's death is managed.* It seems to be veiled from the reader as it was from the spectator :—

“ He did not dare to look aloft,
For fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound,
A hush, and then a groan ;
And darkness swept across the sky—
The work of death is done !”

The character of the olden Scotch ballads has been finely caught in the poem on “The Heart of the Bruce,” founded on the incident of Sir James Douglas's death, in an action with the Moors on the borders of Andalusia, while on his way to Jerusalem, to deposit the heart of Robert Bruce in the Holy Sepulchre. A vision of the night, which is introduced with great effect, has warned Sir James that his mission will not be fulfilled. He and his hundred knights still hold on their way :—

“ And aye we sailed, and aye we sailed,
Across the weary sea,
Until one morn the coast of Spain
Rose grimly on our lee.

“ And as we rounded to the port,
Beneath the watch-tower's wall,
We heard the clash of the atabals,
And the trumpet's wavering call.

“ Why sounds yon Eastern music here,
So wantonly and long,
And whose the crowd of armed men
That round yon standard throng ?

“ The Moors have come from Africa,
To spoil, and waste, and slay ;
And King Alonzo of Castile
Must fight with them to-day.”

“ Now shame it were,” cried good Lord James,
“ Shall never be said of me,
That I and mine have turn'd aside
From the Cross in jeopardy !

“ Have down, have down, my merry
men all—
Have down into the plain ;
We'll let the Scottish lion loose
Within the fields of Spain !”

" 'I know thy name full well, Lord James,
And honoured may I be,
That those who fought beside the
Bruce,
Should fight this day for me!

" 'Take thou the leading of the van,
And charge the Moors amain;
There is not such a lance as thine
In all the host of Spain!

" The Douglas turned towards us then,
Oh, but his glance was high!—
'There is not one of all my men,
But is as bold as I.

" 'There is not one of all my men
But bears as true a spear—
Then onwards, Scottish gentlemen,
And think King Robert's here!

" The trumpets blew, the crossbolts
flew,
The arrows flashed like flame,
As spur in side, and spear in rest,
Against the foe we came.

" And many a bearded Saracen
Went down, both horse and man,
For through their ranks we rode like
corn,
So furiously we ran!

" But in behind our path we closed,
Though fain to let us through,
For they were forty thousand men,
And we were wondrous few.

" We might not see a lance's length,
So dense was their array,
But the long fell sweep of the Scot-
tish blade
Still held them hard at bay.

" 'Make in! make in!' Lord Douglas
cried,
Make in, my brethren dear!
Sir William of Saint Clair is down;
We may not leave him here!

" But thicker, thicker grew the swarm,
And sharper shot the rain,
And the horses reared amid the press,
But they could not charge again.

" 'Now, Jesu help thee!' said Lord
James,
'Thou kind and true Saint Clair!
An' if I may not bring thee off,
I'll die beside thee there!'

" Then in his stirrups up he stood,
So lion-like and bold,
And held the precious heart aloft,
All in its case of gold.

" He flung it from him, far ahead,
And never spake he more,
But—'Pass thee first, thou dauntless
heart,
As thou wert wont of yore!'

" The roar of fight rose fiercer yet,
And heavier still the stour,
Till the spears of Spain came shiver-
ing in,
And swept away the Moor!

" 'Now, praised be God, the day is
won!
They fly o'er flood and fell—
Why dost thou draw the rein so hard,
Good Knight, that fought so well?'

" 'Oh, ride you on, Lord King,' he
said,
'And leave the dead to me,
For I must keep the dreariest watch
That ever I shall dreel!

" 'There lies, beside his master's heart,
The Douglas, stark and grim;
And woe is me I should be here,
Not side by side with him!'

" The king, he lighted from his horse,
He flung his brand away,
And took the Douglas by the hand,
So stately as he lay.

" 'God give thee rest, thou valiant soul,
That fought so well for Spain;
I'd rather half my land were gone,
So thou wert here again!'

This is a ballad Scott would have re-
joiced in, till the tears of passion started
into his eyes. It is to such ballads we
would have our sons attune their
hearts. They would then be sure,
when struck, to return a noble ring.

Gladly would we linger on this vo-
lume, if our space permitted, and en-
rich our pages with other strains of its
spirit-stirring poetry, and the scarcely
less stirring prose with which it is il-
lustrated. But we have cited enough,
we trust, to induce our readers to ap-
ply to the volume itself. Indeed, we
cannot doubt that it will soon be a fa-
miliar guest on the tables of all lovers
of fresh and vigorous poetry, and these
are now a body numerous enough to
satisfy the desires of either poet or
publisher. Without further comment,
therefore, we conclude, and place this
volume upon our shelves, amid the royal
and noble band of true poets, who daily
draw from us our "blessings and eter-
nal praise."

THE "TIMES" AND THE "NEW IRISH POOR-LAW."

THE *Times* of January 4 contains an article on the Irish poor-law, which seems more than ordinarily deserving of attention. It lays down dogmatically a principle which, if true, ought to be *proved* not *assumed*, and it gives a challenge which, although we do not rank ourselves among those to whom it is directly addressed, we nevertheless feel it a point of duty to take up. The principle assumed by the great journal we believe to have been adopted with equal precipitation by the legislature, and to have been acted on, contrary to the laws of justice and equity, and to the sore detriment of this country. The defiance with which this editorial dictum is accompanied would leave us without excuse if we were to remain silent. The article which has suggested these observations, and which, for reasons obvious to the reflecting reader, we copy before offering further comments on any part of it, is as follows:—

"Why do not the enemies of the new Irish poor-law tell us fairly and fully what else they think ought to have been done? We do not mean those who merely advocate this or that change, such as subdividing the area of taxation. There are persons, however, and they very numerous, noisy, and prominent, who attack it altogether, and in every part—who ascribe to it all that Ireland is suffering, and will undoubtedly suffer, and who hold it up to the world as a new instance of British misrule. If our readers want a specimen of this sort of talk, they will find one in some remarks about the Bantry union, which we quoted yesterday from an Irish paper. The population of Bantry has been invariably wretched since anything was known of the place. We entertain no doubt they were wretched, indolent, half-starved savages, ages before Julius Cæsar landed on this isle, and that, notwithstanding a gradual improvement upon naked savagery, they have never approached to the standard of the civilized world. They have increased and multiplied with animal nature instead of moral prudence for their rule; and they have received large accessions from other parts. Hardly able to get on from year to year under the most favourable circumstances, in Sep-

tember, 1845, they suffered a visitation of heaven in the failure of their potatoes. Next year the calamity returned with double force. The cry was that these poor helpless creatures must be fed. They were fed. They received every species and form of assistance from public and private benevolence. This, however, could not go on for ever. Some permanent system was necessary. So, in 1847, the session after the great famine, the Irish poor-law, which Mr. Senior and the economists had previously nipped in the bud, and reduced to a shadow, was clothed with some substance, and made a veritable and efficient measure. Under it the poor people of Bantry have been saved from starvation, and without it they would die off by hundreds next week. Nevertheless, an outcry is raised that the poor-law is starving, desolating, and ruining Bantry.

"The merits of the law depend on some very plain questions. Are the starving to be fed, or not to be fed? The enemies of the law do not mean that the starving should have been left to their fate. On the contrary, it is very clear that no pains are taken to keep down the number of applications for relief. It is admitted, then, that the starving were to be fed. They could not, however, be fed, unless somebody should feed them. That duty was imposed on the proprietors and occupiers of the soil. Nature, British usage, common sense, and absolute necessity dictated that course. The sufferers were on the soil, and were most of them natives of it. They looked to the soil for employment and relief. It was the failure of the soil to which they owed their distress. Who, then, but the lords and tenants of the soil were so proper to meet its deficiency? As for the particular arrangement between landlord and tenant, it is enough to observe that the analogy of England would have thrown the burden wholly on the tenant, and that reason itself dictates that the rate should be paid by the man in actual possession of the crops. By way of condescension to the weakness of the Irish social state, a portion of the rate was charged directly on the landlords. This, however, is a matter of detail. As a whole, the principle of the law is a principle of nature, and a plain necessity. Once admit that the starving must be fed, and it follows that their

food must be taken from the produce of the soil—that is, from the property of those who own the soil and its fruits.

"According to the writer we have referred to there are now nine thousand paupers on the books of the Bantry union, of whom two thousand three hundred are in the workhouse, and the remainder recipients of out-door relief. The valuation of the union, he says, is £37,000, which certainly would leave a very small margin to the rate-payers after nine thousand paupers had been fed out of it. The first guardians, however, *more Hibernico*, fed the poor without making adequate rates, incurred enormous debts, and were superseded. The result is, that the union has not only to provide for the present, but to pay off arrears. But whose fault is this? Not of the law. Indeed, the writer himself censures and criminales the guardians—

"It is difficult," he says, "to ascertain the exact amount of debt incurred and due by this union; but when I put it down at £16,000, I am confident, from all I could learn, that I am under the figure. A great deal of this is said to be owing to the management of the old board, who were principally landed proprietors, and, as such, were anxious to save their own pockets, by striking small and insufficient rates."

"Indeed, it is quite evident that the rates have been absurdly inadequate. According to the return, the total of all the rates in the union, from January 10, 1844, to the beginning of May, 1848, being four years and a quarter, was no more than £10,277—that is, an annual rate of about £2,500 upon an annual value of £37,000. For the last half of that period, British assistance was poured into the union with the most lavish generosity. Nevertheless debt was accumulating—not merely debt to government, but debt to tradesmen and contractors. Decrees have been obtained against the guardians, and doubtless there are now added to the original debt heavy legal expenses.

"But now for the most serious result. The landowner is to be ruined. Nearly all the land in the union, the writer informs us, is owned by half a dozen large proprietors:—

"With scarce one exception all these proprietors are, to speak in the mildest terms, a "little embarrassed" just now. As an instance, a friendly mortgagee is about to foreclose a mortgage held on one of the estates, by which one-half of the entire property will be brought to the hammer. Another proprietor is said to be *non est*, and a receiver is about to be placed over his ancestral estate."

"Such being the general condition of the landowners, a revolution in the proprietary of Ireland is anticipated. This is lamentable enough. We are quite alive to the evils of change, and the benefits as well as the charms of antique associations. Could we so rule it, every man should occupy his ancestral mansion or cottage, and trace his lineage from a Celt or a Pict, or some such primitive personage. Unfortunately, our wishes are vain, and we cannot indulge in a dream which is dispelled every morning of our existence. In this country we see thousands around us reduced to the hard necessity which mismanagement has brought on so many of the Irish proprietors. Why are myriads selling their estates, their houses, their furniture, their plate, their books, their wardrobes, everything they have in the world? Why are there sales by auction at all, and why is our last page sometimes filled by their announcements? There is the same cruel necessity, and the same melancholy causes, in England as in Ireland—in the case of the bank clerk, who has allowed his wife and family to be rather more magnificent and luxurious than could well be afforded on £150 a-year—as in the case of the Irish proprietor, who has lived up to a nominal rental of £5,000 a-year, when £4,000 a-year was absorbed in the interest of the mortgage. Heavy as the poor rates have fallen in some instances, it is only as the last ounce on the horse's back that they have crushed the landlords. If they must fall, we are ready to grieve for them as we grieve for the three hundred great mercantile houses which have fallen, many of them blamelessly, in different parts of the world, during the last two years. The common error which undermined and overthrew a merchant, manufacturer, banker, and landlord, was that they built too much on credit, ran matters too close, and did not leave margin enough for those straits and calamities which Heaven will now and then send. We deplore the catastrophe of those who will not condescend to be prudent and safe, but we cannot prevent it, and certainly, are not answerable for it."

"The merits of the (Irish poor) law depend on some plain questions." So writes the editor, and we are willing to agree with him thus far, that if the law have claims on public estimation asserted on its behalf, a few plain questions may serve to test them. We accept the questions selected for this purpose. They are these: "Are the starving poor to be fed, or not to be fed?" "Who, then (under the

circumstances described in the article), but the lords and tenants of the soil were so proper to meet its deficiency?" We propose to consider these questions in their order, and then reply to the challenge by which they are preceded:—"Why do not the enemies of the new Irish poor law tell us fairly and fully what else they think ought to have been done?"

1. "Are the starving to be fed, or not to be fed?"—a question which, under a very peremptory air, disguises great indistinctness. It may signify—is it *desirable*, is it *permissible*, is it *practicable*, is it an *obligation*, to feed the starving? It does not speak well for the strength of a cause, or the candour of an advocate, to base an argument on the shifting sands of a question which admits of so many interpretations, and which can escape from them all, without assuming a form more ambiguous than that in which the *Times* has presented it. There is a further advantage attendant on it—that the answer, if it be true, must necessarily bear two aspects. Indeed one word—"yes"—with this double meaning or direction, might be the apt response to the two parts of the question. On certain conditions, in certain circumstances, through certain agencies (not the starving only, but), they who are "an hungered" should "be fed." And there are also conditions and circumstances which, if taken into account, would insist upon an answer directly the reverse. The highest authority and the primeval law has declared labour a condition inseparable from the privilege to "eat bread;" and an inspired apostle, even of Him who has assigned so high a rank to charitable offices, commands that "if any would not work, *neither should he eat.*" This is the divine law, proclaimed at the fall, republished with the Gospel, and for which a witness has been provided in human wisdom and experience. "Fear of want," observes Lord Kames, "is the only effectual motive to industry with the labouring classes." "Wisely is it ordered by Providence, that charity should, in every instance, be voluntary, to prevent the idle and profligate from depending on it for support." With such authority from Revelation and experience, we might well give such reply to this leading question of the *Times* as should disturb the apt sequence of the second; but we are so

desirous to review the argument of which it forms part, in a spirit of candour and forbearance, that we go the utmost lengths which respect for truth permits us, to give the querist an accommodating answer.

We reply, then, to question No. 1—that we hold it desirable to feed the hungry—that we regard it a duty so to do to the extent of our means, and consistently with a due respect for other duties. We may feel called upon to share our last morsel with a famishing fellow-creature, while neither for ourselves nor for another should we feel justified in picking our neighbour's pocket, or plundering his granary or garden, under the false plea that crime is excusable when perpetrated under the compulsion of want, or when designed for a charitable purpose.

With this acknowledgment, we proceed to consider the second question—"It was the failure of the soil to which the sufferers owed their distress. Who, then, but the lords and tenants of the soil were so proper to meet its deficiency?" We answer, confidently, all parties who had not suffered from that deficiency to which want and distress are ascribable. The *Times* assumes, that "if the starving must be fed," "their food must be taken from the property of those who own the land and its fruits"—that is to say, from the property of those who have, themselves, been the sorest sufferers in the calamity with which the country has been afflicted. A daring assumption, indeed—an assumption which, were it admissible, would destroy the validity of the hypothesis on which it is professedly dependant. If the starving are not to be fed from the property of those who retain their riches, much more justly may the impoverished claim exemption. It is ability to give which assigns and measures charitable duties. Rich men, be their property landed or funded, houses or merchandise, are bound by a law congenital with their being, to be liberal after their power: poor men, wheresoever their poverty is located, are not called on to be liberal beyond their ability. If it be only on poor men the poor pretend to have a claim, their claim must be clearly proved before it can be admitted. No daring assumption or interrogatory can be of force sufficient to establish it.

But, it may be said, the "dictum" of the *Times* is more than interrogatory or assumption. There is something like a show or affectation of argument adduced in its behalf. "The starving," it is affirmed—and however little the statement may add to the sum of human knowledge, it certainly does not transcend our powers of belief—"could not be fed *unless somebody should feed them.*" So much we freely admit. The argument proceeds: "That duty was imposed on the proprietors and occupiers of the soil." This, too, we acknowledge to be a painful and flagrant truth; but why were the proprietors and occupiers of the soil thus imposed on? The moralist of the *Times* answers—"Nature, British usage, common sense, and absolute necessity, dictated that course." These are brave words, were it possible to prove them true. So long as the divine law prescribes, as it does, a very different course, we should feel bound to resist a dictation at variance with the principles of eternal justice. But are they true? Do those potent abstractions dictate the course so slipshodly imputed to them? Let us consider.

1. "Nature"—does she command that the duty of giving relief to sufferers shall be imposed exclusively on perhaps the most oppressed portion of the sufferers to be relieved? Whence can the *Times* have gleaned its knowledge of what nature *dictates*? Surely not from what nature *practises*. It is not her wont, in the generous ministrations over which she presides,

"To make that poorer which was poor before,"

but, on the contrary, to contrive that all the affinities she sanctions shall be adjusted on principles which render mutual wants and mutual superfluities conducive to the general good of the relations she promotes and cherishes. She ought not to be traduced as dictating to human society what, in her own proper domain, she so strongly discountenances. The laws she *recommends* to the adoption of man are to be known in the operation of the laws she *exercises and enforces*. These are the very opposite of the law most unjustly set down to her charge by the *Times*.

2. "British usage." How has British usage lent itself to the new Irish poor law? Is it because there has been

a law somewhat similar in force since the days of Queen Elizabeth in England? It is surely somewhat of the most extravagant to say that British usage is to be pleaded as the authority for *invading the rights* of Irish proprietors and farmers, because it has *enforced upon the English their duties*. Why is it British usage to charge upon the soil the maintenance of paupers in England? Because it has been decided legally that the soil is thus chargeable. Every proprietor in England, for three hundred years past, was aware of his liability to such a charge. Such liability entered into every man's calculations—purchaser, testator, heir, husband, father, occupier—all were aware of the liability to poor rates, and each knew that his credits, on account of expectations or possessions, were to be diminished by the drawback of his legal liabilities for the poor. To enforce such liabilities was a dictate of British usage, because it was conformable to British law, and to a law enacted at a time when the circumstances of British property were favourable for its adoption. To impose such a law on property for three hundred years exempt from it, at a time, too, when that particular species of property was especially and utterly incapable of enduring such a burden, was not conformable with "British usage." It is not British usage, as understood in commercial circles throughout the country. Even hard creditors betray some touch of compassion, and refrain from pressing their demands rigorously when a calamitous visitation is known to have disabled their debtors. It was conformable to British usage to send munificent relief to those whom a blight on our agricultural produce had reduced to extreme destitution. How could British usage dictate an opposite course in the department of legislation? Is it double-souled—bilingual? And while commanding the people of England individually to help the landed interest in Ireland, because it was distressed, was it whispering to the representatives of the same people in the senate, that they must take advantage of the distressed of that oppressed body, in order to effect their ruin? "But it is only," observes the *Times*, "as the last ounce on the horse's back, that the poor rates crushed the landlords." Was it Bri-

tish usage, we ask, when imposing that ruinous burden, to select the backs least able to bear it? Irish proprietors should be less profuse in their expenditure—should "have left margin enough for those straits and calamities which Heaven *will* now and then send." Granted. But it is not of the visitation of Heaven the landlords complain, it is of man's; not of the blight, but of the poor law—a poor law at variance with Heaven's appointments. If extravagance be a crime, let the punishment be according to law, and let it fall only on the convicted: to punish the *accused*, perhaps *calumniated*, without a fair trial, is, assuredly, not a "British usage."

3. "Common sense"—Common sense has never yet been at variance with justice. It is uniform, consistent, and, we may add, benevolent. Would common sense exempt the trader, whose granaries groan with the fruits of a foreign soil, from the liabilities which it imposes on those who cultivate our own? Would common sense denounce to the starving that they "*must not be fed*," whenever the only source from which their wants can be supplied is the wealth of a millionaire, whose hoards are sacred against the claims of charity? Or would it say that such hoards are not to be opened, until impoverished proprietors and occupants of land appear as candidates for the workhouse? Common sense would see that money and land could claim a like "prescription" against charity, and were bound by similar obligations to discharge charitable duties.

4. "Absolute necessity" did not dictate such a course, unless, indeed, the poor law were designed to effect what it has, to a great extent, accomplished—the ruin of the Irish proprietary. Absolute necessity, were the purpose of the law honest—"its intents charitable," would dictate the duty of aiding the most oppressed class in society in its endeavour to provide for the liabilities of every class. It would have substituted general contribution for partial confiscation. It would have insisted on respect being paid to the *Articles of Union*, and on the obligation to make provision for the poor in such a manner as not to infringe upon the *rights* of one species of property, whilst exonerating another species from its *duties*.

We turn from this distressing theme,

and address ourselves to the challenge, "Why do not the enemies of the new Irish poor law tell us fairly and fully what else they think ought to have been done." In our preceding observations, this challenge has had an answer. The "new Irish" poor-rate is a *new income tax*, objectionable not only as being unlimited and excessive, but also because it is partial. We would have it more generally distributed, and, unless it can be shown that the *monied millionaire* has been exonerated by a *divine law* from the common obligations of charity, we would not enact *human laws* to release him at the cost of ruin to the possessors of a different species of property. But this is not our only reply. We object to the "new Irish Poor-law" on other grounds; and even were we to adopt its principle, would take exception to its details. Let it be assumed that the moralist of the *Times* has laid down the true principle on which a poor rate should be imposed. We, for a moment, endeavour to suppose that the soil should support the poor; that those who possess the land should be the parties whose possessions are to be pillaged for the support of paupers. Granting or supposing this untruth, what have we to object to in the new Irish poor law? We answer, we object to its gross and irritating inequality; and we object, not because the rates are unequal, but because the principle of their imposition is unsound. Poor law commissioners, and their subordinates, have made *geographical distinctions* the elements of their laws and rules; *moral distinctions* ought to have guided them. They pretend that by their distribution of the country into electoral divisions, they stimulate exertion, urging farmers and landlords to provide employment for labour. Such a pretence can be realised only where the proprietor has power to ameliorate the condition of the division for which he is pronounced responsible. It is souls, not soils, the poor law impositions pretend to stimulate. So long as those who administer the law forget or disregard their duty, putting moral considerations aside, and acting purely on those which are local, we shall regard the professions of poor law advocates as hollow pretences, which no just man ought to make, and no reflecting person can be expected to believe.

It is an acknowledged maxim as

regards taxation, that "the subjects of every state ought to contribute towards the support of the government, as nearly as possible, in proportion to their respective abilities—that is, in proportion to the revenue which they respectively enjoy under the protection of the state."—*Wealth of Nations*, vol. iii., book v., cap. ii. Upon what ground is this well-known maxim to be disregarded in a tax laid on for supporting that new burden which the government has taken upon itself—the burden of Irish pauperism? We can imagine no justifiable pretence but that such a tax is, in part, a penalty. If there be one duty especially clear, it seems to be that contributions for charitable uses are to be proportioned to the ability of those who make them; and if we find that the law, which recognises this truth in a province where it is far less manifest, departs from it in this, we are justified in imagining that the discrepancy is not without a cause; and we find explanation and cause in the belief that a poor rate is, in part, an exponent of a charitable obligation, and, in part, *the confession of a neglected duty*. In one respect it is to be proportionable to the means of him who pays; in another, it is to be measured by the amount of his transgression. So long as poor law commissioners evade the duty which this view of the subject assigns to them, we can have no faith in the professions of their advocates.

What, then, would we have done? We would have liability and power go hand in hand. No man's responsibilities should be considered as extending beyond his powers. If the poor have claims upon those who have property, their claims are valid, either against the state, the empire at large, or against the individuals who have authority over the lands where they are located. Landlord A should not be relieved of his liabilities at the cost of landlord B, unless he, at the same time, part with a commensurate share of his authority. If A retain the power to exact excessive rents, until he has pillaged a miserable tenant into the nakedness and squalor which prepare him for the workhouse, the burden of his trespasses should also be laid upon him. If B is to bear part in the burden, he should have a share in the authority; he should be

armed with power to prevent such distresses as he is to share in.

We demand in this nothing impracticable, or even difficult. It is not that we desire to see rights of property invaded, but that we would not have what are declared to be its obligations put aside. If it be unwise to appoint a council for each electoral division, which shall exercise authority over landlords and tenants within its boundaries, and to appoint as members of the council the parties most concerned in the due administration of affairs, it seems plain to us that a distinction should be made in the amount of rates—not according to local circumstances, but by moral characteristics. The landlord who trades in pauperism should not shift his liabilities to the landlord who is his tenants' benefactor. We complain that no care has been taken to ascertain distinctions of such vital importance as these, and desire that the evil should be remedied.

As to the difficulty of imposing rates in proportion to real liabilities, none will speak of it, *in rural districts*, but those who have little experience on the subject. In striking a rate, at this moment, every tenement in every electoral division, has its especial amount of rate marked against it. There would be but little addition of trouble in ascertaining, with equal clearness and exactness, how far each tenement *has been chargeable*. If the *Times*, or any other able champion of the poor law, will say that such knowledge as we call for cannot be had, or that the adjustment which we propose is impracticable, we confidently undertake to show that our views are sound and moderate.

We hold that the "new Irish poor law" was a cruel and unjust imposition on the landed interest; and that it has added to the evil of a bad principle details which greatly aggravate its injustice. Our objections to the measure itself we have already, and more than once, laid before our readers. In reply to the challenge and observations of the *Times* let this suffice.

But we cannot conclude without adding a brief comment upon a form of argument in which the "Thunderer" seems to confide much, and by which he appears to have satisfied himself that the hardship of

the poor rates is not a thing to complain of. The cost of maintaining the poor is not to exceed, in round numbers, two millions per annum. The rental of Ireland, thirteen millions, according to the poor law valuation, (the *Times* Jan. 8 assumes) may amount to sixteen millions. And thus the burden of the poor law will not press more heavily than an eighth of the rental; or, as is finally conceded, not more heavily than three shillings in the pound. We shall not concern ourselves with the fallacy of an assumption which omits all consideration of the various circumstances which have depreciated Irish property. We deal with the argument. The Irish poor rates do not exceed, *in the aggregate*, more than three shillings in the pound on the *whole rental* of Ireland, therefore there is no hardship in them to be complained of. Let this be put in another form. The population of Ireland does not exceed eight millions; the gross income, real and personal, amounts to thirty-two millions: there is, accordingly, four pounds per annum for each individual, and, consequently, there is no penury in Ireland; the Irish poor law may be dispensed with. The answer to such a conclusion would be found in the unequal distribution of property. While of the thirty-two millions of income some receive tens of thousands, and others nothing, there will be poverty to be relieved. In like manner, while of the two millions* of poor rates, some properties are burdened

five-pence in the pound, and some five-and-twenty shillings, there will be hardship to be complained of.

There is, also, a very distressing inequality occasioned by the encumbrances on Irish properties, by which the hardship of poor rates is grievously augmented. It is very generally known that these encumbrances amount to, at least, half the gross rental; and that, in consequence, the poor rates, as paid on Irish property, average six, not three shillings in the pound on the net receipts; but while six shillings may be reckoned as the average, the burden of encumbrances is so distributed as to leave some proprietors four-fifths of their income clear, and not leave one-tenth of the gross rental to others. Thus one proprietor may have to pay three shillings in the pound on a rental of *ten* thousand pounds per annum, while the income from which he is to meet this enormous demand does not exceed *two*.

Such are among the elements from which we would give an answer to the question, "What else" than the Irish poor law? We regard a rate for the poor as in part the contribution which charity demands—in part the penalty in which neglect or abuse of power should be mulcted. As a charitable contribution, it should be proportioned to the ability it taxes—as a penalty, it should vary with the offence it punishes—

" Ad-it—
Regula, pœcunie quæ præsens irrogat aequum,
Nec scutica dignum horribili necesse flagello "

* Cost of In-maintenance, monthly	£46,758.	Annual Charge	£561,096
Cost of Out-relief	79,018.	" "	954,216

Cost of establishment and other expenses.	43,110.	" "	517,320
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This last item (Salaries of stipendiaries &c.) (see *Times* of January 8), we are strongly inclined to believe, would amount to a tax of two shillings in the pound on the *net* income of the Irish landed proprietors—a tax fully as heavy as, in their adverse circumstances, they are able to bear.

CEYLON AND THE CINGALESE.

BY ONESIPHORUS,

AUTHOR OF "CHINA AND THE CHINESE," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM 1845 TO 1848—SRI WIKRAMA'S TYRANNY—THE BRITISH DOMINION EXTENDED TO KANDY—REBELLION IN KANDY—MARTIAL LAW PROCLAIMED—TRANQUILLITY RESTORED—DALADA RELIG—GOVERNOR SIR COLIN CAMPBELL—HIS POLICY—BISHOPRIC OF COLOMBO CONSTITUTED—DOCTOR CHAPMAN, FIRST BISHOP—HIS EXERTIONS AND CHARACTER—REBELLION IN KANDY—LIST OF ENGLISH GOVERNORS.

ALTHOUGH there was a cessation of hostilities between the British and Kandians, we were not uninterested observers of the political events occurring in Kandy, which were most important, as the monarch, Sri Wikrama, was no longer the weak, supine youth—a mere automaton, placed on the throne by Pilimi Talawe, and whose actions were subservient to, and dictated by, his adikar, or prime minister. The footing upon which Pilimi Talawe had been with Sri Wikrama, during the first part of his reign, when the Kandians were engaged in war with the British, could not subsist during peace. The authority of Pilimi Talawe gradually declined, as the monarch held more securely the reins of government, and felt himself seated fastly on the throne. Sri Wikrama now exhibited his real character, which was that of a despotic tyrant, and he evinced his determination to govern, as his predecessors had ruled Kandy, with absolute power; whilst Pilimi Talawe, on his side, was in like manner resolved to retain, and maintain, his influential hold over the Kandian monarch and his court. Mutual distrust between the monarch and his adikar existed for years, until 1812, when Pilimi Talawe excited the jealous fears of Sri Wikrama, by requesting that the illegitimate daughter of the last king, Rajadhi, might be given in marriage to his son. Sri Wikrama was highly incensed at this presumptuous proposal of the adikar, as he viewed it as a covert attempt to be enabled to claim affinity with the royal blood, and summoned the whole of his chiefs to court, and preferred various charges of misconduct, and arrogant assump-

tions, against Pilimi Talawe. The chiefs listened with becoming gravity to the complaints made by their king, and Pilimi Talawe was condemned by Sri Wikrama, with the concurrence of the assembled chiefs; when, to the surprise of all, the king pardoned the adikar, declaring his reluctance to punish so old a servant, and reinstated Pilimi Talawe in his office of adikar. It is difficult to fathom the motive which actuated Sri Wikrama: it must have been dictated either by the most noble generosity, or by the most subtle cunning; but Pilimi Talawe enjoyed his position as adikar only for a short time after he had been reinstated in his office, as his conduct again excited the king's displeasure, who banished him to his province, forbidding him to leave it without his (the king's) permission, and depriving him of his rank and honours. Scarcely was Pilimi Talawe in his province, before he hired Malays to murder the king. This conspiracy was discovered by Eheylapola, formerly the second adikar, but whom the king had made first adikar when he disgraced Pilimi Talawe; the conspirators were taken, tortured, and condemned to be trodden to death by elephants, trained to that purpose; whilst Pilimi Talawe and his nephew were tortured and beheaded.

The demons of cruelty and suspicion now reigned lords paramount in the breast of Sri Wikrama; he condemned his chiefs to death without just cause, and feared rebellion to exist in every breath his subjects drew. Eheylapola, who at that time was devoted to his king, Sri Wikrama regarded with distrust: province after province the king declared to be in a

state of rebellion, although Eheylapola vouched for their allegiance; nevertheless, Sri Wikrama fined some of the inhabitants, imprisoning, torturing, and mutilating others. In some districts the king ordered the priests and Moormen to quit, forbidding all women, except natives of those districts, to remain in them. The domestic wretchedness this edict caused is well described by Dr. Davy in his work on Ceylon—

“Wives were separated from their husbands; mothers from their children; the young bride and the aged parent—all indiscriminately were torn from the bosom of their families, and driven from their homes, producing scenes alike of distress and anger, which might well shake the firmest loyalty.”

Thus we see how Sri Wikrama contrived to goad into rebellion his staunchest adherents and subjects. In the year 1814, for some trivial neglect of duty, Eheylapola was ordered to his district of Saffragam, and thither he retired, in obedience to the king's command; but as Eheylapola was beloved sincerely by the inhabitants of Saffragam, they exhibited every demonstration of joy at the return of Eheylapola. This Sri Wikrama chose to construe into an act of rebellion, and proclaimed Saffragam to be in a state of insurrection, and despatched troops there, to make Eheylapola prisoner, and bring him to the capital, alive, or dead; and these were commanded by Molligodde, formerly the second adikar, but upon whom Sri Wikrama had bestowed the place of Eheylapola. This nobleman, however, with several chiefs, took refuge in Colombo, placing themselves under the protection of the British government, whilst Molligodde took prisoners many of his adherents, and returned triumphantly to Kandy, carrying with him the adherents of Eheylapola. The fury of the king at the escape of Eheylapola knew no bounds, and he wreaked his vengeance on the victims within his grasp. Executions, tortures, impalements, mutilations, confiscations, and imprisonments, were now the daily—almost hourly—occurrences. The place of torture and execution flowed with human gore—the air was filled with the shrieks of victims, under the hands of the torturer,

and Kandy was now one vast slaughtering-place.

As Sri Wikrama could not get the person of Eheylapola into his power, he determined to obtain possession of his wife and children. Accordingly, they were made prisoners, with Eheylapola's brother and his wife, the tyrant resolving to wreak his vengeance on all. They were, forthwith, brought to Kandy, condemned to suffer death for being the wife, offspring, and relations of a rebel, and were to be executed publicly in the market-place of Kandy, in the presence of the whole court and population. The day appointed for this horrible butchery arrived, and the wife of Eheylapola, with his four children (the eldest boy being but eleven years of age, and the youngest an infant of a few months old, sucking at its mother's breast), were led to the place of execution. The wife, a woman of majestic mien and noble deportment, attired in her court dress, and adorned with all her jewels of state, befitting her high rank and station, advanced boldly to meet her fate, declaring her husband's integrity, and expressing her hope that the life which she was about to give up might be of benefit to him. She was ordered to stand back, as it was the king's command *that she was to die last*—to stand by and see her children butchered. She uttered no remonstrance, but embraced her eldest boy, telling him to submit to his fate, as became Eheylapola's son. The boy hesitated, and, terrified, ~~clung~~ to his mother for protection, when his brother, two years younger, stepped forward boldly, embraced his mother, and told his brother not to disgrace his father by such cowardly conduct, and that he would show him how to die as became Eheylapola's son; advanced with firm step to the executioner—one blow—a lifeless trunk, deluged in blood, falls to the earth, and the young noble spirit had taken its flight. But the refinement of barbarous cruelty was not to terminate in compelling a mother to stand and see her offspring butchered; the trunkless head was thrown into a paddy-pounder, the pestle placed in the mother's hand, and she was ordered to pound the head of her child, *or she should be disgracefully tortured*. The mother hesitated; but the feelings of

innate delicacy implanted in the high-born woman's breast prevailed—every mental anguish would be preferable to the public exposure of her person—she lifted up the pestle, closing her eyes, and let it fall on the skull of her dead child. This hideous scene was enacted with the two other children, and the wretched mother had to endure the same mental torture. At last it was the infant's turn to die, and it was taken from its mother's arms, where it laid sleeping, and smiling, in tranquil unconsciousness. Eheylapola's wife pressed his babe convulsively to her bosom; then, in mute agony, allowed the executioner to take her last child from her. In a moment the little head was severed from the delicate body. The milk that had been drawn a short time previously from the mother's breast, was *seen distinctly flowing, and mingling with the sanguine stream of life.* The Kandian matron then advanced eagerly to meet death. With a firm step she walked towards the executioner, but with caution, to avoid *stepping in the blood, or treading on the lifeless, mutilated bodies of her children.* Her face was calm—almost wore an expression of satisfaction—the worst had happened—*she had seen her children slaughtered*—they were out of the tyrant SRI WIKRAMA's power. The hand of the executioner is laid on her, to lead her to her watery grave.* She thrusts him aside, telling him not to pollute a high-born Kandian matron with his touch; to remember that she was Eheylapola's wife, and had stood calmly to see her children murdered: would she shrink from meeting them in death? Bade adieu to her brother-in-law, telling him to meet death as became his birth; called to her sister-in-law not to unman her husband by useless wailings, but to follow her; then walked towards the tank (called Bogambarawl, contiguous to Kandy), two executioners following and preceding, carrying large stones.

They have arrived at the tank; Eheylapola's wife gazes fixedly on the tranquil water, whereon the sunbeams glitter sportively in millions of rays;

the sister weeps as the executioner commences attaching the heavy stone to her slender throat. It is firmly secured; the weight bears her fragile form to the earth; and the executioners are compelled to carry her to the tank. She shrieks wildly as they near her tank; they hold her over the waters—more piercing shrieks rend the air. A sudden splash—then the waters close over a tyrant's victim, serenely unconscious of the atrocity perpetrated. Eheylapola's wife had stood motionless during this period, a slight expression of scorn passing over her features, as her sister's shrieks filled the atmosphere. 'Tis now her turn to die. The executioners advance towards her, carrying the ponderous stone. She motions them off. They still advance—are quite close to her; the cords that are to attach the weight to her throat already touch her person; she asks them to desist, assuring them that she will not make any resistance, or attempt to save her life. The executioners refuse, stating they must adhere to their orders, and one lays his hand roughly on her shoulder. She shrieks, and eludes his foul touch, for with a bound she darts towards the tank, and leaps into the water: they close over her form in eddying circles, and her spirit has flown for ever. The executioners depart, palm-trees droop gracefully over the waters, and the sunbeams glitter sportively in millions of sparkling rays, as the stream murmurs a requiem over the murdered wife and sister of Eheylapola.

The butchery in the market was not completed when Eheylapola's wife quitted it, for her husband's brother was still to die. The headsman advances towards him, sword in hand, lays his blood-stained hand on the chief's shoulder, attempting to raise his head. The chief, with an indignant exclamation, throws the audacious hand off his person, plants his feet firmly on the earth, draws himself up to his full height, standing with majestic dignity, and scornfully desiring the executioner to fulfil the tyrant's command. Has the chief's stern gaze

* Eheylapola's wife and sister were condemned to be drowned; the brother and children to be beheaded. The details of this tragedy and attendant circumstances were described to the writer by a Kandian chief, who was an eyewitness to this horrible butchery.

unnerved the headsmen? A blow was struck! a stream of red blood gushes forth!—but, horrible! the head is not wholly struck off! The sword is again poised in the air—a flash of light falls on the glittering weapon of destruction: it descends on the muscular, manly throat; the sword is now reeking with red blood! A headless trunk falls to the ground, whilst the head, with glaring eye-balls, rolls along the earth, and is thrust aside rudely by the executioner's foot. The bloody tragedy is finished!

Before the temples of Nata and Vishnu Dewalcé, and opposite to the queen's palace, was this fearful scene enacted. Sri Wikrama laid all feelings aside save those of revenge; for by the Kandian laws it was forbidden that human blood should be shed near a temple; also to wound or shed the blood of a woman was considered a heinous crime, and one of the innocent children of Eheylapola was a girl.

During the time this revolting butchery was going on, women shrieked, closing their eyes to exclude the terrific reality; men groaned in mental torture, burying their heads in their hands; whilst many of the noble Kandian youths, in anguish, rolled on the earth, their mouths pressing close to the sod to stifle their cries. We will wind up this fearful account by quoting a contemporaneous author:—

“During this tragical scene the crowd, who had assembled to witness it, wept and sobbed aloud, unable to suppress their feelings. Palihapaul Depaaul was so affected that he fainted, and was expelled his office for showing such tender sensibility. During two days the whole of Kandy, with the exception of the tyrant's court, was as one house of mourning and lamentation, and so deep was the grief, that not a fire, it is said, was kindled, no food dressed, and a general fast was held.”

We believe the savage cruelty of this barbarous tyrant to be unparalleled in ancient or modern history: the crimes imputed to the Roman emperors, Nero and Caligula, were trivial, when compared with those constantly practised by Sri Wikrama, and our astonishment is extreme that any nation—more especially a warlike one, such as the Kandians—should have submitted for a lengthened period to the cruel tyranny

exercised by their monarch. Sri Wikrama spared neither age nor sex—the sucking infant, children, old and young women, were all alike condemned to be tortured in the most revolting, disgusting manner, mutilated and executed, if they or their relations incurred his displeasure, or from the caprice of the instant. We can comprehend man viewing with apathy the destruction of his fellow-man, but we cannot understand how men could permit the slaughter of the delicate woman, or the helpless child—every feeling implanted in our nature rebels against the bare supposition that the creatures whom, from very instinct, we feel ourselves bound to protect, should be slaughtered before our eyes, for no crimes which they had committed, but simply for being the wife of the bosom, and the offspring of a man who had incurred a tyrant's displeasure. It is an enigma how this debased specimen of human nature, Sri Wikrama, escaped assassination by the hands of his subjects; but the day of retribution was near, hovering in his path, although the punishment he met with in this world did not equal his deserts.

At the end of this year, Sri Wikrama cruelly tortured ten native traders (British subjects) who had gone into his territories for merchandize. They made their escape from Kandy, coming to Colombo in a mutilated condition, some without ears, others without eyelids—the remainder either noseless, footless, or handless—and made complaint to the governor-general, Sir Robert Brownrigg. On the 10th of January, 1815, war was declared against the King of Kandy, not against the Kandian nation, “but against that tyrannical power which had provoked, by aggravated outrages and indignities, the just resentment of the British nation, which had cut off the most noble families in the kingdom, deluged the land with the blood of its subjects, and, by the violation of every religious and moral law, had become an object of abhorrence to mankind.”

The British troops entered the Kandian territories on the following day, and fighting commenced. The Kandians gave battle, not as men fighting for liberty and their land, but as mercenaries in the service of a tyrant, who, for gold, fought against the British, who were disposed to befriend

them; and skirmish after skirmish ensued, and war was carried on by the Kandians without spirit or energy. Mollégodde, the successor of Eheylapola, at this critical period, deserted his cruel master, Sri Wikrama; and as he was the only efficient commander whom he possessed, and one whose place it was impossible to refill, the loss Sri Wikrama sustained was irreparable. Mollégodde had been long disgusted with the tyrant's service, and awaited the opportunity of joining the English, which had been only deferred until he could get his wife and children from Sri Wikrama's court. The tragical execution of Eheylapola's family warned Mollégodde what would be the fate of his wife and children, if he abandoned his office of adikar, leaving these sacred ties in the clutches of the savage king. But no sooner had he effected the withdrawal of his family from the Kandian territories, than he offered his aid to the British, to assist in dethroning Sri Wikrama. On the 14th February, Sir Robert Brownrigg established his head quarters at Kandy; but the king had made his escape from thence a few days before, and it was reported that he had fled to Dumbera, about twelve miles from Kandy; and as part of our troops, which were advancing to the capital, had fallen in with two of the king's wives, a quantity of jewels and treasure which were captured, the report bore every appearance of being a correct one. Sir Robert Brownrigg lost not an instant in forming plans to ensure the capture of Sri Wikrama. Detachments from Colonel O'Connell's, Majors Kelly and Rook's divisions, were ordered to scour the country round, making every possible search for the tyrant, to cut off all retreat. Energetic and efficient as these officers were, their search was fruitless; and, in all probability, the English never would have succeeded in capturing Sri Wikrama, had not his own subjects aided them. Eheylapola's followers were looking with lynx-eyed vengeance, for the wretch who had butchered the wife and children of their beloved chief. They sought him with unwearied perseverance, found him; and, although the Malabar escort which surrounded the tyrant, Sri Wikrama, fought nobly in defence of their blood-stained mo-

narch, captured the fugitive king, bound him hand and foot, reviled him with the atrocities he had committed, and the murders he had caused, spat upon him, telling him that it was Eheylapola's slaves—the slaves of the woman he had butchered—that thus treated him, in revenge for his savage brutality; that they now intended to drag him to a neighbouring village, that he might be executed by the multitude as he went along. Curses loud and deep were showered on the head of Sri Wikrama, by his own subjects, as he passed along the road; almost each inquired of him for a murdered or mutilated relation or friend; curses and missiles were hurled at him; he was subjected to every species of ignominious reproach; and, finally, was handed over a prisoner to the British. Sri Wikrama, the last king of Kandy, was taken prisoner at Galleeshewatte, in Dumbera, on the 18th of February, 1815, being exactly four days after Sir Robert Brownrigg had established his head quarters in the capital of his dominions. Some historians, with a misplaced, maudlin sensibility, have deprecated the treatment that Sri Wikrama met with at the hands of Eheylapola's followers. Although Christianity teaches us to forgive our enemies, and those who have inflicted injuries upon us, the best Christian finds it a most difficult precept to follow. Can we, then, wonder at the reproaches and ignominy which these men showered on one who had condemned the innocent children and wife to a cruel death, solely because he could not lay hands on the person of their chief?—more especially as these men did not profess Christianity, but were heathens, followers of Buddha; but, on the contrary, these men are to be commended for the forbearance they exhibited in placing Sri Wikrama alive, untortured and un mutilated, immediately after they had made him prisoner, in the hands of the British.

The personal appearance of Sri Wikrama was not unprepossessing, except when he was excited, then his eye gleamed with the fire of a demon, and the face wore an expression of malignant cruelty. He was tall, well-made, slightly *embonpoint*; the features of the face good, and the expression intelligent; the complexion

of a clear, rich, dark brown; the head well formed, although the animal organs predominated over the intellectual, with a redundancy of long, thick raven-black hair. He took great delight in adorning his person, and wore a profusion of costly jewels at all times; but on state occasions, the crown and dress in which he habited himself glittered with gems of inestimable value. We need only say of his character, "*Ex uno disce omnes.*"

On the 2nd of March, Sri Wikrama was finally and formally dethroned; and a convention concluded between Sir Robert Brownrigg and the Kandian chiefs, together with the chief officers of the Kandian territories. The official notice published on the occasion states:—"This day a solemn conference was held in the audience-hall of the palace of Kandy, between his Excellency the Governor and Commander-in-chief of the Forces, on behalf of his Majesty, and of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, on the one part, and the adikars, dissaaves, ratramahatmeers, and other principal chiefs of the Kandian provinces, on the other part, on behalf of the people, and in presence of aratchegays, coraals, vidhans, and other subordinate headmen from the different provinces, and a great concourse of inhabitants. A public instrument of treaty, prepared in conformity to conditions previously agreed upon, for establishing his Majesty's government in the Kandian provinces, was produced, and publicly read in English and Cingalese, and unanimously assented to. The British flag was then, for the first time, hoisted, and the establishment of the British dominion in the interior was announced by a Royal salute."

The second article of the treaty stated—"Sri Wikrama was, by consent of his subjects, formally declared to be deposed, his family and relations for ever debarred from ascending the throne, and all the rights and claims of his race to be extinguished and abolished."

The two succeeding articles were devoted to minor political arrangements.

The fifth article declared—"That the religion of Buddha was inviolable; its rights, ministers, and places of worship were to be maintained and protected."

The sixth and seventh articles were of an immaterial nature.

By the eighth and eleventh it was declared—"That the laws of the country were to be still recognised according to established forms, and by the ordinary authorities, and that the royal dues and revenues were to be levied, as before, for the support of the government."

In the month of January following, Sri Wikrama, and all the members of his family, were banished to Madras, and our government in Ceylon were well pleased to be rid of the onerous duty attendant upon the safe-keeping of the ex-king's person; as they apprehended either his escape, or that some Kandian, to benefit his country, might assassinate him, to prevent the possibility of his regaining the throne of Kandy. From this period, until the 10th of September, 1817, the government of the British was submitted to with tranquillity; but at this date some Kandian chiefs of Welasse rose in rebellion, resolving to struggle to regain the independence which they prized so highly, and for which their various conflicts with Malabars, Malays, Moors, Portuguese, Dutch, and, finally, their voluntary subjection to the English, had failed to eradicate from their breast. The conduct of the chiefs, in heading and exciting the inhabitants of their districts to revolt, was inexcusable, as they had voluntarily sought the aid of the British to assist in dethroning their king Sri Wikrama, had entered into a treaty with, and sworn allegiance to, the government of Great Britain—the treaty which had been entered into by us with the Kandians, had been most rigidly adhered to—and they had not the shadow of an excuse for rebelling against the government, whose aid they had sought, and to whom they had voluntarily subjected themselves. Mr. Wilson, the government-agent of the district, went to meet the rebels, and endeavoured to quell the revolt, but most unfortunately

* We have merely given the outlines of the treaty, and what we considered most probably would interest the general reader.

did not succeed in his object, although his life fell a sacrifice, having been killed by the rebels.

The pretender to the throne of Kandy was a priest of Buddha, who had thrown off the yellow robes of his office; the chief who principally aided the pretender was a man of great influence in his district, Kapittipola, and brother-in-law to Eheylapola, and who brought many followers with him to join the pretender. Pilimi Talawe, the son of the former adikar, also, joined the rebels, with many other chiefs. Considerable alarm was now felt by our government, for, in less than six months from the commencement of the revolt, every district of any importance was in a state of rebellion; in the various skirmishes which took place, we lost many officers and men; the rebels also skulked about our encampments, waylaid, and murdered our soldiers.

On the 21st of February, 1818, martial law was declared in the Kandian provinces, and the sacrifice of human life was terrible on both sides. Our soldiers were now beginning to sink under the effects of the unwholesome atmosphere of Kandy, and, day by day, events assumed a more gloomy aspect for the British, whilst the Kandians grew bolder, and held a grand meeting at Deyabetmewala, at which the pretender and chiefs were present. Dr. Davy, in his "*Ceylon*," writes:—

"During the three following months our affairs assumed a still more gloomy aspect. Our little army was much exhausted and reduced by fatigue, privation, and disease; the rebellion was still unchecked—all our efforts had been apparently fruitless—not a leader of any consequence had been taken, and not a district subdued or tranquillised. This was a melancholy time to those who were on the scene of action, and many began to despond, and augur from bad to worse, and to prophesy that the communication between Colombo and our head quarters at Kandy would be cut off, and that we should very soon be obliged to evacuate the country, and fight our way out of it."

These gloomy forebodings were not destined to be realised; disunion of a serious nature now manifested itself among the chiefs, and the pretender was taken prisoner by an adverse party, who set up a chief of their own

selection. Kapittipola, their most able general, was defeated in several engagements, and, in October, was taken prisoner, with Pilimi Talawe, by the British; one by one, the chiefs were taken, tried, convicted of high treason, and beheaded. Notwithstanding these stringent, but necessary measures, a spirit of rebellion still continued to manifest itself, and it was not until February, 1819, that the administration of martial law in the Kandian provinces ceased.

We purposely omitted mentioning the capture of the Dalada relic, which they say is a tooth of their god Buddha, which they hold sacred, until this page.

This relic was taken, towards the end of the late rebellion, and, trifling as this incident may appear at the first glance, we believe we are borne out by facts, that it is owing to the circumstance of having given up the possession of the Dalada relic to the charge of the priests which has, in a great measure, occasioned the late insurrection in Ceylon, in this present year, 1848, the full particulars of which will be given subsequently. The Cingalese tradition is, "That whoever obtains possession of that sacred relic, obtains with it the government of 'Ceylon;' and no sooner was it made known that the Dalada was in the possession of the British, than the followers of Buddha returned to their allegiance, district after district laid down their arms, and acknowledged the sovereignty of Great Britain. A new convention was now entered into with the chiefs, by which it was stipulated—

"That all personal services, excepting those required for making and repairing roads and bridges, should be abolished, and that all taxes should be merged into one, a tax of one-tenth on the produce of the paddy land. That justice should be administered by the board of commissioners at Kandy, and by the agents of government in the different provinces, aided by the native Dissavaes, who were henceforth to be remunerated, not by the contributions of the people, but by fixed salaries."

In January, 1820, a man of the second caste assumed the title of king of the Kandians, and collected some few of the Veddabs, or aborigines, at Bintenne, and created new disturbances; but as the self-elected king of the

Kandians was apprehended immediately after his assumption of that dignity, his followers quickly dispersed.

The Dalada relic was placed in the keeping of the government-agent of the Kandian provinces, and was publicly exhibited to the priests and people, for worship, at stated periods. Whether it was consistent with our character as a Christian nation to have ought to do with, or sanction the heathen worship, of a piece of yellow ivory, we will not enter upon here.

The island was now in a state of tranquillity; for although trivial disturbances took place amongst a few, which were quelled as soon as they arose, the nation appeared to be satisfied with our government. Attention was directed to the formation of schools of instruction for the natives, both by our government and by the missionaries, and attempts were made to induce them to embrace Christianity. Literary and agricultural societies were formed; means of communication, by the formation of roads from one part of the island to the other, were planned and commenced; bridges were thrown over rivers; and every facility afforded for the transit of passengers and merchandise. In short, we tried to convince the natives of Ceylon, by every honourable means, that we were not a nation of warlike bigots or of grasping adventurers; but wished to improve their moral condition, and contribute to their happiness, whilst they conducted themselves as loyal subjects of the crown of Great Britain, to whom they had sworn allegiance.

The political horizon of Ceylon remained unclouded for years; the colony gradually improved under our management. In 1832, the ex-king of Kandy died at Fellore, of dropsy; and until 1835 no event occurred worthy of especial remark. In the January of that year, Mollégodde, the first adikar, and Dunewille Looko Banda, who was related maternally to one of Sri Wikrama's queens, with several others of lesser note, were charged with high treason, and for having conspired against our government. A mass of contradictory evidence was gone into; and although they were acquitted, little doubt remained on the minds of many that a conspiracy had been concocted, but

which had been frustrated before the plot had ripened. Regular lists were found, appropriating the various places held under our government to the Kandian chiefs. This the officials did not approve of, and still less did they admire the list whereon the names of *their wives* were inscribed, each lady being allotted to some particular chief, and to those of the highest rank, two of England's matrons were apportioned. The conspirators tried to prove that these documents were forged; and did so to the satisfaction of the jury, who acquitted them. Mollégodde lost his rank as first adikar, another chief being appointed in his stead; but was reinstated in his office in March, 1843, having given proofs, during the intervening period, of his loyalty. Dunewille Looko Banda was also taken into the service of our government; and in this year died the son of Sri Wikrama, in exile.

From the year 1835 until this year, 1848, no attempt at revolt or rebellion agitated Ceylon. Since the colony had come into our possession, various charitable, scientific, scholastic, literary, and agricultural societies were established; a legislative council was formed, and a supreme court instituted. In short, Ceylon enjoys all the advantages of our most flourishing colony; and by many political economists is considered the most promising colony we possess.

In justice to the late efficient governor of Ceylon, Lieutenant-General Sir Colin Campbell, who assumed that appointment in 1841, we must state what his exertions have done for that colony. He found it a burthen to the mother country. The valuable land sold at five shillings per acre; and government servants enriching themselves at the expense of the country, by purchasing this land, turning it into coffee and sugar estates, and neglecting their official duties (to discharge which they were paid by their country), they devoted their time to the cultivation and improvement of these estates. Governor Sir Colin Campbell prohibited, by a government minute, the sale of crown land under the sum of twenty shillings per acre; and at this advanced price found numerous and ready purchasers, and frequently a much higher sum was realised. By the unbiassed representations

of the governor to the home government, civil servants were forbidden to purchase or retain land for agricultural purposes, and were required to devote their whole time and attention to the duties of the respective offices which they held under government. Sir Colin Campbell met with most determined opposition on this point from the colonial corps; and vituperation of the most disgraceful nature was heaped upon his head, by those members of it who were amassing large fortunes by these agricultural pursuits, to the neglect of their official duties. Undauntedly, however, did Sir Colin Campbell pursue the straight path of honest duty to his sovereign and country, and was rewarded by his own conscience, and by the approbation of all right-minded men. Sir Colin Campbell used every exertion in his power to have the salaries of the Ceylon civil servants increased, and was successful in his efforts; thus benefiting the men who had so lavishly censured him for performing, to the best of his ability, the duties of his office as governor of the colony, by insisting that the paid servants of the crown should perform those duties that required their undivided attention, and for which they were remunerated.

In 1845, Ceylon was constituted, by letters patent under the great seal of England, an episcopal see, by the title of the Bishopric of Colombo, as previously it had been included in the see of Madras; and the Rev. Dr. Chapman was appointed the first bishop. The bishop arrived in Colombo in 1846. We believe that the exertions of this truly pious, benevolent man, have done more towards the conversion of the heathen, since his arrival, than had been effected during the previous centuries, that nominal Christians had formed settlements in Ceylon. Every part of his diocese is visited constantly by Dr. Chapman; unwearied in his duty, undaunted by the fear of contagion, he visits hospitals, jails, and the unwholesome jungle—sedulously learning the native language, whereby he may be enabled to communicate with and preach to the Cingalese, without the aid or intervention of an interpreter. He has made the natives understand that his is not to be a temporary residence among them, but that it is his intention to

pass his life among them. No words can express his resolve so beautifully as his own, and which he addressed to a native congregation, shortly after he entered upon the duties of his sacred office—"I have come to Ceylon to live among you, and learn your language; with God's blessing to benefit you, and with his permission to die in your country." Possessing great piety, learning, and humility, Dr. Chapman is blessed with great eloquence, fluency of language, facility of expressing ideas, extreme urbanity of manner, unbounded benevolence; a most prepossessing exterior, and devotes the whole of his time and attention to the arduous duties of his office. In conclusion, we can only say, that Doctor Chapman is a worthy, though humble, follower of his Great Lord and Master; that his appointment as bishop, and residence in the colony, is calculated to benefit professing Christians, as well as the benighted heathen, for the force of his *example*, coupled with his precepts, must influence and counteract, to a great extent, the effect which the lax morality practised by many Europeans in Ceylon, has had on the hearts and minds of the rising generation, both of English and Cingalese.

In July, 1848, an insurrection and rebellion broke out in Kandy, and a pretender to the throne, calling himself the King of Kandy, headed the rebels. The pretender swore, at the temple of Dambave,

"An oath which he could not, and dared not recall,"

that he was the grandson of Kertisree Rajah Singha, and many of the Kandians, dissatisfied with recently imposed taxes, joined his standard; the number of his adherents varied, but at one period the insurgents exceeded four thousand. Martial law was proclaimed in some of the Kandian provinces, and much bloodshed ensued. The pretender called himself Dharma Sehere Rajah, or the Merciful King, and was most liberal in his promises to those chiefs who supported him in his ambitious scheme. A blockade was formed, by means of trees, at Dambool, disturbances were rife at Anaradhaapora, whilst at Korne-galle the rebels attacked the cutchery and court-house, taking the treasure, burning the records, destroyed dwell-

ing-houses, pillaging the valuables and furniture. Many coffee estates and plantations were utterly destroyed, as the rebels tore down the coffee-bushes and trees, both at Kornegalle and Mattelle; in fact, the havoc, devastation, loss of property and life, were serious.

Our troops, commanded by Colonel Drought, acted most decisively and energetically, taking many prisoners, and the attendant slaughter is grievous to dwell upon. On the 20th of September, the pretender was taken prisoner at Mattelle, a Kandian having betrayed the place of his concealment. When in our power, the pretender evinced great cowardice, implicating, and giving the names of numerous chiefs and headmen. Besides those that had been put to death under martial law, as soon as taken prisoners, one hundred and twenty, including the pretender, were tried for high treason; some were condemned to death, others to transportation for life, or imprisonment, with hard labour and corporeal punishment. The rebellion having been suppressed, Lord Viscount Torrington issued a proclamation that martial law would terminate in the Kandian provinces on the 10th of October. The misguided natives suffered severe loss and defeat in the various skirmishes with our troops. Our duty as an historian compels us to censure the conduct of various English malcontents, who, to a great extent, excited, by inflammatory articles in the local papers, the spirit of dissatisfaction and rebellion manifested by the Kandians. How these men, professing Christianity, can gloss over to their consciences the various acts which incited the natives, and caused the sacrifice of human life, and destruction of property, we know not. By all thinking men, such characters are condemned, and held in abhorrence. We may pity the heathen; but woe unto the Christian instigator of rebellion. The Kandian pretender worked upon the superstitions and religious feelings of his countrymen, causing himself to be crowned King of Kandy by a priest, who stated to the pretender's followers that they

were fighting for the preservation of their religion; and the first interrogatory put was, "Are you for the Buddhist religion, or for the government?" If any hesitated, the priest would refer to the Kandian prophecy or tradition, which is, that when a bridge should be built across the Mahawelle-ganga, Kandy should fall into the hands of foreigners, and the people of Ceylon be totally subdued; but when the bridge should begin to decay, then the Kandians would throw off the foreign yoke, and Lanka-diva's sons be restored to their native monarchs, and pristine laws, driving the usurpers from their beloved shores! The bridge at Peradenia, over the Mahawelle-ganga, having been built entirely of satinwood, has shown symptoms of decay; but we trust, for the love we bear our fellow-men—blacks, browns, or whites—Christians or heathens—and the horror we have, in common with philanthropic men, of bloodshed and war, that the prophetic tradition may be false. *For ever* may the Cinnamon Isle flourish, and be the brightest gem in Great Britain's diadem, is our heartfelt desire.

The following is the list, with dates of their appointments, of English Governors of Ceylon up to 1848:—

The Hon. the Governor of Madras in Council . . .	1796
Hon. Frederick North . . .	1798
Lieut.-Gen. Right Honourable Sir Thomas Maitland . . .	1805
Major-General John Wilson, Lieutenant-Governor . . .	1811
General Sir Robert Brownrigg . . .	1812
Major-General Sir Edward Barnes, Lieut.-Governor . . .	1820
Lieut.-Gen. Sir Edward Paget . . .	1823
Major-General Sir James Campbell, Lieutenant-Governor . . .	1823
Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Barnes . . .	1824
Major-General Sir John Wilson, Lieutenant-Governor . . .	1831
Right Hon. Sir Robert Wm. Horton . . .	1831
Right Hon. J. Alexander Stewart Mackenzie . . .	1837
Lieutenant-General Sir Colin Campbell . . .	1841
Lord Viscount Torrington . . .	1847

THE POLITICAL TRACTS OF MENENIUS.*

SINCE the great European wars were terminated by the peace of 1815, men have seen no such eventful year as that which has just closed upon us. When, withdrawn from its immediate influence, the future historian shall, from a distant *point de vue*, contemplate it in its true proportions and character, as a whole, doubtless he will recognise it as one of those great climacterical epochs which occur in the lives of states, as they do in those of men. Such epochs are the turning points of history, working changes more or less organic, more or less recuperative or ruinous, in proportion as those to whom the health of the one or the other is confided, do, by their skill and vigilance watch, direct, and, humanly speaking, eventuate the results, the true issues of which are with God alone. To us who have only just emerged from its shadow—standing, as it were, beneath its base, the past year shows amazing and portentous. We have witnessed a movement mysterious and inexplicable, or at all events arising from causes apparently trifling and fortuitous, exhibiting its workings at almost the same moment of time in places distant and disconnected—a movement working like the mine or the earthquake, beneath the foundations of ancient kingdoms, shaking dynasties, deposing princes, and upheaving institutions whose roots seemed to have spread deep and wide enough to have braved any convulsion. In the quaking and perplexity of the nations, the subtle agency found its way to our islands. But the shock that prostrated France, and disorganised Germany, was felt in Britain but as the trembling of the distant earthquake. Her institutions, stable and sure, crushed down into quiescence the uneasy elements beneath. And truly a nobler spectacle was never exhibited to the world's gaze than the rally of all true hearts, forgetting the distinction of classes, creeds, and parties, round the institutions they loved,

and the monarchy under which they had won their greatness. A sight it was to claim the thoughtful wonder of other lands, to see the peaceable batons of England's constables sternly and calmly, almost silently, beating back the loud-mouthed rabble that threatened her capital, and all the while her senate sitting serene and self-possessed, in the uninterrupted exercise of their deliberative functions. But so it was not in Ireland. For her, indeed, much was to be feared; her blood was already hot with the fever of agitation, and reckless hands had ministered to her potions that made her at once delirious and inebriated. And so the French Revolution in February found her, but to aggravate her excitement to the highest pitch. At such a moment, it is hard to over-estimate the critical importance of our position as regarded the empire at large, or the difficulties which surrounded the individual to whom her destinies were committed; and it would be impossible, upon a candid perusal of the remarkable Tracts now under our consideration, to deny that the wisdom, forethought, and extensive precautionary arrangements of the Irish executive, in all human probability contributed materially to save us from civil war and all its concomitant horrors. We are no Whigs or Whig-lovers; but we are lovers of order, and lovers of our country; and our praise will not be mistaken or undervalued. But while the viceroy thus fought in the van, he was cheered and sustained by the whole of Ireland's Conservative chivalry; without them he could have done little; and let him and his Whig companions remember this *now* in the hour when those generous allies are broken down and ruined by the weight of evil legislation. One, too, there was who fought beside him—but he was unknown. Like "*le noir finissant*," fighting beside Ivanhoe, his visor was always down. Some said the noble

* "The Political Tracts of Menenius."—1. "The Game's Up." 2. "A Stitch in Time." 3. "Menenius to the People." 4. "Luck and Loyalty." 2nd edition, No. Dublin; Hodges and Smith. 1849.

and the knight knew each other full well; some said the knight *was* the noble, multiplied, like the "*fata morgana*," by the mist of the battle; others said he was one of his staff—his statistician or his journalist; one opined the "Game" was served "up" by his *Cooke*, another surmised that the "Stitch" was put in by his *Taylor*; for ourselves, we care not to know who he is or was, or whether he was anybody, or, like Rodlaw's companion, but the embodiment of a thought. We are quite contented to know him as MENENIUS, and to deal with him by what he has said.

Whoever, then, this "Menenius" be, he has done knightly service as well to the viceroy as to the country at large. He has done a deed as daring as it was novel in these times—a thing unattempted, we may with safety affirm, since the days of the "Draper Letters," and the other political writings of Swift. In the tracts now before us, he has, as an Irishman, had the boldness, in Ireland, and speaking to Irishmen, and of them and their country, to show them the truth—plain, outspoken, and unpalatable—and that, in language unsparing a fault, unaccommodating to a prejudice, and unspiced with a single grain of flattery. For all this Menenius has, of course, been subjected to the attacks of the press of every party in the kingdom, from one extreme to the other. This was his necessary fate; for professing to be of no party—he was unsheltered by any: but we are bound to say that he has been permitted to put forward, on four several occasions, his words of advice, admonition, and censure, without any general denunciation, or even repudiation,—nay, not unfrequently with extorted praise. This fact we regard as a very hopeful sign of the times. When men will listen to the truth, even though with impatience and dissatisfaction, regeneration is not far distant, and the triumph of truth is sure. Thus, Menenius has steadily won his way by the force of truth and honesty, finding an enduring place in the thoughts of a large portion of the really-liberal and rightly-judging public, and has, we dare assert, contributed in no small measure to give substance and shape to the growth of that healthier public opinion in Ireland, heretofore so lamentably deficient, and which, with other aids, and under God's Providence, carried us in safety

through the great crisis of the past year.

The favourable reception, such as it is, which Menenius has met from his countrymen, is, we think, in no small degree attributable to the fact that in all his plain speaking, his caustic sarcasm, his trenchant condemnation, he has manifested what Irishmen never fail to appreciate—that he is, to use his own words, "an Irishman to the heart's core," deeply concerned in all that can interest his country, keenly sensitive to all that can affect her honour, profoundly touched by all her sorrows. We cannot feel offended with his bluntness; we cannot feel irritated by his indignant expostulations, when we know it is the honesty of a friend, who will not flatter—the warmth of a friend who is grieved. Upon all these considerations, and also because he has bravely advocated the cause of the empire and of order, at a time when that cause was assailed at all points, and thought to be desperate, Menenius claims at our hands a respectful consideration, to whatever extent our own views may be coincident with his, and we hasten to avail ourselves of the limited space assigned to us for the notice of the remarkable volume before us.

The work, which now appears in a single volume, is a reprint of four *brochures*, which issued from the press at different periods of the past year. As the author tells us—

"The first of the series, 'The Game's Up!' was issued immediately after the conviction of John Mitchel. The second, 'A Stitch in Time,' upon the 29th of July, when disturbances in Dublin were hourly expected. The third, 'Menenius to the People,' appeared soon after the affair of Ballingarry; and the fourth, 'Luck and Loyalty,' has been published within the present month."

The general object at which the author aims in these tracts seems to be to explain the position in which the two great interests in the nation—that is, the governed and the governing—occupy in relation to each other; to show and impress upon each the truth, that by combating with the other, it is placing itself in a false and fatal position, which inevitably must throw both into the hands of a third element, namely, that of faction: he seeks, on

the one hand, to vindicate the executive from the blame to which its baffled policy had, with some show of reason, exposed it; and on the other hand to rescue the mass of the Irish people from the obloquy which an organized conspiracy for treasonable purposes had tended not unnaturally to expose them to in the estimation of the empire at large. With zealous assiduity, forcible eloquence, and great power of argument, he labours throughout to attain a most laudable end—namely, to induce a proper understanding between these two great parties, and to avert a conflict in which, whoever had succeeded, both would have been losers—and proves what is undeniably true—that their interests, when rightly understood, are identical, their position not antagonistic, but correlative the one to the other. The idea which apparently pervades his mind has been since happily expressed by a reviewer, whose words we willingly adopt:—"It is now admitted that prerogative and franchise, the duty of ministers and the duty of knights and burgesses, have one single and common purpose—good government; that is to say, the government which will best promote the prosperity of the whole community. This is the right of the people against its government. It is the right of the Union against its guardians; the right of a company against its directors; the right of a parish against its constable; the right of a client against his attorney. It is a right to have its affairs managed in the way most conducive to its welfare. In this right all other rights are merged: against this right no claim of the crown or of any portion of the people can prevail, or can be seriously urged."

We believe it was Washington who observed that the people incur greater danger from faction than from tyranny, because faction substitutes a multiplied and irresponsible despotism for a single one. It is a profound truth which speculative wisdom might perhaps teach a Briton, but was no doubt the result of practical experience in the republican. This truth, too, is felt by Menenius to bear strongly on Ireland. One of her great political evils of late, springs from the clamours of a faction, suppressing the voice of true public opinion. To give her "fair play," a chance of righting

herself, it will be the duty of the patriot, the best service he can render his country, to disengage what is true, and sound, and legitimate in the constitution from the domination of this anomalous power, this tyranny of faction—a service which the tracts before us discharge with no common ability. The mode of accomplishing this great end is not so obvious or so easy as the necessity for it is apparent. It is necessary to unteach men what is false before teaching them what is true; and never was there a time or a place in which the political teacher had more need to inculcate the former lesson than in Ireland during the past year. Whoever calmly reviews the popular fallacies on political rights which a section of the Irish press put forward from day to day, may wonder at, but can yet understand, the extent to which the delusion on these momentous subjects prevailed. The first of these tracts is, in our estimation, well calculated to dispel that delusion. In language full of nervous vigour and condensed energy, and in a spirit of calm and philosophic investigation, the progress of events since the Union is exhibited in clear yet brief review; and the writer asserts with confidence, and reasons with much force, that with the conviction of John Mitchel *the game was up* for rebellion in Ireland. Whether that assertion is true in its full extent, may be questioned. Rebellion, no doubt, has been crushed effectually, and the first blow upon its hydra head was assuredly dealt upon the day that John Mitchel was vanquished by the peaceful power of the law, and not by the bloody arbitrament of the battle-field; but we believe that ulterior occurrences, partly of human arrangement, partly providential, prevented a more formidable outbreak than the pitiable *démête* at Ballinarry. At all events, that conviction produced a great moral effect, greater than the press, in our judgment, has accorded to it, for it vindicated, in the eyes of the nation, the potency of what we may venture to call the defensive principle of constitutional order, when arrayed against unlawful violence.

Of those popular fallacies of which we have spoken, we have a more searching investigation in the second tract. In it the author has entered into a full examination of the code (as

it is called) of liberty propounded by the avowed organs of republicanism in Ireland, and demonstrated that the true nature of the creed of the sovereignty of the people is one of the most grinding tyranny.

The third tract is, in our mind, the least successful, and the reason is obvious. Menenius addresses the people, but he is not of the people; and thus the difficulty of his task is increased by the circumstances of his own position. To speak intelligibly and effectively to uninstructed intellects on subjects of such complicated interest, and yet to avoid commonplace or dulness, is always a hard matter, but particularly so unless the instructor be familiar with the modes of thinking, and the forms of speech peculiar to those he seeks to teach. Menenius is here above those whom he professes to address, and it would seem to us that he in reality applied himself to a class, higher in point of education than what is called "the people."

We are not ourselves disposed to go the full length of Menenius, in his approval of all the acts of the Irish executive in their dealings with Irish disaffection, but on the general principle which formed the groundwork of that policy—the principle, namely, of securing the integrity of the empire at all risks, and of protecting property against the spreading doctrines of Communism—we believe our readers cannot entertain a second opinion. As the exponent of this principle, the author of these tracts seems to have accorded them his unqualified, earnest, and most valuable support, while cautiously abstaining from a general commendation of ministerial policy; and to this limited extent only do we commit ourselves to his views.

It would require a space beyond that now at our command, to exhibit a complete analysis of these tracts. We would gladly show, from various passages interspersed through them, the author's views respecting the political rights of a people. They appear briefly to be these—that there is a maximum of liberty beyond which it is out of the power of either the sovereign or the people to force society, and that any attempt to push the democratic influence beyond that point only causes a reaction towards slavery. He holds that while this mean of

liberty has been attained, or nearly so, in England, it has, by the influence of the imperial connexion, been somewhat exceeded in this country; and he assigns this excess as one of the causes why, as he expresses it, "the handcuffs are on us" now. His views on this subject, and on forced revolutions, are so varied, forcible, and happily illustrated, that we cannot but regret they are necessarily so scattered and disconnected through the tracts, that they do not assume the shape or distinctness of a regular theory; and we believe the author would render an acceptable service to the country, by reducing them to a regular and systematic form, so as to attract the observation, and challenge the discussion of statesmen. On the latter subject, that of forced revolutions, he is led, in his last tract, "Luck and Loyalty," into a more extended argument, and his views throughout are, upon the whole, conservative. We shall cite one passage, in which he deduces certain propositions from previous reasonings; it will afford a fair specimen of the style and power of the author:—

"From all this I infer:

"First. That Ireland does not present the aspect of a country in which the necessity for revolution is apparent.

"Secondly. That supposing she did, an armed revolution does not accomplish the objects it sets before it.

"Thirdly. That, even if there were a reasonable prospect of attaining the benefits proposed, armed revolution is, under a constitution such as ours, criminal and unjustifiable in the highest degree, and calculated to induce the anger of God.

"The farther back we stand from a period, the better we can see its outline and true character. The ear detects the play of the national constitution more accurately by that mediate auscultation in which time is interposed between the examiner and the events. And it is after such comprehensive modes of investigation that the inquirer will best see in history the confirmation of the moral and Christian aphorism, that the laws prescribed to individuals are binding on communities; and as long as it is a crime as regards man, and a sin as regards God, to steal because we are hungry, or kill because we are exasperated, will forcible spoliation be indefensible under circumstances of public distress, and armed insurrection unjust.

tifiable, even though public discontent should exist.

"There is a clue to all this. The true philosopher is able to discern, by an argument *a posteriori*, that the positive enactments of the divine codes of both Testaments are only confirmatory of the pre-existing laws of nature, which by their constitution regulate the happiness of the human race according to its obedience to, or violation of, certain immutable principles co-natural with what we call Nature herself. Those codes were given to help man to his own happiness; and obedience to them is rather recommended for his good than inculcated for his restraint. Just as a general adopts the plan of punishing soldiers who stray beyond the lines, when he apprehends that the enemy will cut off such of his men as they find straggling within their reach."

After all, the chief power and the strong attraction of these tracts lie not even in their sterling and sound material so much as in the nervous brevity of style—the strong, common sense of the positions—the homethrusts of the arguments—the aptness and variety of the images (of this last, Menenius is a perfect master)—the graphic power of his portrait painting—his mingled eloquence, pathos, shrewdness, and humour. It is all this which, on their very first appearance, seized on the public mind—which has raised them out of the class of mere ephemeral brochures, to become, as we believe they will, part of the permanent literature of the country. It is all this which justifies their re-publication in the present form, and explains our devoting these pages to a review of them. It is true that these tracts are in their nature "occasional," but, independent of the merit of the composition, there is in them much that is calculated to make them still useful, though the occasion of their origin has passed away. There are many current sophisms, social and governmental, not yet exploded, many false views of our relations and position, much ignorance of Ireland existing not only on the other side of the channel, but even amongst ourselves: these are exposed, corrected, and explained, with an ability and clearness that must give the tracts a permanent value.

Ere we conclude this brief notice, we shall present our readers with a

few passages in justification of the opinions we have expressed. In the endeavour to detach the "real culprits" from the mass of their fellow-countrymen, the author takes occasion to glance at the proceedings of a state trial. The picture is a masterly one—bold in the sketch, true in the colouring, and perfect in the grouping and details:—

"Every lawyer knows the vulgar cant of a criminal court; how it is a recognised trick of the prisoner's counsel to represent his client as the object of persecution by an organized conspiracy representing the crown, and headed by the crown prosecutor; a course so well understood and invariably acted on, that the advocate who is made in one case, by the simple administration of a fee, a participator in this nefarious conspiracy, urges without a blush, in the next, the very charge which, had it any real meaning, would have hopelessly criminated himself. This is part of the stock-machinery in courts of justice, and passes at its true value; but as cases rise in importance, and will be scrutinized more keenly by a wider circle, the common expedients of the advocate are subtilized and refined by his genius, expanding with circumstances, so as to be far less easily seen through. Coloured by the eloquence of the orator, the whole proceeding presents the aspect of persecution on the one hand, and martyrdom on the other. The crown concentrates its tremendous powers in one arm—that of the attorney-general. It clothes him in a panoply of offensive and defensive armour, and, from the mere love of tyranny, launches him, battle-axe in hand, like some giant of romance, against the persons of one or two unfortunate individuals, whose cause, probably, some chivalrous barrister takes up with disinterested warmth, from the absolute impossibility of resisting the impulse of his feelings. This would be all very well if it was set to the account of ordinary rhetoric, to be as such admired, and dismissed. But experience has shown, on a late occasion, how easily intelligence itself is entrapped by the hackneyed stratagem. On that occasion the strong exigencies of an imperilled country were narrowed into the vindictive malignity of a salaried officer. The powers with which the constitution has invested an honourable functionary for the discharge of duties indispensable to the maintenance of public order, and as arduous as they are important, were converted into chains of tyranny or instruments of torture; and all that represents principle, system, ethics, and Christianity

in the organisation of legal machinery, was industriously construed into the reckless exercise of power under the influence of passion. A client (one helpless individual) appeared on one side: a grim array of authorities, of judges, counsel, police, gaolers, indiscriminately massed on the other. What an unequal force! what a gratuitous onslaught! what an apparatus of extermination! Let the attorney-general abandon his prosecution; what injury is done to *him*? What! And has the attorney-general, then, no clients? Is he placed there to badger, to bully, and bait the prisoner for his own amusement? Is there no one but himself interested in the issue of the trial? Are there no fainting hearts, no feeble knees, tremblingly awaiting the issue of the strife? Oh, what an array do the attorney-general's clients present in such a case! To think of them might well inspire dulness itself with eloquence, and tinge the coldest technicalities with the glowing colours of the heart. True, the prisoner also has many friends and supporters, who wish him well; they are the high hearts and strong arms of the community—men ready to do and dare, eager for action, impatient to rush on danger, with the steel of strife gleaming from under the vesture of peace. But, oh! what a different aspect does the assembled group bear, whose cause the law officer of the crown pleads, in asking justice against the promoters of insurrection! Amongst its members, it is true, there is, thank God, many a brave spirit and powerful arm, not the less brave because it quails at the thoughts of civil bloodshed; not the less powerful because it is exercised in the arts of industry, or the labours of the field, instead of the evolutions of brigand discipline. But the group is made up of other constituents. The pious, and the patient, and the peaceful, the true philosopher, and the true Christian, are there. The humble in heart, as well as in position; the philanthropist, who carries his love to man forth into life, and acts up to the lofty designation he bears; the patriot, who sees in his country, not a shapeless, aggregate of incoherent units, but a society bound together by equitable laws, systematized by political, social, and moral organization, dignified by liberal and enlightened institutions, and ennobled by magnanimity, virtue, and Christianity: such are among them. There, too, may be seen the manly labourer in each of the various fields of human cultivation; from the globe which is so without a metaphor, to that which can only be designated as such in its most exalted and sublune sense—science, literature, poetry: the student who scorns the idea of attempt-

ing to control masses of his fellow-men before he has learned to know himself, and toiled up the ascent which is the only legitimate way to true eminence. There, less prominently seen, stand the helpless and hapless families of the half-implicated peasant—the terrified children, the miserable parents, the distracted wife—whose agony concentrates in a single groan the full power of that language which the genius and fluency of the advocate can only imperfectly embody in words—which eloquence itself can but paint at second-hand: there they are, mutely pleading in the person of one legal functionary. Yes, and more than these. The fair speculator, whose honest calculations have failed him, and left him to ruin, in the darkness of a crisis which baffled all anticipation; the beggared artist, with the elaborate creations of his chisel or pencil thrust aside in scorn or indifference for the ferocity of epidemic excitement, the versatile genius, who combines the triumphs of art with those of archaeology and literature, and wears excellence in all with the amiable and most diffident bearing of a true philosopher, yet whose gentle pursuits, although they must confer immortal fame upon him hereafter, are, in the rage and roar of the strife, unable to make their modest claim for present support heard or recognized: such, too, are amongst the clients of the attorney-general. But it is the fashion to say (and of late the custom to believe) that the "right honourable gentleman" is a Goliath, stalking forth from the ranks of the Philistines in harness of brass to defy the armies of Israel, and make each innocent stripling who takes up a stone out of the brook, food for the fowls of the air."

The allusion to our gifted fellow-citizen, Dr. Petrio, is too evident to be mistaken. The tribute, expressively as it is rendered, is no exaggerated one; and happy would we feel should the appeal, put forward with such a force, and yet with such delicacy, be heard and recognised. Of such characters a nation may be justly proud. This panegyric is not flattery, but justice; and we know no act of the viceroy, which would be at once more popular and more just, than thus, by recognising the claims of literature and genius, to conciliate the feelings of that class in Ireland, which is ever the bulwark and safeguard of loyalty and order—we mean the educated and the literary.

The mention of the present movement for an international league of

amity, leads to some observations upon the natural obstacles to a repeal of the Union, and on the fallacies of those who contend that the repeal is a move in the direction of nature :—

"God forbid that we should see the Union repealed! That, indeed, would be a step in the 'wrong direction. I consider the new theory of the ultimate 'union of races' a complete fallacy, even if it applied to the case of these countries. The fact of the natural tendency of civilisation and intercommunication being to break down national clanship, itself overthrows it. No barrier is stronger in savage life than that of race; no division less perceptible, and more in the way, in cultivated communities. Here, at all events, such a reversion is impossible. As the English are mixed up of Britons, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, so are the Irish a compound of races, some of them separate at the time of the English invasion, and some of English and Scotch origin; so much so, that in few parts of the country does the pure blood now remain, and is scarcely ever found in the veins of those who clamour most loudly for its claims. The vast majority of the men who cry out for a distinctive nationality founded on race, are either thoroughbred Englishmen if you go back a few generations, or a mongrel breed, in which the wilder part may claim a Milesian origin, but the superior portion holds undeniable relation to the Saxon. I consider no folly more daring or more mischievous than this of attempting to lay at Nature's door the dissociability of jealousy, prejudice, and barbarism. It is a folly akin to impiety, for it impliedly contravenes the sacred oracles, which declare the genealogical as well as social brotherhood of the whole human race. And besides it is unphilosophical. Nobody can assert, as a principle, the impossibility of the union of races, who does not also assert the impossibility of their common origin; and the student knows that the whole tendency of ethnology, as a modern science, is to confirm the popular and scriptural belief on such original unity.

"To tear Ireland from England now would be to cause a hemorrhage fatal to the very existence of both. Who shall undertake to mark off the portions to be assigned to each? What Shylock shall cut the pound of flesh from the heart of the empire? The geographical boundaries have long ceased to represent any ethnical ones. Why should they, the most arbitrary and obsolete of all, be had recourse to to designate the political ones? You are seven hun-

dred years too late. The imaginary line must now pass beneath every house, over every field, through every churchyard. It must wind from the remotest provinces of the one country to the inmost centre of the other, and become entangled in the wheels of institutions and the ties of families. It is a demarcation which must be disputed inch by inch. To accomplish it, you must not only cut through the most solid materials, but lacerate the most sensitive. The blood which would flow from the bodies of those who would have to fight the matter out would be nothing compared to that wrung from the hearts of the millions implicated in the issue of the strife."

Menenius might have added, where he speaks of the union of races, that the only instance of a race remaining distinct in the midst of surrounding civilisation, from *any* cause except political ones, is precisely that which is admitted on all hands to be *out* of the course of nature, or miraculous—namely, that of the Jews.

We cannot more fittingly close our quotations than with one to which we willingly give all the publicity in our power—the invitation which our author diffidently ventures to lay at the feet of the sovereign on behalf of his country. He expresses himself with a becoming displeasure at the cold response which certain parties in Ireland made to the contemplated honour of last year, and professes himself ready "to cast his cloak (mine *inky* cloak, good madam) upon the discourteous mire which caused the royal foot to hesitate, in stepping on our shores."

"It is not for me to constitute myself the ambassador of my countrymen before that throne. But that if indeed our gracious Queen were cordially and confidently to throw herself upon the honour and loyalty of Irishmen, and come amongst us, her progress through the length and breadth of the land would be one long triumphal procession, I feel as confident as I do of my existence. Every feeling of my heart assures me of the rapturous welcome she would receive; every conviction of my mind satisfies me that her presence would exalt loyalty from a principle into a passion in the breasts of Irishmen; every trait in her Majesty's character tells me that she would understand, appreciate, and love us, when she came to know us in our own land."

We have now, with greater brevity than we could wish, and than their merits demand, noticed these "Political Tracts." They are, indeed, the most remarkable productions of the kind which it has been our chance to meet with. Without name, introduction, puffing, or forced sale, they commended themselves instantly to the public, to an extent not often equalled. They have, we are convinced, been signally beneficial and timely. Evidently the production of a man of genius, of comprehensive views and profound thinking, they win their way by the spirit of truth, candour, philanthropy, and independence, which

pervades every page and line. It is true that Menzies is a powerful vindicator of the ministerial policy in Ireland in its main features during the late crisis, but he is plainly so not as a partisan. And though for ourselves we are not prepared to go with him in many of his commendations to the full length—in some of them not at all—still we are free to confess that he has enabled us, as no doubt he has enabled all who read his tracts, to accord full credit to many acts of the Irish executive, which his reasoning and his eloquence have placed in their proper light.

THE POET CAMPBELL.

It was scarcely to be expected that the poet Campbell should be allowed to pass away without his monument and his biography. His Polish friends are determined that the pedestal of a monument, to be erected to him in Westminster Abbey, shall be of Polish marble. Delays and difficulties have, however, hitherto interfered with the execution of the design. No stone that would answer the purpose exists in the vicinity of the Baltic or the Black seas. The rich marble quarries in the districts of Galicia and Cracow are difficult of access for the purpose, as they have been lately the seat of a sanguinary insurrection. In fact, the only branch of business carried on there is the murder of landowners by the peasantry. To purchase a block of marble there would excite the suspicion of the government, and subject the agent in the transaction to heavy penalties. In the neighbourhood of the Baltic or Black seas there could be no great difficulty in shipping an article of the bulk to London, without attracting the attention of the police; but anywhere else it could not escape

detection, as it would have to be examined at all the frontiers, Russian, Austrian, and Prussian. At some future time they hope to transmit Sarmatian marble of suitable quality to London, and to have it inscribed with the words— •

"CARPATHIA THOME CAMPBELL
BRITANNIE PORTE
POLONIE AMICO
IMMORTALI." J.R.

Let us hope that these delays and difficulties may lead both to the selection of the best marble, and also to the Latin inscription being something better than the words we have quoted.

Would that there had been some similar interruption to the breathless haste of the biographer.* Dr. Beattie is plainly a man influenced by the strongest feeling of affection to the poet, and in some respects we could not wish the work in better hands; still we wish that, like the Poles, he had waited till he had procured somewhat better marble. The materials of his book are not created by himself, and we have little fault to find with

* "Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell." Edited by W. Beattie, M.D. London: Moxon. 1849.

the arrangement; but the letters, Campbell's letters, are the very dullest that ever have been brought before the public. They have one merit as letters, that they are so exclusively on private business that the notion of their ever being printed could never have passed through his mind. To his friends they must have had the domestic interest that all letters from friends have. They prove him to have been a very kindly and goodnatured man, but this we should have been prepared to believe on Dr Beattie's own statement, and without this weary heap of good-for-nothing evidence. And what can be the meaning of printing all his school-verses? We should have believed, without looking through thousands of worthless lines, that the verses on the "Origin of Evil," rewarded with prizes at Glasgow, were such as could be read to the tune of Pope's "Essay on Man," or whatever was the air to which they were to be made to go. A full volume of these details might have been spared. The general incidents of the life of a poet so distinguished as Campbell, ought to have been communicated to the public, but the publication of reams of letters illustrative of nothing, and of verses which ought to be allowed to perish with the occasion which gave them birth, can be in no view of the subject desirable. Had Dr. Beattie, even from the ordinary materials open to every man, exhibited Campbell's mind, and given the history of his life and fortunes, he would have done some service.

Campbell was born in Glasgow, the youngest of a large family. His father had been a prosperous merchant in the Virginia trade. His business was destroyed by the new channels into which trade ran after the American war. It would appear that forty years of industry were rewarded by the acquisition of property that in those days must have been regarded as securing an ample independence, but a moment swept away more than twenty thousand pounds. His creditors were paid, but next to nothing remained. His wife, a woman some twenty-five years younger than himself, looked with the eye of a woman of strong good sense on the altered circumstances of the family. Their narrow income she managed with severe economy. For most of

the children, the eldest of whom was now nineteen, situations, by which they could earn their bread, were found. The boys were sent to America and the West Indies, where good conduct rendered them moderately prosperous. The elder girls became governesses. It was from the first felt by every member of the family that toil was their appointed portion.

There was among the Campbells a strong feeling of family pride, which, though a prejudice seldom resting on any true foundation, is yet to the poor very often a valuable inheritance. It adds to happiness, and it sometimes tends to save children from some of the evils accompanying indiscriminate acquaintanceship. It is thus a preservative and a charm. In the parish of Glassary, among the oldest heirs were the Campbells of Kirnan, a family whose recorded pedigree reaches "to Gilespie-le Camile, first Nor-man-lor-l of Lochawe." From this branch it would seem that the poet was lineally descended. His mother, a Campbell, of some humbler stock of the same name, used with pride to distinguish herself as Mrs. Campbell "of Kirnan," regarding the adjunct as a sort of title. Campbell's lines "On visiting a scene in Argyllshire," refer to Kirnan—"All ruined and wild is the roofless abode." His grandfather was the last of the family who resided there, at least the last who made it his fixed residence. Robert, his son, the elder brother of the poet's father, took possession of the property on his father's death, but living beyond his means, was soon compelled to part it. It was the period of Walpole's administration. The star of Argyle was in the ascendant. Robert, like every Highland laird, had been bred to the profession of arms, and no other; but a day had come when Highland lairds could not live as their forefathers had lived, and Robert, who had some good in him, went to London to seek his fortune. Walpole, whose patronage of letters was confined to the worst writers, found Robert Campbell a man for his money, and he is described by Dr Beattie as establishing his reputation with the government as one of the "most able and zealous of its literary partisans." This dutiful son of the house of Inverary wrote a "Life of

the most illustrious prince, John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich." After Sir Robert's retirement in 1742, the fortunes of the poor literary hack waxed low. Then his cousin, the duke, must die most unseasonably, and so the last laird of Kirnan had nothing for it but himself to lie down with a breaking heart and perish, as many a brave author has done before him and since, in the streets of the great city:—

"Noneless, beside a thousand homes he stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food."

We have no evidence that Thomas Campbell ever heard of this uncle, who has turned up in hunting out the fortunes of his nephew. Still in some respects their fates were not dissimilar; and were the life of a man of our days to be written in the spirit which has animated some of the biographers of Shakspeare, we think we could write a chapter of curious coincidences, after the manner, not of Plutarch, but of the moderns.

While Robert Campbell was living, and starving, and dying, in London, the father of the poet was conducting the business of a mercantile house at Falmouth, in Virginia, and afterwards in Glasgow. We have already related his fortunes, as far as is necessary for the illustration of the poet's life. In the decline of his fortunes, among the other modes of supporting his family, it was found necessary to receive a few boarders into his house; and from the age of thirteen, Campbell the poet was actually engaged in the instruction of boys, some older, some younger than himself. His mother, and Isabella, the youngest of her daughters, and who alone of her sisters had not separated from the maternal roof, were intimately acquainted with the ballad poetry of Scotland, and thus the boy's mind and ear were, in the earliest dawn of life, familiar with the legends of the country, its music, and its rhymes. The picture which Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night" has endeared to every reader, of the Scottish father presiding at family prayer, was realised in Alexander Campbell's house, as, probably, in almost every house in Scotland at that period. Campbell's last conversations dwelt on his father's extempore prayers. The very expressions he used returned to the lips of

his son at a distance of sixty years of time. He never heard language, he said, the English Liturgy excepted, more sublime than his father's at his devotional exercises.

At eight years old there was the sort of separation from his family for a few hours in each day, which takes place wherever residence near a good school gives parents the opportunity of thus conducting a boy's education. His father assisted him in the preparation of his tasks. This, we suppose, is pretty often done by fathers who have nothing to do. But imagination glorifies and illuminates whatever it beholds, and Dr. Beattie informs us, with touching solemnity, and without a smile, that "it must have been a picture in itself, of no little beauty and interest, to see the venerable Nestor stooping over the versions, and directing the studies of the young Tyræus."

His schoolboy days passed like those of other schoolboys brought up in a mercantile town. Older ruffians taught him to throw stones. Stealing strawberries seems to have originated in the depths of his own nature. His brother Daniel and he devised a plan of deceiving their parents with fabricated bulletins of the health of an old lady, for whom they were sent frequently to inquire. It was a walk of a mile, and the young curs found the visits of inquiry interrupt their amusement. One day that they brought back an account of the lady being quite well, a note arrived, inviting old Campbell to the funeral—

The father looked on them in silence and tears,
The mother, in anger, boxed both of their ears.

Campbell preferred the father's course.

Four or five years passed. Campbell's schoolmaster said there was no such boy, and Beattie says there was no such school. We believe it was a very good one. His poetical mania here first manifested itself. The death of a parrot is commemorated in lines better than those of Johnson on the lame duck. A translation from "Anacreon" is given in very fluent verse.

Five sessions of life at Glasgow University followed. Dr. Beattie inserts everything he can find of his writing at this period. He would have been more usefully employed if he told us

what he read. The printing of college exercises is really a very unmeaning thing. There never was a great school which could not supply essays in every respect as good as Campbell's, if any one could be found to throw away time in reading, or money in printing them. They exhibited, however, considerable diligence, great facility in versification, skilful use of a poor and meagre vocabulary; in short, poems or prose essays, of less real promise, we have never seen. Dr. Beattie prints them, as if the production of such things was little less than miraculous. In the fourth session, Campbell rose into something better; and it is curious enough that it was in actual translation that any original power first appeared. Part of the first chorus in the "Cæphoræ of Æschylus" contains some very vigorous writing, and a sort of imagery is formed from the language of Æschylus, which was before him, and half-remembered lines of Gray, that is often so striking as to make one feel that here there is promise of a true poet.

In May, 1795, Campbell, who, through the whole period of his previous college life, had been engaged in the business of tuition, at a time when more happily-circumstanced boys are receiving, instead of giving, instruction, left Glasgow for the island of Mull. He was employed as tutor to the children of Mrs. Campbell, of Sunipol, whom he describes "as a worthy, sensible, widow lady, who treated him with great kindness." "I am sure," he adds, "I made a conscience of my duty towards my pupils—I never beat them, remembering how much I loved my father for never having beaten me."

He had to pass through Greenock on his way, but was so little proud of his occupation, that he left his cousins, the Sinclairs, unvisited, though it was his destiny to make one of them his wife some nine or ten years afterwards. He had for the first part of his journey fine weather, and a pleasant companion in a young friend, on an expedition of the same kind to another family in the district. The young *dominies* enjoyed themselves on their travels. They lived as cheaply as they could, fasted at times, and at times beefsteaks vanished before them

"like smoke." Then came tankards of ale and Amabean dialogues in poetry. At last they parted company; then came rain, and a weary walk of over thirty miles, and at last the point of Calloch.

At this time Campbell was in his eighteenth year. We have said that he was an indefatigable writer for college prizes, and we think that the growth of his mind was impeded by constant stimulation. It was, perhaps, a fortunate thing for him, that when he got to Mull, his trunk had been left to be forwarded to him. It did not reach him for some time, and he found that there was no such thing as a sheet of paper to be had in the island for love or money. If his time was compulsorily passed in any way but in writing, we think it would be so much the better. He did, however, write; for "by the time that pens, ink, and paper arrived, his 'mind was turned inside out,' and so liberally confined to the plaister, that the wall of his room appeared like a spacious broadsheet of manuscript." The thought of the "Pleasures of Hope" here first suggested itself. A playful letter of his friend, Hamilton Paul, a man of very varied and singular talents, seems to advert to it. The sentence is worth transcribing, as, though the words, "Pleasures of Hope" occur in the letter, it is possible that neither of the correspondents then had the thought we now connect with the words. Paul had sent him a dozen lines, which he called his "Pleasures of Solitude," and then says, "We have now three 'Pleasures,' by first-rate men of genius, viz., the 'Pleasures of Imagination,' the 'Pleasures of Memory,' and the 'Pleasures of Solitude.' Let us cherish the 'Pleasures of Hope,' that we may soon meet in *Alma Mater*."

Of the superstitions of the people he had an amusing instance. For the purpose of looking for flowers, and reading gravestone inscriptions, he had climbed over a churchyard gate. He was seen moving about the churchyard by persons who did not know how he got there, and straightway there was a mysterious feeling through the neighbourhood of his approaching death. His own person was mistaken for his *wraith*—a spectral apparition which was supposed of fatal omen.

A fair cousin of the family where he resided made her appearance on a visit there, and the poet was smitten. It is unlucky that he made her a present of his prize poems; for, if we understand Dr. Beattie rightly, it is to the fact of her retaining what he calls the precious autograph that we owe their publication. She is also the heroine or one of the heroines—for the point is disputed between two ladies of the same Christian name—of the lines entitled "Caroline," which are found in most editions of Campbell's poems. People cannot, however, be reasonably called to swear to the truth of a song, and this is a point we must leave unfixed.

After a residence of five or six months at Sunipol, Campbell returned to Glasgow, to attend his fifth and last University session. The same friend with whom he had travelled to Mull, was his companion returning. The journey by land and water occupied four days; and the season—the close of October—is one when the mountains are generally covered with snow. Though he speaks of being "as gay as a lark, and as hardy as the highland heather," he was exposing his health to desperate hazards. "On our way between Oban and Lochawe side, we were benighted, and totally losing our way, were obliged to pass a cold night on the lee side of a bare whinstone wall. But wrapping ourselves in our highland plaids, we lay quietly down on the ground, and next day found ourselves nothing worse for our exposure."

Campbell came again to Glasgow, to teach as well as to learn. Among his pupils was a youth, afterwards known as Lord Cuninghame in the Justiciary Court of Edinburgh. They were boys of nearly the same age, and, says Campbell, "rather like playfellows than preceptor and pupil. Sometimes, indeed, I used to belabour him, jocosely alleging my sacred duty as a tutor; but I seldom succeeded in suppressing his risibility." Lord Cuninghame's recollections both of Campbell's scholarship, of his earnest attention to his pupils, of his oratory—for he now became a speaker at debating clubs—and of the impression made on him by the purity and elevation of his young tutor's sentiments, are distinct, and are communicated in a pleasing extract from what we

presume to be a letter to Dr. Beattie.

In this, as in former sessions, Campbell carried away several prizes, chiefly for verse translations from the Greek poets. At the end of the session he went to Argyleshire as domestic tutor to Sir William Napier. His duties as tutor occupied but a small part of his time, and he tells of time zealously given to the study of jurisprudence. His friend, Hamilton Paul, was living at Inverary, and frequent meetings and frequent correspondence took place between them.

The scenery of the Highlands impressed itself on Campbell's mind; and indeed, but for his residence there at this period of life, it seems to us unlikely that he would ever have become, in any high sense of the word—that is, in any sense of it—a poet. Not merely were the subjects of many of the poems that have done most to fix him in the affections of a large class of his admirers suggested by the region in which he then lived, but it was actually one of the very few periods of his life in which there was any time for that communion with his own spirit, the habitual exercise of which is, above all things, the distinguishing characteristic of the true poet.

The scenery round the farm-house of "Downie," where the poet resided, was, in the words of Dr. Beattie, "a fit nursery for a youthful poet, where everything around him fostered a passion for song, enriched his imagination, and peopled his solitude with the beings of an ideal world." Here it was his custom to saunter for hours together, reciting, as he went, dramatic stanzas from the "Medea," or giving vent to some fresh inspirations; and might it not be in some of his wanderings among these haunted rocks and glens that the interview between Lochiel and the wizard first presented itself to his mind? Few better scenes could have been found."

We wish that we had room for an account of the place by the Rev. Thomas Wright, who succeeded the poet, if we understand Dr. Beattie rightly, in the office of educating his pupil. We must make room for a sentence:—

"On approaching the house of Downie, the visitor will remark a small wing

attached to its western side, known by the name of the 'Bachelor.' It is entered by an internal wooden staircase, and consists of a small apartment with one window, and a recess of sufficient dimensions to contain a bed. That room was at once the private study, the class-room, and dormitory of the poet. From the front door of the house itself you step at once into a small garden, with a few fruit-trees in it; and along its outer, or western side, runs a narrow and rudely-formed path-way, leading to a small landing-place on the beach—often trod by Campbell—where a boat, such as is commonly employed by Highland families, was usually fixed. One of the most favourite diversions, in which the poet often took a share, was that of launching the boat, when, in particular states of the tide, the bay was visited by immense shoals of fish, that exceeded all powers of calculation, or even thought. Another of the poet's amusements was the launch of the boat every Saturday, that we might proceed to a small island, a little farther south, in order, by mere swiftness of foot and power of hand, to lay hold of a sheep, which, along with barley scones, cream, butter and eggs, and home-made cheese, was to keep the house in food for the ensuing week."—Vol. i. p. 181-3.

When Campbell returned to Glasgow, it became necessary for him to think of some profession by which he could live. He had for a while thought of medicine, but his health was affected by the dissecting-room, and this was given up almost without a trial. During his third college session he had walked to Edinburgh, to hear the trial of Gerald. The laws of Scotland punished sedition with transportation. But as in England fine and imprisonment was the extreme measure of punishment, it was regarded as absolute injustice to deal to Gerald and his associates the severer penalty. Gerald defended himself. His speech was one of stirring eloquence, and Campbell returned home an orator and a patriot. His temper became gloomy and abstracted; he separated himself from his former companions. He had been always fond of debating societies; but now he frequented them more assiduously; he declaimed in fervent language against every institution of society; his family feared the approach of actual insanity; but the fever of excitement passed away, and Campbell seemed for a while to

During his residence in the Highlands, for the two summers that he was doing *tutor*, he all along thought of the bar as his future destination; and now, after passing a little time with his parents, he again made his way to Edinburgh, thinking "to combine law and literature"—to give part of his days to attendance on professional lectures, and the rest to the booksellers.

His first visit in Edinburgh was to his pupil, Cuninghame. Cuninghame was preparing for the bar, and, according to the then system of education, was working in the office of a writer to the signet. Campbell told him his object, and Cuninghame obtained employment for him as a writing clerk in the office of some acquaintance. He soon found an opportunity of being introduced to Dr. Anderson, the editor of the "British Poets," and Anderson, who was pleased with some specimens of his poems, recommended him to Mundell, an eminent bookseller. Mundell employed him to prepare an abridgment of Bryan Edwards' "West Indies," and gave him twenty guineas for the work.

We have the opportunity of giving a few sentences from an unpublished essay read at the Royal Irish Academy by our distinguished friend, Doctor Drummond, who met Campbell at Glasgow, where they were students at the same time—Campbell, however, being on the eve of his departure at the time that Dr. Drummond commenced his studies:

"There were a number of students from Ireland at Glasgow, among whom Campbell was a favourite—the more so, as he felt for some of them a particular friendship, and participated in what were then the popular political feelings of Irishmen prior to the insurrection of 1798."

Dr. Drummond mentions the prizes obtained by Campbell for poetical exercises, and communicates some information not to be found in Beattie's book—

"Campbell had the honour of reading some of them aloud in the common hall, at the delivery of prizes, on the 1st of May, 1796. During the session, he had been assistant in their studies to the two elder sons of Mr. Kennedy, of Cultra, near Belfast, and to Samuel Allen, of Larne, afterwards Dr. Allen, of the lower part of the county of Antrim.

"Having finished his studies in Glas-

now, he went to Edinburgh in quest of literary occupation. There he was introduced to Dr. Robert Anderson. To him Campbell presented some lines on the subject of Hope; he thought the subject worthy of being amplified into a poem of loftier aims and pretensions. The result was the 'Pleasures of Hope.'

"He gave the copyright to a bookseller for a trifle. The work ran speedily through two editions. A superior edition was then published by subscription for the author's benefit. In connexion with this topic, Dr. Anderson told me an incident characteristic of Campbell's independent spirit. The Earl of Buchan had subscribed for ten or twenty copies, and sent to Campbell his subscription, not intending that more than one copy should be sent to him in lieu of the whole number. Campbell expressed great indignation that he should be supposed to receive money without returning an equivalent, and sent the whole number for which the earl had subscribed."

Anderson's own reputation was involved in the success of the "Pleasures of Hope." He had been everywhere announcing the advent of a great poet, and to have his predictions falsified would not do; poor Campbell was harassed by him till every line was elaborated into something that satisfied Anderson's ear or mind. Dr. Beattie has given us the opportunity of comparing the opening of the poem, as it now stands, with the comparatively rude structure of the entrance, as planned by its architect. The original manuscript is in the possession of a gentleman in Edinburgh, and as it consists of but four hundred lines, we hope curiosity may be gratified by its publication. Changes can scarcely be made in any composition without introducing some obscurity. The author's mind is more intent on inweaving something new, than on expanding or illustrating what he had before written. However skilfully the additions are made, the inserted passages are connected by arbitrary or artificial links of connexion. In works of the strictest and closest reasoning this is the case; so much so that in many paragraphs of "Butler's Analogy" the

author's meaning has been rendered doubtful by his alterations of the text, and is in some important particulars fixed only by collation with the original edition.* How much more must this be the case with a poem?

Of the uncertainty of local traditions we have a striking instance given us here. The first lines of the "Pleasures of Hope" were said to be written in the Highlands, and a scene shown to Dr. Beattie as the original of the landscape with which that poem opens. This was not impossible. There was nothing for a while to contradict it. One hill may be very unlike another in nature, but words will not exhibit the difference, and a Highland guide may get a few shillings by leading strangers to whatever place it answers his purpose to connect with the language of a popular poem. The uncontradicted statement is circulated in every part of the empire by the summer visitors of the scene. It is believed by every one of them, and the fable, arising from accidental mistake, or from the tricks of persons interested in bringing strangers to any particular locality, has at once numberless witnesses, every one of whom is speaking truth. A single season is, under circumstances that do not lead to any particular examination, sufficient to establish for ever any legend. An accidental letter of Campbell's disproves the whole Highland story. Writing to the daughter of Stephen Kemble, he says:

"The day that I first met your honoured father was at Henry Siddons', on the Calton Hill in Edinburgh. The scenery of the Frith of Forth was in full view from the house; the time was summer, and the weather peculiarly balmy and beautiful. I was a young, shrinking, bashful creature: my poems were out but a few days. Your dear father praised my work, and quoted the lines—

"' 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,' &c.

looking at the very hills that had suggested the thought."—Vol. i. pp. 257, 258.

The "Pleasures of Hope" became instantly popular. It had its charms,

* A very important part of the value of Professor Fitzgerald's edition of "Butler's Analogy," is that he exhibits the author's alterations of the text in the successive editions.

not alone for the lovers of poetry—for the young, “with whom,” as Wordsworth says, “poetry is a passion,” but for every one. The topics which most engaged public attention—the slave trade, the French Revolution, the partition of Poland, widows burning on funeral piles, and patriots

“Doomed the long isles of Sydney-cove to see,”

were all to be found there, and the marked lines in the “Pleasures of Hope” were the established clap-traps of democratic orators; and this was in the year 1799, when political discussion was the universal business of the empire. The praises of popular books of travels, and of poetry, found a place in a poem, the professed object of which made the introduction of anything whatever not inappropriate. The style, without indicating anything very original in the character of the writer's mind, was his own. There was a skilful adaptation of popular

models. The cadence of many passages brought back the manner of former poets, never their very language; at least, the word-catchers, who live on syllables, found not a single line, which being from a poem in every one's hand, was either unconsciously used, or used, as an allusion to the Bible would be used, without the author for a moment thinking of any one being misled into the supposition that he was claiming as his own the property of another. The effect of the passage is improved to those acquainted with the source from which it is taken. An instance, in which the beauty of the passage is increased by such allusion, occurs in Campbell's “Ode to Kemble on leaving the Stage.” Campbell has in no way indicated the allusion, nor do we know that it has ever been pointed out, but surely to suppose the allusion meant by the poet is to heighten the effect of the passage. But let the reader judge:—

“High were the task—too high—
Ye conscious bosoms here,
In words to paint your memory
Of Kemble and of Lear.
But who forgets that white discrowned head—
Those bursts of reason's half-extinguished glare—
Those tears upon Cordelia's bosom shed,
In doubt more touching than despair,
If 'twas reality he felt?”

No inverted commas distinguish any of the words in this passage. It has never been printed with any note. Yet is it possible that Campbell was not thinking of Charles the First's lines, written during his imprisonment, in which he speaks of “his white discrowned head?” Suppose the allusion, which elevates the passage into the highest rank of imaginative poetry, not present to the poet's mind, and the passage becomes one ordinary in its conception—a mere account of a theatrical scene, not unhappily expressed,

“There are a thousand such elsewhere,
As worthy of your wonder.”

This is a case in which we think the poet would have been wise to have forced the allusion—supposing it intended by him—on the attention of his readers, by distinguishing the borrowed words by inverted commas.

In the second or third edition of the

poem a passage of great beauty was introduced:—

“Oh, deep enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes,”

The passage in the first part, beginning—

“Angel of life, thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loveliest bounds and ocean's wildest shore,”

was set to music.

Campbell was everywhere fêted—at every dinner and every coterie in Edinburgh. Idolatry forgot itself altogether, when his worshippers affirmed their admiration of his poem, “in which there is not”—such was the language of the *Pleasure*-worshippers—“a vulgar line, and not a vulgar word.” How little did these people feel or know that at that very moment a school of poetry was arising in Eng-

land, and in Scotland too, which, dealing with the elementary passions of our nature, could not find adequate expression, without violating all these conventionalities and getting rid of the "great vulgar," as well as "the small."

Campbell was honestly indignant at every thing that looked like oppression. The sanguinary penal code of that day shocked him; and the sentiments of such men as Campbell gradually influencing—almost creating—public opinion, aided the Mackintoshes and Romillys in their successful efforts for its mitigation. Godwin's "Caleb Williams" was one of his text-books, which he believed to give a true picture of society in England, and the wrongs which it was possible, under the sanction of the laws, for the wealthy to inflict on the innocent.

It is remembered that "at the Edinburgh *sotées* his favourite song was, 'Ye gentlemen of England,' with the music of which he was particularly struck, and determined to write new words to it. Hence his 'Mariners of England,' part of which, if not all, he is said to have composed after one of these family parties. It was not, however, until after he had retired to Ratisbon," says Dr. Beattie, "and felt his patriotism kindled by the announcement of the war with Denmark, that he finished the original sketch, and sent it home to Mr. Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*." It must constantly occur, that to the very last moment before publication of a poem, alterations and additions are made—nay, that the very incident, which seems to suggest a poem, may, as in this case, be but the occasion which brings before the public thoughts matured within the mind, but till then not finding proper time or place for their actual development or manifestation. Here is a poem that, if you look at the internal evidence, must have been written long years after Campbell's residence in Edinburgh. To fix the date of mental creations of this kind, and to seek to force them into minute accordance with actual fact, to which they are never, and, it is demonstrable, from the nature of the poet's art, can scarcely ever be strictly true—is, in its nature, a mistake. The birth of a poem cannot be, like the birth of a child, or the date of a writ, fixed to a particular moment of time.

We do not shut our eyes to the evidence which would go to get rid of Dr. Beattie's statement of the poem being written in Edinburgh in 1799. We only say, that from the nature of the case, such evidence does not disturb the general fact of the poem being, in every true sense of the word, composed at the time stated by Dr. Beattie. Indeed we think we could prove, that, of almost all the poems sent by Campbell from Germany for publication, in the winter of 1800, or the spring of 1801, there were pre-existing phantoms. But of this hereafter.

We have accounts of the society of Edinburgh in which Campbell found himself; they dwell on the especial kindness of Dugald Stuart, and Scott, and Anderson, when every thing and every body was kind. Still the sale of his poem could not last for ever, and Campbell meditated the invasion of England. He would march to London; he would conquer all obstacles; he would fight for bread—alas! the resolutions came to that,—among its opulent book-sellers: but he would first ramble through Germany, and learn what he could of its language and literature. Accident favoured this plan, and in company with his brother Daniel, who was looking for mercantile employment, as a manufacturer at Hamburgh—and entrusted, we believe, with the care of two boys, who were going to Ratisbon—Campbell sailed from Leith. Campbell and his young friends remained about eight days at Hamburgh, and then left for Ratisbon, *via* Leipsic, and reached the former place on the 21st or 22nd of July. "Mr. Campbell remained some time with us"—we transcribe—not from Dr. Beattie's book, but—from a letter of one of his companions—"at Ratisbon, and then left for Austria. On his return, he again stayed with us some time; but in the interim, as I had been told, he had gone over the battle-field of Hohenlinden. The precise date of his return from Austria I do not recollect; but his stay with us was short, and he left for Scotland."

The author of this letter is under a mistake, in saying that Campbell went over the battle-field of Hohenlinden. If he did, it must have been months before the battle. It is said in Cham-

bers's "Cyclopædia of English Literature," that he witnessed the battle of Hohenlinden from the monastery of St. Jacob's. This is a mistake. Campbell was at Altona at the time the battle was fought. We regret that we have not any opportunity of examining Washington Irving's American edition of Campbell's works, as we find a letter of Campbell's quoted by Dr. Beattie from Washington Irving, on a very natural misinterpretation of which, and a little of American biographic fancy, we believe the whole story built. The passage from Campbell's letter is—"I remember how little I valued the art of painting before I got into the heart of such impressive scenes; but in Germany I would have given anything to have possessed an art capable of conveying ideas inaccessible to speech and writing. Some particular scenes were, indeed, rather overcharged with that degree of the terrific which oversteps the sublime; and I own that my flesh yet creeps at the recollection of spring-wagons and hospitals. But the sight of Ingoldstadt in ruins, or Hohenlinden covered with fire, seven miles in circumference, were spectacles never to be forgotten." This is not, necessarily, Campbell's seeing the battle of Hohenlinden, nor can we say exactly what it is. Dr. Beattie plainly thinks the word did not exist at all in Campbell's letter, and the printer's devil is made bear the blame, how plausibly, let the reader judge. "Hohenlinden is, perhaps, a misprint for *Landshut*, on the Isar, *Leipsheim*, near Gunsberg, or *Donauwert*, where battles and *conflagrations* took place during the summer campaign, the effects of which the poet may have witnessed after his arrival on the Danube." There is more confusion, we suspect, in all this, than ever printer's devil was able to create. From these fragments of letters, patched and pieced together as suits "the web-work" of Irving's "story," little can be gathered. Give us any one of Campbell's letters entire, and we can then guess at its interpretation. As it is we assume an unbroken context, and forget how many clauses are omitted that vary or limit the meaning. The change of a tense, the writing "have" for "had," "and" for "but," while it may be quite justifiable and absolutely necessary for the purposes of the narrator of a story, renders his

excerpts of no value whatever, when you wish to use them as evidence of anything not distinctly before the narrator's mind. "When," "where," "to whom," the letter quoted was written, is not communicated. Irving's book, perhaps, explains all. We suppose that the following passage from a letter of Campbell's to his eldest brother in Virginia had something to do with the mistake:—

"Never shall time efface from my memory that hour of astonishment and suspended breath, when I stood with the good Monks of St James, to overlook a charge of Klenau's cavalry upon the French under Grenier. We saw the fire given and returned, and heard distinctly the sound of the French *pas de charge* collecting the lines to attack in close column. After three hours, a park of artillery was opened beneath the walls of the Monastery; and several drivers, stationed there to convey the wounded in spring-wagons, were killed in our sight."—Vol. i. p. 284.

Thus the monastery of *St. Jacob's*, from which he is supposed to have seen the battle of Hohenlinden, will turn out to be the Scottish Convent of St. James at Ratisbon, and the time to have been July, not December; and what is of most moment, and calculated to disturb all deductions from the kind of evidence that broken scraps of letters afford, the word "Hohenlinden," has been introduced, by some person or other in one of the successive transcripts of a passage quoted to serve an immediate purpose, into a letter of Campbell's, or something or other has been omitted from that letter which would qualify the apparent meaning of the passage as it now stands.

Campbell's rambles in the countries which were so soon to be the seat of active war, were interrupted by the termination of an armistice that had existed for some months between France and Austria. On the eve of recommencing hostilities, he made his way homeward, stopping for some months at Altona, where he arrived at the close of October, 1800. An engagement with Mr. Ferry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, to supply him with short poems for his paper, was among his ways and means, and he set himself down diligently to work. Among the poems first communicated to the public, in what Campbell regarded as

a mode injurious to his reputation, were the "Lines on revisiting a scene in Argyleshire," "The Mariners of England," and "The Exile of Erin." The two latter were given without his name. There was also "The Beech Tree's Petition." There were several others with which, for the most part, his name was given, but which, being loosely thrown together for the mere occasion, have not found a place in his works. "The Mariners of England" and "The Exile of Erin" were cast in moulds already prepared. "*Ye Gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease,*" suggesting the first, and the other being, it would seem, in sentiment and in metre, an imitation of some Irish song, probably that beginning, "*Green were the fields where my forefathers dwell, oh.*"

Campbell remained at Edinburgh, or the neighbourhood, till 1801, burnishing up any scraps of verse he could find among his papers, complaining of cold and rheumatism that would scarce allow him to hold a pen. He returned in March, 1801, passed a few weeks in London, where he was introduced by Perry to many of the Whig literary and political celebrities. After a short stay he returned to Scotland, to find himself on his arrival accused of high treason. The sheriff of Edinburgh was distressed at having to take notice of his arrival at all. "Why would you force yourself on us. Do you not know there is a writ out against you for conspiring with Moreau, when in Austria, and more lately with the Irish in Hamburg, to land French forces in Ireland." Campbell was able to get rid of the charge, and he and the sheriff discussed a bottle of claret together before the investigation was supposed to have finally closed. Among the treasonable papers in his trunk, which was examined, the sheriff came across "*Ye Mariners of England.*"

Campbell had meditated a poem called "the Queen of the North," and he and his friends had collected materials for a poem, descriptive of the scenery round Edinburgh, and the stories connected with the place. The subject was ill-conceived, and never executed. It led to some hampering engagements with an Edinburgh bookseller, who advanced him money on the strength of the project. Campbell's father was now dead, and the support of his mother was

mainly thrown on him. A subscription edition of the "Pleasures of Hope" (we believe the second subscription edition) was planned, and Campbell went to Liverpool, where Dr. Currie aided him in every way he could. From Liverpool he went to London. In June, 1802, he writes to Scott and tells him of "Lochiel," which appears to have been written about that time. There are one or two letters of the late Lord Minto about this date. We believe that Campbell was for a while his private secretary. There appear to have been strong feelings of kindness between them. Campbell lived in his house for a while. From London he paid a second visit to Liverpool (1802). One of Dr. Beattie's correspondents tells of a scene of torture where Campbell was the victim, and Hohenlinden the subject of what is called conversation. "Campbell," said one of the party, "you poets deal in hyperbole, but surely you exceed all license when you say—

'And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.'

If their *flash* was so loud, what must have been the *report*?"

Campbell was fool enough to answer a fool according to his folly; when another of the company interfered—

'Then shook the hills, with thunder
riven!
Then rushed the steed, to battle
driven!'

Oh, what a falling off is there!"

"How could I help it?" said the poet, somewhat moved. "The battle began by a general discharge of artillery along the whole line; and then, amidst the obscurity of the smoke, the cavalry made their attack on the broken ranks of the enemy."

"Well parried; but—

'Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,'

is Milton's."

"Oh, I know to what you allude," said Campbell, sharply—

'Wave,
Your tops, ye pines, in sign of worship,
wave.'

Is that a fault?"

"Well, let that pass; but were

your soldiers buried feet downwards ; and what was the size of the turfs that covered them ? for you say—

‘ And every turf beneath his feet
Shall be a soldier’s sepulchre.’”

This cruel banter, in which it could not be determined how much was jest, how much was earnest, at last irritated and provoked the poet. He made an effort to leave the room, but seems to have controlled his temper. A lady present said—

“ Come, dear Mr. Campbell, kindly understand and forgive these thoughtless jokers ; had they not prized the poem, it would not have stuck so fast in their memory.”

The hilarity of the evening was not, however, restored.

From Liverpool he returned to London ; and in London and its neighbourhood the rest of his life, with the exception of occasional absences of a few months, and the last half-year at Boulogne, was passed. In September, 1803, he married ; and in the following year, removed, with his wife and eldest son, to Sydenham, from which he rode into town every day ; some fixed engagements with the *Philosophical Magazine* and the *Star* newspaper making a daily visit to London necessary. These engagements gave him £200 a-year ; but the expense of keeping a horse left him but little which he could call his own out of this. What Campbell says of authors, artists, and all persons relying on precarious sources of income, is sadly true, but does not express half the sad truth of this most miserable condition of life.

He worked hard, and he worked well. The “ *Annals of Great Britain* ”—a continuation of Hume and Smollet, three volumes, written for £300—is a very useful compilation, on the accuracy of which—and we have ourselves had frequent occasions to test it—we can, for the most part depend :—

“ Labouring in this way, I contrived to support my mother, and wife, and children. . . . Life became tolerable to me, and, at Sydenham, even agreeable. I had always my town friends to come and partake of my humble fare of a Sunday ; and among my neighbours, I had an elegant society,

among whom I counted sincere friends. It so happened that the dearest friends I had there were thorough *Tories* ; and my *Whiggism* was as steadfast as it still continues to be ; but this acquaintance ripening into friendship, called forth new liberalism in my mind, and possibly also in theirs.”—Vol. ii. 27.

In another affecting letter he says .—

“ I do not mean to say that we suffered the absolute privations of poverty. But I shall never forget my sensations when I one day received a letter from my eldest brother in America, stating that the casual remittances which he had made to my mother, must now cease, on account of his unfortunate circumstances ; and that I must undertake alone the pious duty of supporting our widowed parent. . . . In another affecting passage he says—‘ I had never known in earnest the fear of poverty before ; but it now came upon me like a ruthless fiend. If I were sentenced to live my life over again, and had the power of supplicating adversity to spare me, I would say—Oh, Adversity ! take any other shape ! . . . To meet these pressing demands,’ he adds, ‘ I got literary engagements both in prose and poetry ; but a malady came over me, which put all poetry, and even imaginative prose, out of the question.

“ ‘ Throbbing as my temples were, after sleepless and anxious nights, I was obliged next day to work at such literary labour as I could undertake—that is, at prosaic tasks of compilation, abridgment, or common-place thought which required little more than the labour of penmanship.

“ ‘ It is always a misfortune for a literary man to have recourse to anonymous writing—let his motives be never so innocent. I wrote on all subjects, even including agriculture ; and smile but hear me ; for, odd as it may seem, I tell you the truth in saying, that by writing on agriculture, I acquired so much knowledge on the subject as to have been more than once complimented on that knowledge by practical farmers.”—Vol. ii. pp. 27, 28.

In a letter to Sir Walter Scott is communicated the original draft of the naval ode now known by the name of the “ *Battle of the Baltic*.” The first sketch is exceedingly spirited, and contains much worthy of preservation. It ought to be given in any future edition of the poems. In 1805 he was given a pension of £200 a-year, reduced, however, by office fees and the

income tax, to £168. From the first, he divided it with his mother, whose support had now almost entirely fallen on him. The pension was given under Fox's administration, through what distinct interest Campbell never knew.

"Lord Minto's interest," he says, "I know was not wanting; but I hope I may say, without ingratitude to others, that I believe Charles Fox and Lord Holland would have bestowed the boon, without any other intervention."

It was intended by Fox's government to have found some means of employing Campbell in the public service; but Fox died too soon for the purpose. Campbell had no other claim than that which ability and diligence seem to give a man—he had not the talent of sturdy begging; and without this, we suspect that whether Fox had lived or died, the case would have ended as it did, by his having to sell his soul to the printer's devil. The printer's devil—slave and master both—promised him, as in the old stories of conjurors, wealth and fame, and paid him with anxieties and the glitter of fashionable notoriety. A true poet, he was called away from his proper occupation by the business of editing magazines, and writing criticisms for reviews—both of them important avocations, but perhaps better done by men of different talents from Campbell's. The pension was properly bestowed, and at the right time, for Campbell was now but twenty-eight. It ought to have been larger; but it is probable that in this the ministers had no choice. He projected an edition of the British poets in conjunction with Scott. A thousand pounds was asked by Campbell and Scott, and the booksellers refused; they got Chalmers to do a work that answered their purposes, for £300. The booksellers lost, we should think, by not accepting the offer; but literature gained. It was about this time that Scott was beginning to pour forth his great powers, which it is fortunate were not then interrupted. Campbell, too, about this time commenced "*Gertrude of Wyoming*." Doctor Beattie has not given us as much information as we could have wished about Campbell's poetical habits. Where there was such fastidious taste as Campbell's, and such interminable labour of correction as was taken by him be-

fore he submitted anything to the public eye, we wish to be let into his study, and see, if possible the first sketches which have been refined into beauty; but in this we are not assisted by Mr. Beattie.

The subject of his poem was suggested by the task-work in which he was engaged. In the year in which he commenced the poem, he had written an account of the American war, in his "*Annals of Great Britain*." We transcribe a sentence, which gives the argument of his poem:—

"In the month of July, 1778, Colonel Butler, a British agent with the Indians, along with his associate Brandt, a monster, half-Indian, half-European by birth, led out a force of sixteen thousand men against the beautiful settlement of Wyoming, on the slopes of the Susquehanna. Of the whole destructive force, four hundred were native Indians; but the military spirit of these warriors seemed a sufficient lever for the whole mass. The first garrison that fell in the way of these invaders had not the shape of capitulation proposed to them, but were all slaughtered or burnt alive. The whole of this infant settlement, comprehending several townships and fair plantations, the abodes of a peaceful and happy people, rich in their fertile soil, and blest with the finest climate under heaven, was delivered to the fury of the savages. Their women and children were consigned to the sword or to conflagration; and amidst the general destruction, minute cruelties were inflicted on individual sufferers, which it baffles human language sufficiently to paint or to execrate."

The individual portraits in "*Gertrude*," it would appear, were sketched from actual life. Mr. Mayo, a friend of his, resident at Sydenham, was the type of the poet's Albert, the patriarchal judge of his imagined settlement. For this we have the poet's own authority. The Indian chief of half-caste, who makes such a figure in the poem, and who is represented there in the same colours as in the passage we have quoted in the "*Annals*," has been, in the notes to the late edition of "*Gertrude*," summarily dismissed to the realms of fiction. It seems that all the stories about him copied from one volume to another, are without foundation—that he was entirely unconcerned in the particular expedition—that he

was a humane man, and did all he could to soften the horrors of war—and that the statement of his being of mixed blood was an ingredient that seems originally thrown in by some romancer, seeking to heighten the horror, by depriving Brandt, as far as he could, of human sympathy, was altogether unfounded. Fourteen or fifteen years after the publication of the poem, the son of Brandt demanded from Campbell, that he would retract the imputations thus cast upon his parent. He furnished evidence that every part of the statement affecting his father was false; and Campbell in a letter, preserved in "Stone's Life of Brandt," and which Beattie ought to have printed, did what he could to undo the mischief, which, though not originating with him, had been clothed by him in the winged words of verse, and thus irrevocably dispersed over the world. Brandt's name, however, unluckily was one of the rhymes in a complex stanza, and from this position it was impossible to dislodge it. There it will remain as long as the poem of "Gertrude" exists. A note doubtfully repairs the evil. It is a mere accident whether the note is read or not; but more could scarcely be done.

"O'Connor's Child" was his next poem. "It was," says Doctor Beattie, suggested by seeing, in his own garden, the flower of *Love lies Bleeding*. It was written during the autumn, finished in December, sent to press in January, and came out with a new edition of 'Gertrude,' early in the spring." It was, of all Campbell's poems, that which he himself loved the most, and of all his poems it is the most graceful and the most perfect. It is a poem of which the unity arises from the growth and evolution of the primary idea, not from juxtaposition of striking and unconnected images, the great fault of even some of Campbell's very shortest poems. It would be a delight if we could tell of Campbell perpetually producing new poems; but besides that his "Hippocrene was somewhat drowsy;" besides that he was "a barren rascal," as Johnson said of Gray, the poor man had to live, and for this he had to work, and his work was for the most part heart-breaking drudgery. To say the truth, he never complains of it, but it was breaking down his health. He was fond of children; and, like

most men he had to bear some affliction in the disappointment of a parent's hopes. His younger son died—his eldest became so eccentric that mental disease was supposed to exist, and he was obliged to live separate from his father's family, at an expense that could be ill afforded.

In the next year, the Royal Institution invited him to deliver a course of lectures on poetry. For five lectures they gave him £100. The lectures were printed in the *New Monthly Magazine* in some years afterwards. They were repeated with success in the country; and on the whole, it is probable that they gave Campbell some five or six hundred pounds, besides falling in with the course of study that led to his pleasing volumes of specimens of English poetry.

A day passed with Herschel is recorded:—

"I spent all Sunday with him and his family. His son is a prodigy in science, and fond of poetry, but very unassuming.

"Now, for the old astronomer himself: his simplicity, his kindness, his anecdotes, his readiness to explain, and make perfectly perspicuous too, his own sublime conceptions of the universe, are indescribably charming. He is seventy-six, but fresh and stout; and there he sat, nearest the door, at his friend's house, alternately smiling at a joke, or contentedly sitting without share or notice in the conversation.

"I was anxious to get from him as many particulars as I could about his interview with Bonaparte. The latter, it was reported, had astonished him by his astronomical knowledge. 'No,' he said; 'the first consul did surprise me by his quickness and versatility on all subjects; but in science he seemed to know little more than any well-educated gentleman; and of astronomy, much less, for instance, than our own king. His general air,' he said, 'was something like affecting to know more than he did know.'"—Vol. ii. pp. 234, 235.

In 1814 he visited Paris. Several letters written by him at this time are given; but they might have been withheld without any serious loss. His pecuniary difficulties seem to have increased; and the only course open to him was the doubtful hope of raising a sum of money sufficient for his purposes by delivering lectures at Liverpool. At this time a Highland

cousin of his died, and Campbell was one of his special legates. "The old man, when giving instructions for his settlement, observed that little Tommy, the poet, ought to have a legacy, because he had been so kind as to give his mother sixty pounds a-year out of his pension."

Campbell brought his friends together pleasantly, at small parties:—

"*July 15.* How I wish you had been with me on Wednesday last! Crabbe, the venerable old bard, Moore, and Rogers, dined with me! We had a most pleasant day. The sky had lowered and rained till they came, and then the sun shone out. 'You see,' I said to my guests, 'that Apollo is aware of our meeting!' Crabbe is absolutely delightful—simple as a child, but shrewd, and often good-naturedly reminding you of the best parts of his poetry. He took his wine cheerfully—far from excess."—Vol. ii. pp. 333, 334.

In the course of this year he lectured on poetry, at Liverpool. "One hundred and fifty guineas were guaranteed to him for a course of twelve lectures, by the Royal Institution. Subscriptions increased this to £340; and he received a hundred more for repeating the course at Birmingham, on his way to London."

The following entry is dated February, 26, 1829:—

"*February 26.*—1 preach, as Wesley says in his Diary, to lively and lovely congregations. If I had leisure to recruit myself, I should start to Glasgow with new hopes of popularity as a lecturer; and a few summer months, I feel confident, will quite rebuild me."—Vol. ii. p. 346.

In 1820, he undertook the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, at five hundred or six hundred a-year; for we find both statements, and cannot determine between them. This occupied him for nine years; and he only left it to assume the editorship of the *Metropolitan*, for a share in the property of which he had been negotiating; and was near losing five hundred pounds by the bankruptcy of one of the persons with whom he was dealing. The institution of the London University was directly owing to Campbell's unwearied exertions. The circumstances which led to his election

as Lord Rector of Glasgow, are recounted by Dr. Beattie, at some length; and he is right in having given them in detail. But as they are matter of fading interest, however gratifying and honourable to Campbell at the moment, we pass them over with mentioning the fact, that he was three times successively elected Lord Rector—an honour almost unexampled.

Campbell was not disposed to make the office of Lord Rector as mere a formality as it had been. His activity in examining into everything—his determination, at first, to take almost a professor's part in the delivery of lectures, and in the direct instruction of the students—was not without its use at the time; though, like the zeal of most inexperienced men, it did some mischief also, and was, we think, in violation not only of the existing practice, but of the theory of the relation that his office should bear to the general body of professors. His plan was to deliver lectures, on some subject of general literature, to the students in the first instance, and afterwards to repeat the lectures, in such places as he could find an audience willing to subscribe for them, and ultimately to print them in the magazines which he edited. It is plain that the professors were right in resisting a plan that could by no possibility be carried out, in any consistency with proper regard for the conventional dignity of his office. Indeed, with all our admiration of Campbell, we wish that, instead of having been appointed Lord Rector of Glasgow, some professorship had been found for him, in the performance of the duties of which he might have found proper exercise for his talents, and such release from pressing anxieties as might leave him not without occasional leisure to obey the impulse of his own peculiar genius. It would not have required, we should think, much exertion to have accomplished this; and not for Campbell's sake, but for that of the country, it ought to have been done. Scott alone seems to have thought of such an arrangement for him. But Scott was almost alone in being both a wise and a generous man.

The enthusiasm which existed for him among the students was, above all things, calculated to delight Campbell; but in Glasgow, his birth-place, that enthusiasm descended to a class

lower than the students. Whoever could read had read the "Pleasures of Hope"—whoever could hear had heard the "Mariners of England" and the "Wounded Hussar." A working painter was looking from the upper window of the University hall, while the Lord Rector was addressing the young men. "Is that the author of the poems?—I should like to speak to him," was his thought; but how to accomplish it. When the address was over he came up to him—"I beg your pardon, Maister Cawmell, there's some drops of pent faun down above ye from the upper windows, and I'm feared it'll spoil your coat; I would tak it out with this drop o' turpentine." Campbell found him an exceedingly intelligent man; and, while in Glasgow, frequently conversed with him on everything likely to be important to the working classes. This was of moment in many ways; in none more than in the office of grand jurymen—a sort of magisterial, almost judicial, duty, cast on the Lord Rector, and which involved a vote on questions of life and death.

We do not understand the Polish question; nor, it seems to us, did Campbell—at least he has not rendered it intelligible to others. A few lines in the "Pleasures of Hope" made him a sort of Polish patriot. At an early period of his literary life, these lines interfered with his appointment to some office connected with a Russian University, and what we will not say was worse; for the Russian professorship might have ended in banishment to Siberia. They now made him chairman of the Polish Association; and thus connected him, in a way that tried his temper and his purse severely, with a knot of discontented, restless, and unemployed men—disconnected with all the ordinary relations of society, and, whatever might be the abstract justice of their cause, exceedingly rum customers. We believe that they were audacious enough—a bold thing in foreigners—to say, that Campbell's verses about Warsaw were the finest things ever written, and poor Campbell did what he could to keep up his own frenzy-fever of adopted patriotism.

In 1831, we find him at St. Leonard's. Health, which had been sinking, was gradually restored; and the art of poetry, which had been slum-

bering for years, again awoke. He was also busy with his "Life of Mrs. Siddons." Of his life at St. Leonard's, the best account is Dr. Madden's, given by Beattie, but too long for us to extract. Madden appears to have feared actual insanity for Campbell, when the news arrived of Warsaw having been taken. "If I had been told that any man could have been similarly affected by the news of any political event or catastrophe, I would not have believed it. . . . It was stupefying grief for the loss of a beloved object, in which all his hopes centered. . . . He throw himself, heart and soul, into the cause; he identified all his feelings—nay, his very being with it." Well might Dr. Madden fear insanity.

Philo-Polish enthusiasm, however, is not a passion made to last; and at St. Leonard's there seems to have been fun enough at times. Madden had his stories of United Irishmen, and they were not always of the raw-head-and-bloody-bones class. He had his stories, too, of general Irish society; and Campbell was amused by what has amused thousands of the readers of "Ireland Sixty Years Ago"—an unambitious volume, that does more to make us acquainted with our fathers than much that is called history. Madden told of Curran and the Monks of the Screw, of which whoever wishes to know, let him read Curran's Life of his Father—the very best book on the history of Ireland that we have. The "Monks of the Order of St. Patrick; commonly called the Monks of the Screw," was a social club formed under the auspices of Lord Avonmore, in the year 1779. It had its professed and its lay brothers. It was partly political, partly convivial; and "it was composed," says Curran's biographer, writing in 1819, "of men such as Ireland could not easily assemble now"—how much less easily in 1849! Campbell got into the highest spirits. He would have his "Monks of St. Leonard's;" and there were a few pleasant tavern dinners under that name. One after one, however, dropped off, and at last it degenerated into a whist club.

When Campbell's health became somewhat restored, he projected a work on ancient geography. He would speak, too, "of writing a poem worthy of his early fame." These are Beattie's words, not Campbell's. He

went to Paris, and spoke of going to Italy. Accident and caprice varied his route, and he went to Algiers and Oran.

We wish we had room for some of his letters from Algiers. They are spiritedly written; but they have been, or the substance of them has been, long before the public. His heart, however, was at home; and we have letters about a new edition of his poems, and about some arrangements for printing his African travels, in the *New Monthly Magazine*. Wherever he went he heard the clanking of the chain that was connected with his writing-desk and his miserable trade. He had to return home, and he visited Scotland. The visit was a triumph; for he was everywhere cheerfully, enthusiastically received. He had more of dinners, public and private, than could be good for any one. At the public dinners he sometimes escaped a speech; but it was at the expense of exhibiting to guests assembled to honour him, that there were times and occasions in which the accomplished lecturer and patriot could not conjure up a single image; and at private tables, his power of enjoying a jest, or contributing to enjoyment, was never prolonged beyond an hour or two. In fact, his health was seriously injured; he was rash in venturing beyond the range of the domestic circle. Perhaps it was well that the necessity of buying his day's bread by daily toil, forced him back to his home, to work at some sad life of Petrarch, and prepare prefaces to books to be written by other men. His name to a title-page was something worth purchasing by a fashionable bookseller.

In the winter of 1840, Campbell, who had brought from Scotland the daughter of one of his brothers, to superintend his household, took a new house in Victoria Square, Pimlico. The education of his niece and the furnishing his house gave him for a while sufficient occupation and amusement. During the summer, his health was in anything but a satisfactory state. He would not abide by regimen, and rheumatism was added to other complaints. He had heard

Beattie speak of some of the German baths, and he started very suddenly for Rotterdam.

On his return to London, "The Pilgrim of Glencoe" was published, but people would not read it. Such a few years before had been the fate of "Theodoric," which fell dead-born. Campbell in vain endeavoured to obtain a rehearing for "Theodoric." It was a decided failure, though we have the high authority of Mr. Craik, that it is the purest of his poems. "'O'Connor's Child,'" says Mr. Craik, "is the most passionate, 'Theodoric' the purest, of Campbell's poems."

Campbell's income and expenditure were seldom well adjusted to each other, and one of the strange things in this biography is the frequency with which unexpected relief came, setting things right by some legacy, or accidental contingency of the kind.

He next set or sold his house at Pimlico. He went to France to inquire about climate and cheapness of residence. He returned and sold some of his books, and wrote his name in such as he wished preserved for his niece, and at the close of the year 1843 fixed himself in Boulogne.

He amused himself for a while in endeavouring to arrange and classify his books. It was in vain. The trouble was too great, and the effort was discontinued. He wrote a few letters to his friends, dined now and then with the British consul, but soon found that even this was too much. He turned over maps, and thought he was busy with an undying work on classical geography. He read the papers, and predicted with grave alarm the encroaching power of Russia. He shut himself up at home more and more. At length his answer to all inquiries was, "that he was not well enough to see any one."

His home, however, was not cheerless. His niece, and a friend who resided with them, read to him his favourite authors. He was fond of music, and she played to him. The *Marseillaise* hymn was his great favourite. He had first heard it at Ratisbon, in 1800. He grew worse from day to day; at last Beattie, in alarm,

* Craik's Sketches of the History of Literature and Learning in England, Vol. vi. 175.

left London for Boulogne. He found his friend dying. At the awful close of life the thought of his father, and of his voice in family prayer, and of the expressive language in which his devotional feelings were clothed, came back to the dying man. His father's prayers seemed to him more like the language of inspiration than anything ever uttered by human lips, except the Liturgy of the Church of England; and during the last days of life the prayers of the Church of England seemed to be his great consolation. "Shall I pray for you," said his niece to him the day before his death. "Oh, yes," he replied, "let us pray for one another."

It is strange the last words he uttered were, "we shall see * * * to-morrow," naming a friend who had died long—long before.

On Saturday, June 15th, 1844, he died without a struggle. On July 3rd he was interred in Westminster Abbey. Great men assembled at that funeral, to honor one of England's true poets. Peel was there, and Lockhart, and Macaulay, and Brougham. Milman headed the procession when it began

to move. Beattie was present, and well expresses the feeling of the moment. "The service for the dead, answered by the deep-toned organ, in sounds like distant thunder, produced an effect of indescribable solemnity."

We have incidentally expressed such admiration of Campbell through this article, that there can be no object in any formal discussion of his particular works, if, indeed, at this moment, we felt ourselves equal to it. Of his poems it is probable that the naval odes will each day rise into even higher estimation, as nothing whatever in our language approaches them in homely earnestness—earnestness so entire as to be absolutely sublime.

Dr. Beattie's book is conceived in the spirit of great affection for Campbell. It has been, we think, too hastily put together, and might be improved by omitting a good many of the letters. It is, however, on the whole, entertaining, and, it is gratifying to feel, that it is calculated to make those who only knew Campbell as a poet, think of him, with whatever infirmities, as a kind-hearted, honorable, and good man:—

"What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!
In dews, that heavens far distant weep,
Their turf may bloom;
Or genii twine, beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.

"But strew his ashes to the wind,
Whose word or voice has served mankind—
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die!"

A

THE GRAVE.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.

(MS. BODL. 843.)

(Death.)

A House was built for thee,
 Ere thou callest dust thy Brother ;—
 A mould was shapen for thee,
 Ere thou camest from thy Mother :—
 Its height is not known,—
 Its depth is not measured—
 'Tis locked by no stone,
 Till thy bones therein be treasured,
 Until that I bring thee
 Whence thou shalt part never,
 Until that I measure thee
 Thy clay-bed for ever !—
 Thy house is not built high,
 Nor lofty thy chamber,
 Yet therein thou well canst lie,
 Tho' lowly that chamber ;—
 Its sideways are lowly—
 Its heelways are narrow,
 Yet therein thou well canst lie
 In that dim house of sorrow.
 The roof is built over thee
 To thy breast full nigh : wearily
 There shalt thou dwell, in cold,
 Darkly, and drearily.—
 Doorless is that dread House—
 Darkness dwells in it.
 Death keeps, for aye, the key—
 Fast art thou bound in it—
 Loathly is that Earth-House,
 And grimmet to dwell in—
 The worms shall divide thee,
 Yet thou shalt dwell therein—
 There shalt thou yet be laid—
 And leave thy friends near thee.
 Thou hast no friends :—afraid
 They'll never come near thee,
 To ask how it liketh thee,
 That dim house of sorrow,
 Or ope the door, to ask for thee,
 After to-morrow.—
 For soon thou growest loathly,
 And hateful to look upon,
 And soon from thy forehead
 Thy locks fall one by one,—
 From thy ringlets their fairness
 Is scattered, no finger
 Shall pass through their smoothness :—
 None near thee shall linger.

TASSO AT ST. ONOFRIO.

The ~~vesper~~ hymn was sung, and from the height
 Of St. Onofrio's convent you might see
 Eternal Rome all sleeping in that light
 Of transient and mysterious purity,
 Which, like the tender farewell of the sun,
 Lingers o'er nature when the day is done.

From the high terrace leant a lonely man,
 Whose eye pursued the parting gleam of day,
 His frame was weak—his sunken cheek was wan :
 But as he gazed upon the fading ray,
 A flush passed o'er his brow, and something there
 Told of young hope still struggling with despair.

Oh, Leonora's lover! yet for thee
 Nature hath charms, for she hath ever been
 Thy friend, even in thy long captivity ;
 Gilding the saddest hour, the darkest scene.
 Yes! though the cold world from its victim fled,
 The sunbeam ne'er forsook thy lonely bed.

That sunbeam was thy refuge from despair,
 When reason all but fled—when love was o'er ;
 Still, still that beam from Heaven descended there,
 And soothed thy spirit yet to hope once more,
 And lighted up a temple in thy mind,
 When Genius mocked at Fate, and dwelt enshrined.

Genius! oh, what Genius! how thy cell
 Within its narrow precincts held a world!
 What radiant shapes obeyed thy magic spell,
 Crowding around the banner there unfurled ;
 And still hope promised as she led them on,
 That grieved Italia yet would claim her son.

That time is come—a few short feverish hours,
 And on thy furrowed brow shall rest her crown.
 Oh! may not life renew its withered flowers,
 And thy declining years in peace go down.
 Enough of bitterness has been thy fate ;
 Say not that reparation comes too late.

The sun had set when Tasso turned away,
 And bent his steps to St. Onofrio's hall.
 The sun came forth, all jocund with the day ;
 But Tasso answered not to morning's call.
 At noon of night his broken spirit fled.
 Oh, Rome! thy laurel crown is for the dead!

FRANCE—THE INAUGURATION OF 1849.

BY KAPPA.

THE year 1848, destined to be memorable in future annals, has closed, and the curtain has dropped on the first act of the portentous political drama now performing in France. It has risen again on the second act, and discovered new characters on the scene about to develop a series of new and startling incidents. Never was the adage, that "Truth is more wonderful than fiction," so completely realised as at present in France.

In the rapid sketch of the events of the past year, which was presented to our readers last month, the press closed upon us at the moment of the *denouement*, and when the characters, so to speak, were about to assume their positions in the *tableau vivant*, upon which, illuminated by white fire, the curtain was to drop.

Let us resume, for a moment, the incidents with which we were then occupied.

The presidential election was what journalists have agreed to designate as a "great fact." It was also, like many other "great facts" of the past year, unexpected.

Prince Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, the nephew of the Emperor Napoleon, the prisoner of Ham, and the adventurer of Strasbourg and Boulogne, was elected President by above six millions of votes. Let us see what actual proportion these suffrages bear to the entire constituency of France, under the conditions of universal suffrage, as defined by the constitution.

The population of France may, in round numbers, be stated at thirty-four millions; of these, seventeen millions are of the male sex. By the tables of the duration of life, so accurately kept and officially published in France, it follows, that of those seventeen millions of males, not less than eight millions die before attaining the age of twenty-one years. There remain, therefore, about nine millions of voters qualified by age. But of these, a certain proportion, more or less, are

disqualified by various causes—such as sickness, absence from their legal domicile, imprisonment, condemnation for offences, &c. We may therefore assume the number of persons in a condition to deliver their votes at about eight and a-half millions. Of this number, seven and a-half millions actually voted in the last election for the President. Of these seven and a-half millions, half a-million, or one in fifteen, voted for one or other of the candidates who represented the ultra-democratic party. Seven millions of votes were divided among the moderate candidates, that is to say, those men who would have opposed all subversive doctrines, such as those of Communism and Socialism, and all tendencies towards red republicanism and ultra-democracy.

These candidates consisted of two classes—the first was represented solely by Prince Louis Napoleon, impersonating the reaction, the success of whom must necessarily be a solemn protestation against the Revolution of February.

The other candidates, such as General Cavaignac and M. de Lamartine, represented those who accepted the Revolution as the instrument by which a moderate republic could be permanently established. It appears, then, that of the seven millions of votes the latter party had divided among them about one million, and six millions declared for the reaction in the person of Prince Louis Bonaparte.

These are facts which it is impossible either to evade or explain. Nothing can be more conclusive as to the state of opinion in France. Six-sevenths of the constituency are against the Revolution, but they are also adverse to a counter-revolution to be effected by armed force. They are partisans of order, and they hope, by legal means, to bring about another change. A portion of them, although adverse to the republican form of government, would not be unwilling to acquiesce in its maintenance, if once confidence

could be restored, and order permanently maintained.

Many who think this to be impracticable conceive, nevertheless, that it will be necessary to give the Republic a fair trial, to convince its partisans of its impracticability; and to accomplish this, they think the reaction must not go on too fast, and that a counter-revolution now would be followed, at no distant time, by other movements similar to that of the 24th February, and equally disastrous to the prosperity and well-being of the country. They say, therefore, let us allow an undoubtedly fair trial to the Republic—let us have a perfect proof, which its most ardent partisans cannot reject, that it is unsuitable to France, and that it cannot be maintained.

Others are more impatient, and refuse to allow the French people to be made the subject of such political empiricism by an insignificant minority. They point to commerce languishing, to the treasury exhausted, to the public credit ruined, to the manufactures paralysed, the warehouses and magazines closed, the harbours empty, and they ask how long this is to be permitted. They compare the tables of the customs and indirect taxes of 1848 with those of 1847, and they find a fearful falling off—a falling off not less in amount than thirty-five per cent. of the total; and contemplating these things they are filled with indignation at those who would, under any pretexts, permit the continuance of such a system.

If the result of the presidential election was remarkable, it was rendered doubly so by the circumstances under which it took place, and the manner in which it was conducted.

The two real candidates were General Cavaignac and Prince Louis Napoleon, for the others had, evidently from the commencement, not the slightest chance of success. Of these two candidates, the former was the chief of the state, and as such invested, not with the ordinary powers of a responsible monarch, but with little short of the extraordinary powers of a dictator.

His friends and partisans filled all the offices of the state. The provinces swarmed with them. They were found in the capacity of prefects at the head of all the departments; as

sub-prefects, they presided over the arrondissements; and as mayors and adjoints, over the communes. The entire political and administrative machinery of the country was therefore at the disposal of the government, which in Paris directed the great movements of the election.

If the personal character of General Cavaignac placed him in the estimation of many above the suspicion of using unfair means, the same could not be said of his numerous supporters. Accordingly, proceedings took place in reference to his candidatureship, which the most indulgent could not view without grave censure.

The vast machinery of government, to which we have adverted, was used by his subordinates to the most unsparing and unscrupulous extent. There was no department of the public service which was not rendered subservient to his election. Puffing biographies and personal eulogies were printed by millions at the national expense. At the national expense they were distributed through the provinces. Not only were the mail-coaches used for this, but special trains were provided for them on the railways, and sent laden with them from day to day. The most foul abuses were practised in the post-office to give circulation to these brochures. They were there put under the bands of the newspapers, thus ensuring a circulation, to be obtained by no other means.

These operations were not confined to the fabrication of eulogies and puffs on General Cavaignac, but they were directed also to the production of every sort of defamatory and slanderous publication against his opponent. In this the *employés* of the public were actively engaged. These were printed by millions, and circulated through the departments. A host of artists were engaged in inventing and designing caricatures calculated to throw ridicule on Louis Bonaparte. It would, indeed, be endless to enumerate and describe the machinery brought into operation on this occasion, by the fact of the chief of the state being himself a candidate for his own continuance in that office. An instance of the audacious extent to which this system was pursued will be fresh in the recollection of the reader.

On Thursday, the 7th December, there appeared in the morning journals the celebrated list of individuals recommended to receive pensions by General Cavaignac. This list contained, as is well known, the families and accomplices of all those who had attempted the life of Louis Philippe. It contained the family of Pepin. It contained the prostitute with whom Fieschi had cohabited, and who afterwards exhibited herself in the Café de la Bourse. It contained a great number of individuals convicted and under punishment for robbery, theft, attempts at assassination, for murder of the National Guard and police, for outrage against religion, and so forth. It contained the names of almost all the editors, sub-editors, and employés, of the *National*, including those of M. Armand Marrast, President of the Assembly; M. Bastide, Minister of Foreign Affairs, &c. &c. This list, was published in the journals on the morning of Thursday the 7th, accompanied by the indignant comments which such an atrocity naturally excited in all well constituted minds. In the regular course, these journals, and the correspondence which such a report would naturally produce, ought to have gone off by the mails which left the post-office at 6, P.M. This, however, did not suit the purpose of the party, and accordingly an order was sent to the post-office to stop the mails.

In the meanwhile, apologetic speeches were made in the Assembly on the subject by General Cavaignac and M. Senard, both of whom signed the obnoxious project. These speeches were instantly put into the hands of a great number of the chief printers in Paris, who were ordered to use all the power at their disposal to print them off against night. Millions of them were accordingly printed by 11 o'clock, P.M., when they were brought to the post-office, and the *malles postées* literally loaded with them, inside and out, to the exclusion of passengers. It was asserted that a large portion of the journals hostile to General Cavaignac were purposely left behind, and not forwarded until the following day. Thus the whole correspondence of France was stopped for six hours, in the personal interests of the chief of the

executive. Merchants were left without their orders and remittances, and the whole machinery of commerce was brought to a dead lock. But this was neither all nor the worst; alarm was spread over the country, and rumours were circulated in the departments, that Paris was again in revolution: another 24th of June was expected, and the departments were ready to march on the capital.

Another advantage to the government candidate was adroitly gained by this manoeuvre. An *émeute*, at the moment, would have been the almost certain means of General Cavaignac's being again declared Dictator. The public were not yet prepared to replace him by another, and thus, by a lucky *coup-de-main* occurring at the moment of the election, he might have leaped into the presidential chair by a surprise, just as Louis Philippe was hurled from his throne in February. All this, and other like contingencies, were calculated, and means prepared, to take advantage of them as they might occur.

Familiar as we are with the system of public administration which prevails in the United Kingdom, it is difficult to convey to an English reader the immense power which the executive government in France can exercise, to produce any desired effect through the departments.

France consists of eighty-six departments, corresponding nearly with the English counties; over each department there presides a governor, called a Prefect, who is the nominee and local representative of the head of the state, and who can be, and is, removable at the will and pleasure of the government, without reason assigned. Each department is divided into a certain number of *arrondissements*, from three to seven, according to its extent and population. Each of these *arrondissements* is governed by a Sub-Prefect, who is also the nominee of the Executive Government, and removable at pleasure. Each *arrondissement* is divided into *cantons*, varying in number again according to the population; and each *canton* is divided into *communes*. Thus the 86 departments are divided into 363 *arrondissements*, which are subdivided into 2,846 *cantons*, and are again subdivided into 37,040 *communes*. In

all this chain of administration, the central government, at Paris, is represented by functionaries presiding over, and directly influencing the local population. All of these functionaries, from the Prefect of the Department to the lowest beadle of the canton, derive their appointments, their authority, and their emoluments, from the executive of Paris, by whom they may be severally removed and dismissed at pleasure.

By means of the central bureaux, therefore, of Paris, government can, by a single mail, transmit its orders, through the Prefects of Departments, to the lowest functionary of the communes and cantons. All these functionaries, during the late election, derived the breath of their nostrils from the Hotel of the Rue de Varennes. General Cavaignac was to them what Louis Philippe was before the Revolution.

Such was the machinery worked by the partisans of General Cavaignac, during the presidential election, and worked without limit or scruple; and yet so great was the repugnancy of public opinion to this candidateship, that he was not able to obtain more than one vote for every six obtained by his adversary. This adversary was a young man, whose entire life had been spent in exile, and who was deprived of all opportunity of influencing public opinion personally towards himself.

The two proceedings by which his career was signalised—the affairs of Strasbourg and Boulogne—both operated against him; the latter especially covered him with ridicule—an effect which, in France, it is difficult to withstand. Prince Louis, moreover, was deprived of the means of promoting his candidateship by the ordinary measures adopted in popular elections. He even wanted money. Yet, in the face of all this, he was returned by upwards of six millions of votes against one million given to his opponent.

An analogy is frequently attempted to be established between the great republic of America and that which has just been proclaimed in France.

It is no exaggeration to say, that the government of the United States at present has a much closer analogy to the constitutional monarchy of England, than to the republic about to

be established in France. We say about to be established; because it would be an utter delusion to imagine that, because a paper constitution has been proclaimed through the departments, amidst a mixture of applause, hootings, and hisses—amidst cries of “Vive la Republique,” and “Vive Napoleon,” and “Vive Henri V.,” and “Vive le Comte de Paris,” and “à bas Cavaignac,” “à bas l’Assemblée Nationale”—we say it would be the height of absurdity to affirm that the republic is therefore established. Public opinion is kept down in Paris by 60,000 bayonets in the capital, besides as many more bristling around it. They who desire to overthrow the republic with a view to establish socialism, as well as they who desire to overthrow it with a view to re-erect a throne of one or other of the several pretenders, only bide their time and wait for an opportunity at which, either by the aid of the chamber to be returned by a new election, or by the aid of the army, in which divisions may arise, they may accomplish their purpose.

The sort of persons into whose hands the government of France has fallen, since the Revolution of February, may be conceived by some of the details which have been given in our last number. There are some other particulars of these, however, which are not uninteresting.

M. Recurt, who was previously Minister of the Interior and Minister of Public Works, and who was appointed Prefect of the Seine by General Cavaignac (an office of high importance, being the chief of the municipality of Paris), has been a habitual political conspirator—was a political convict, and the intimate friend and family connexion of Pepin, who died on the scaffold with Fieschi, for the horrible attempt, by the infernal machine, on Louis Philippe, his family and suite.

The predilection of Gen. Cavaignac for that party was manifested after he was compelled, by the majority in the Assembly to admit M. Dufaure and Vivien, of the moderate party, into the ministry. As a counterpoise to this, he raised M. Recurt to the Prefecture of the Seine. M. Recurt was included in the national pension list, we have already mentioned, for a pension of £20 a-year.

M. Gervais (de Caen), placed in the Prefecture of Police, by General Cavaignac, was also a political conspirator and convict. He was also one of the objects recommended for a pension of £20 a-year.

M. Caussidiere was also a political convict. This individual, in the *emeute* of February, went escorted by the rabble, and accompanied by the notorious Sobrier, to the Prefecture of Police, and took unceremonious possession of it. Self-appointed, these two individuals instantly commenced executing the functions of the office. They at once dismissed the entire *personnel* of the department, and substituted for them a mob of convicts, thieves, and conspirators, their habitual friends and associates. Of these the agents of police were immediately composed. Two guards were formed, composed of the same materials; the one called the Republican Guard, and the other the Montagnards, who did the duty previously performed by that most efficient body, the Municipal Guard, horse and foot. As an external indication of their political faith, these prætorians of communism and socialism wore red sashes and red feathers; and in order to efface the tricolour, the symbol of the moderate republic, abolished all the white from their uniform. They kept, for several months, forcible possession of the Prefecture of Police, and were only expelled from it at last, by an extraordinary force of the army and the National Guard.

Caussidiere and Sobrier, both political convicts, now, however, quarrelled, and a sort of branch prefecture was established by Sobrier in the Rue de Rivoli, in the house fleeing the angle of the Tuileries formed by the Pavilion Marsan, lately the habitation of the Duchess of Orleans, and the Duke and Duchess of Nemours. This house assumed for a time all the appearance of a castle of banditti. Sentinels of the red guard were accordingly posted at the door, and no one was admitted without a password. Here were hatched the plots of the 17th April, and the 15th May. Here were drawn up and debated on, the decrees for the dissolution of the National Assembly, the re-establishment of the guillotine, and the confiscation of the property of the rich, which

were proposed from the tribune by Barbes, Blanqui, and their associates, on the day of the 15th May.

Caussidiere was succeeded, after his resignation, in consequence of the affair of the 15th May, by M. Ducoux, another red republican, only a shade better than Caussidiere himself.

M. Ducoux, on the accession to office of MM. Dufaure and Vivien, wrote an impertinent letter to General Cavaignac, throwing up his office, in consequence of the appointment of these respectable men. General Cavaignac appointed in his stead M. Gervais (de Caen).

M. Bastide, the late Minister of Foreign Affairs, was originally chief-secretary of M. de Lamartine, and succeeded the latter as minister, upon the appointment of the executive commission, in May. M. Bastide was also a political convict, and was down on the pension-list for twenty pounds a-year. He was a sort of sub-editor, or coadjutor, in the *National*, and is, perhaps, one of the least objectionable among the party who seized upon power after February.

M. Hietzell, the chief secretary of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, is, or was lately, a small publisher in the Rue de Richelieu, dealing chiefly in illustrated works.

These were the leading personages in the public administration. It were endless to attempt to go through the minor appointments. There we find swarming all the ignorance, vulgarity, and presumption which could be collected together by sweeping the floors of the bureau and printing-rooms of the *National*.

It has been often asked, and the question has never been answered, why, before the proclamation of the Republic, the French people were not consulted?

It will doubtless seem strange that, while it was deemed essential to leave to the choice of the sovereign people, expressed by universal suffrage, the individual who was to occupy the presidency of the republic, that same sovereign people were never allowed to express their will on the question, whether a republic should be established at all!

After the revolution of February, when existing institutions were dislocated, and the "*personnel*" of the monarchy scattered to the winds, there re-

maintained, by universal acknowledgment, no right of sovereignty save in the universal people.

The warmest advocates of democracy would not dare openly to deny the right of that people to choose their form of government. Again and again that minority, who seized on power by a "*coup de main*," were challenged to submit this question to universal suffrage, whether there should be a republic in France or a constitutional monarchy.

They never dared to do this. The republic was proclaimed in February, by those who usurped the power, at the Hotel de Ville, without consulting the country, and without any right to make such a proclamation. It was again proclaimed from the steps of the National Assembly in May, but it was done under the menaces of a mob, collected round the building, whose shouts were heard through its open windows—a mob collected there by the party of the *National*. In a moment of deplorable weakness the newly-convened assembly yielded to a feeling of alarm, and, contrary to their own convictions, allowed the Provisional Government and its partisans again to proclaim the republic. The country, it is true, so far assented to this that it did not rise in insurrection, and compel its representatives to retract.

The cause of this passive assent was the horror of civil war.

Yet, after all, this patience of the outraged people, did not prevent the evil; civil war broke out in June, and the government, who usurped power on 24th February, proclaimed the state of siege on 24th June. Personal liberty was outraged, the domiciles of citizens were violated, the liberty of the press ceased, the agents of power invaded printing-offices, closed their doors, and placed on them the seal of the government. The editors, without trial, or even reason assigned, were seized, and committed to solitary confinement; they were detained for weeks, and at length liberated, as arbitrarily as they had been arrested. General Cavaignac, in the plenitude of his majesty, did not deign even to assign a reason for this, nor has he done so to the present hour.

In the case of *La Presse*, the reason assigned by public opinion was that that journal had been the traditional opponent of the *National*; until

February it had triumphed over its adversary. The *National*, determined that the first act to be executed, in virtue of the dictatorial power conferred on General Cavaignac, should be one of retaliation; and, accordingly, the agents of police were sent to the bureaux of the *Presse*, without notice and without reason, turned the *employés* into the streets, sealed up the doors, and lodged the chief editor in the *conciergerie*. Thus was a journal, which had been established for twelve years, which counted 60,000 subscribers, afforded employment to 900 persons, represented a capital of £100,000, paid to the treasury nearly a million of francs annually—suspended, without trial, and without condemnation; and all this was accomplished merely to satisfy the vengeance of the editor and contributors of a small journal, the number of whose readers, confessedly, never amounted to more than about one-sixth part of those of *La Presse*.

The personal bitterness excited by this contest was not slow to produce its fruits. The election took place, as is well known, on the same day for the eighty-six departments, including Corsica and Algeria. The reports of each of these made by the local authorities were returned to Paris, where they were examined, collected and summed up by a committee of the Assembly, appointed to ascertain and report the result. They arrived, of course, at successive intervals, according to the distance; but it immediately became apparent that Prince Louis would be returned by an immense majority.

Much excitement prevailed in the capital. Fears were entertained of an Imperialist movement; but to do justice to Prince Louis himself, and to those by whose advice he acted, every conceivable discouragement was given to such a measure. The organs of the moderate party, and the friends of the prince himself, loudly and earnestly declared that ~~any~~ such proceeding would gravely compromise his interests.

It would have become the duty of the President of the Assembly, M. Armand Marrast, and of the chief functionaries of the government, to have proclaimed and installed the President of the Republic, with becoming honours and with ceremonials more or

less splendid. This would have been a bitter pill to swallow for the *National*, and an expedient was accordingly devised to evade it.

On Wednesday, the 20th of December, Paris being in profound tranquillity, no cause of alarm being apparent, and the returns of several of the departments not having yet arrived, bodies of troops were seen moving, to the surprise of the people, in strong columns, by various routes, towards the Assembly. At three o'clock all the avenues to it were interrupted, and it was invested in the same manner as on the 15th May and the 24th June. Alarm was spread through the capital, and an insurrection was apprehended. It was, however, asserted by those in the immediate neighbourhood of the Assembly that the government had come to a resolution to have the President proclaimed without waiting for the returns of the remaining departments.

At four o'clock, accordingly, the new President was called upon to take the oaths in the tribune, and M. Armand Marrast formally proclaimed him. Prince Louis then delivered a speech which appeared in the journals of the day; and having descended from the tribune, he approached General Cavaignac, who was seated on one of the front benches, and with much apparent gracefulness and cordiality said to him:—

"General, I am proud to succeed a man such as you, and I trust that France will still continue to receive the benefit of your services." The prince then extended his hand to General Cavaignac. The latter, during this address, never rose from his seat, nor showed any disposition to accept the kindness proffered to him. When Prince Louis extended his hand, General Cavaignac put his forefinger into it.

This strange demeanour has been explained by stating that General Cavaignac was taken by surprise on this occasion, and that he was pre-occupied. The general himself, however, does not appear even to have offered any explanation of this curious circumstance.

Prince Louis went out of the Assembly accompanied by one of the vice-presidents, the secretaries, and some of the members. He found his *coupé* waiting for him at the gate

upon the Quai. There was a squadron of cavalry in attendance with General Changarnier, Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard, and his staff. They escorted the new President over the bridge, through the Place de la Concorde to the Palace of the Ellysée Bourbon in the Champs Elysées, which was assigned him as his residence by the Assembly. Such was the indecent haste with which this proceeding was executed, that there was not a room in the palace prepared for his reception on his arrival, and it was with difficulty arrangements were made for the accommodation of the cabinet council which was held in the evening. The palace was filled with carpenters, upholsterers, and painters, employed in preparing it for the President.

The ostensible motive of this proceeding was to avoid dangerous manifestations, which, it was said, had been concerted for the occasion of the proclamation of the President of the Republic. It was reported that a plot had been discovered to seize the person of Prince Louis on leaving the Assembly, and to carry him in triumph to the Tuileries amidst cries of "Vive l'Empereur." The real motive, however, which was believed to have prompted this unexpected measure, was to deprive the new President of the triumph which the formal ceremonies of his proclamation would give him, and to "snuggle him," as one of the journals of the day said, "like a packet of contraband goods into the palace, and leave him there, amidst carpenters, painters, and other artisans."

The same evening, the former Cabinet having resigned, the new Cabinet was appointed as follows:—

M. Odillon Barrot, representative of the people, Minister of Justice, charged with the Presidency of the Council of Ministers in the absence of the President of the Republic.

M. Drouyn de Lhuys, representative of the people, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

M. Léon de Malleville, representative of the people, Minister of the Interior.

M. Rulhières, General of Division, representative of the people, Minister of War.

M. de Tracy, representative of the people, Minister of the Marine and Colonies.

M. Falloux, representative of the people, Minister of Public Instruction and Worship.

M. Léon Faucher, representative of the people, Minister of Public Works.

M. Bixio, Vice-President of the National Assembly, Minister of Agriculture.

M. Passy (Hippolite), Member of the Institute, Minister of Finances.

The new Government was scarcely formed, when it was in danger of falling to pieces. It is well known that, within three or four days, the Minister of the Interior and the Minister of Commerce deserted it. Various explanations of this schism were given. What appeared certain was, that a serious dissent took place between M. Léon de Malleville, Minister of the Interior, and the President. The President addressed a letter to the minister, which caused the immediate resignation of the latter. The minister took the letter to a meeting of his colleagues, which was held at the palace of the Minister of Justice in the Place Vendôme, where he submitted it to them. They resolved collectively to resign, and M. Odillon Barrot proceeded to the Elysée Bourbon with their resignation in his pocket. Prince Louis became alarmed, felt that he had committed a grave indiscretion, expressed his regret at what had happened, and made a gentlemanly apology. Upon this, M. O. Barrot convoked the Ministry at the palace of the President, where the explanations were repeated, and the Ministers withdrew their resignation, and decided on remaining in office.

Later in the day, however, M. Léon de Malleville changed his mind, and resolved definitively to resign, which he did, and was accompanied in this resolution by M. Bixio, Minister of Commerce.

Another meeting of the Cabinet took place in the evening, at which M. Léon Faucher, Minister of Public Works, was transferred to the Interior; M. Lacrosse, Vice-President of the Assembly, was appointed Minister of Public Works; and M. Buffet, a promising young member of the Assembly, was appointed Minister of Commerce.

These were the facts connected with the ministerial crisis, which so inauspiciously signalled the "debut" of the President. Various reports were cir-

culated respecting the real cause of M. de Malleville's resignation. It was said that Prince Louis had required M. de Malleville to countersign the nomination of M. Emile de Nieuwerkerke to the post of "Directeur des beaux Arts"—a place occupied, since the Revolution of February, by M. Charles Blanc, the brother of the well-known Louis Blanc. With this demand M. de Malleville refused to comply.

M. de Nieuwerkerke is a person of distinguished family, and favourably known as an amateur in sculpture. He is well known in the fashionable circles in Paris, where he has been distinguished by the favour and patronage of the Princess Mathilde Demidoff, the daughter of the ex-king Jerome, the Governor of the Invalides, and, consequently, the first cousin of the President. It was understood that the proposed appointment was the consequence of the recommendation of this lady.

Supposing this statement to be true, M. de Malleville has been censured even by his friends for an over degree of scrupulousness in his disinclination to comply with the desire of the President. There was nothing in the character or personal qualifications of M. de Nieuwerkerke which could have rendered the appointment unfit; and beyond these qualifications the Minister of the Interior had no right to look.

It was also said that Prince Louis had demanded of M. de Malleville, to deliver to him certain documents, preserved in the archives of the Ministry of the Interior, relative to the affairs of Strashbourg and Boulogne, in which Prince Louis had figured. Amongst these documents were alleged to be letters, addressed by Prince Louis to King Louis Philippe; and also letters addressed to the Minister of the Interior and the Prefect of Police, from agents employed by the government as spies around the person of the prince, not only to watch and report his movements, but to prompt and stimulate them. Some of these letters, it was said, contained matter proving that M. de Malleville himself, as well as M. Thiers, were directly implicated in the employment of these agents.

It was further stated that, on the other hand, M. de Malleville had pro-

posed a list of nominations to the Prefectures of Departments, for signature, to the President, which nominations the President considered to be of too reactionary a character, and declined to sign.

We give the several reports as they circulated, without pretending to guarantee their accuracy.

It was not long before some further details of this curious affair oozed out. A copy of the letter addressed by Prince Louis to M. de Malleville was, by some means or other, obtained by the editor of a small provincial paper, published at Nantes, called *L'Hermine*. It was published in that journal, and copied immediately into all the journals of Paris, and other parts of France. The following is the letter:—

"Monsieur le Ministre,—I asked the Prefect of Police whether he did not sometimes receive reports on diplomacy. He replied in the affirmative, and that he yesterday sent to you copies of a dispatch relating to Italy. These dispatches, you know, ought to be directly remitted to me, and I cannot but express to you my dissatisfaction at your delay in communicating them to me. I equally desire that you will send me the sixteen cartons (cases) which I have requested from you. I wish to have them on Thursday. (These are the documents relating to the affairs of Strasbourg and Boulogne.) I do not, besides, approve of the Minister of the Interior drawing up articles which relate to me personally. This was not done under Louis Philippe, and ought not to be done now. For several days I have not received any telegraphic despatches. In short, I perceive clearly that the ministers I have appointed wish to treat me as if the famous Constitution of Sièyes was in force, but this I will not suffer. Accept, M. le Ministre, the assurance of my sentiments of high distinction.

"L. N. BONAPARTE.

"P.S.—I have forgotten to say that there are at St. Lazare eighty women in confinement, of whom only one has been brought before the court-martial. Tell me if I have the right of setting them at liberty, for in that case I shall give immediate orders for it."

Nothing could exceed the excitement which followed the publication of this document. At first its authenticity was doubted. But those who had been rendered cognizant of it were speedily forced to admit that it was textually correct.

It appeared that it was written and dispatched at a late hour on the night of Wednesday, the 27th December; and it was said that the writer, at the moment, was under the excitement of wine. It was contended that the style and language of the letter itself in some degree indicated this. That it was hastily written, and without the deliberation and counsel which usually precedes the dispatch of letters so important, is manifested by the after-thought in the P.S. It will be observed, also, that the writer demanding the delivery of certain documents on Thursday, appears to be ignorant, or forgetful, of the day on which he was writing. If we write on Wednesday night, ordering something to be done on the next morning, the phrase used would be different.

Be this as it may, the ministry rigorously discharged their duty. It appeared, from what transpired afterwards, that on the very evening on which Prince Louis was proclaimed President, the first act of M. de Malleville, on entering the Ministry of the Interior, was to place the seals of the state on sixteen boxes, containing the documents relative to the affairs of Boulogne, and to place them securely under lock and key. Such a precaution indicated, on the part of the minister, a conviction of the possibility not only that direct and open efforts might be made, on behalf of the President, to withdraw these documents from the archives of the Interior, but that even furtive means might be resorted to.

On the retirement of M. de Malleville, the same precaution was observed by his successor, M. Leon Faucher, who, as well as M. de Malleville assured the Assembly that the documents had been, and would be, carefully preserved.

Thus the Prince President had scarcely entered upon the exercise of his functions before discordance manifested itself, arising from the undefined powers and responsibilities of the chief of the executive and the ministers. The ministers, in entering upon the exercise of their duties, saw, or desired to see, in the President a constitutional monarch. They wished to realise in him the celebrated maxim of M. Thiers, that the sovereign reigns, but does not govern. They desired to attain the favourite object of the

latter statesman by establishing in France a government of administrative regime, similar to that of England, and thus to reform what was always considered as one of the greatest abuses of Louis Philippe's government. This monarch, like his predecessors, delighted to assume an active part in the affairs of state. He sat himself in person at the cabinet councils, and exercised a direct and important influence in their deliberations. Most of the ministers, since the Revolution of July, submitted to this as a matter of course, recognising in it the political manners of France, and the established habitudes of the old monarchical regime.

M. Thiers was disposed to resist it, and contended that such a mode of government was incompatible with the spirit of a constitutional monarchy. "The sovereign was," he said, "irresponsible, the whole responsibility resting upon his ministers." From this it followed, he contended, that the entire deliberative power should rest with the ministers, as in England, and that the sovereign was merely the agent by which the measures decided on by the ministers were to be carried into effect. Neither the French sovereign, however, nor the French people, understood this; and Louis Philippe's resistance to M. Thiers met with no dissent, either with the public, or with the majority of the Chamber.

It is evident that this old struggle between the chief of the state and his ministers has again broken out, but the friends of the president contend that the present case has no analogy with that of a constitutional monarchy.

In the latter the monarch is irresponsible. In this instance the president is responsible, according to the spirit and the letter of the constitution. Responsibility infers power, and demonstrates the absurdity of the attempt to convert the president into a stuffed figure, to carry into effect the decrees of his ministers, as a mere automaton.

In their attempt, therefore, to refuse to the chief of the state the exercise of definite power, the ministry were clearly wrong. But the ministry itself is also responsible. There is joint responsibility left unfortunately, but ill-defined by the constitution, and conflicts are likely to arise continually

between the chief of the state and his subordinates.

In the Republic of the United States the president, as is well known, exercises a large share of power, but the American republic is a confederation, and the central government at Washington has powers which have but little analogy with the French Republic, one and indivisible.

While the ministers of Louis Napoleon desired that he should reign, but not govern, Louis Napoleon himself insists that he should govern, if he do not reign.

But the conflict of powers which was developed immediately after the proclamation of the President, is not alone between the President and the Cabinet; it is equally between the Cabinet and the Assembly, and between the President and the Assembly. Between these three powers of the state a sort of triangular duel is produced. Two-thirds of the Assembly are opposed to the President; a majority is opposed to the ministry, and tolerate them only because it would be more inconvenient to vote them out; and finally the ministry itself is opposed to the President. Prince Louis is conscious, and cannot be otherwise, that the moderate party into whose embraces he has fallen, would willingly smother the republic, and substitute in its place a regency and the Comte de Paris, or Henri V., with succession to the Comte. He has not forgotten that the journals of this party designated him as a "plank by which the chasm between the republic and monarchy could be crossed;" and rather than suffer himself to be used after this fashion he would ally himself with the sincere republicans—the republicans of the Veille, as they are called—or even with the party of the Mountain.

Such a state of things produced unceasing intrigues during the early part of January. The President had alternate conferences with M.M. Thiers, Molé, Bugeaud, and the members of the cabinet, on the one hand, and M. Marrast and the members of the republican party on the other. It is said that he distinctly stated to the leaders of the moderate party, that he would either have a cabinet composed of the eminent men of the one side or the other; that if the moderate party intended to maintain

themselves in affairs, their chief men must come forward, and assume the responsibilities of the situation; in short, that he would not suffer MM. Thiers, Molé, and Bugeaud to stand in the "coulisses" of the ministry, prompting the ostensible performers, without exposing themselves to the public approbation or disapprobation; they must come forward, or leave the stage to that party whose chiefs do not shrink from the responsibilities of the state.

At the time these lines are written, such is the situation of affairs. Even the Mountain do not despair of courting the favour of the President. They think that he may be forced to throw himself upon them, rather than allow himself to be converted into a tool by those who only look to the re-establishment of a constitutional monarchy, and that, not in his own person, but in the person of others.

The conflict prevailing between the powers of the state has raised the question of the dissolution of the Assembly. No existing body, save itself, has the power of pronouncing its dissolution. Its powers, being those of a constituent assembly, are without limit. It is concurrent with the President, whose powers are defined by the constitution it has made. The question, then, is, how can these two powers, derived from the same source—universal suffrage—be brought into harmony with each other? It is contended that the Assembly must continue in session until it shall pass the organic laws; but the laws which it thus designates would require, at least, two years for their completion, and thus the dissolution of the actual Assembly would be postponed indefinitely, and the present discordance between the powers of the state perpetuated. Under these circumstances, petitions and remonstrances are pouring in from all the departments, for an immediate or speedy dissolution. Resolutions of the Councils General were adopted to the like effect; and it was even supposed that a "coup d'Etat," or a manifestation by the National Guards, might have been resorted to, to bring about the termination of the Assembly.

The reluctance of the Assembly to dissolve itself will be readily understood when it is stated, that not more than one-third of its members have the least expectation of being re-elected. It follows that six hundred mem-

bers will be turned adrift, who have been, and are now receiving one pound a-day as their salary. For the most part, these individuals are in a situation to render this pecuniary compensation a great object; and they will consent, therefore, to a dissolution only under the pressure of compulsory measures.

Such was the situation of the Assembly and of public opinion on this important question, when on the 12th of January the project of M. Ratteau was submitted to it for its definitive dissolution on the 19th of March.

A short but animated debate took place, in which M. Pierre Bonaparte, the son of the late Prince of Canino, made a furious speech against the dissolution, which was vehemently applauded by the party of the Mountain and the Red Republic.

The Count de Montalembert delivered a speech of more than usual brilliancy and eloquence in favour of the project. This speech was interrupted by the most outrageous insults and uproar from the party of the Mountain. M. O. Barrot closed the debate by an admirable speech in favor of the dissolution, and a division took place, altogether unexpected by any parties, within or without the assembly, by which the project for speedy dissolution was carried by a majority of 400 against 396. The effect of this vote, however, was like the first reading of a bill in the British parliament, merely a sanction of the principle of the measure.

It was considered, however, that this decision would bind the Assembly so as to prevent it from going back on its resolution, and that whatever might be the subsequent proceeding a speedy dissolution had become inevitable.

The resolution above mentioned having been adopted upon a motion made to accept a report presented by a committee against the project of M. Ratteau, it became, in the ordinary routine of parliamentary business, necessary to appoint another committee to frame a report upon the same project of M. Ratteau, in accordance with the resolution of the Assembly. This committee was accordingly appointed in a few days after the adoption of the resolution, and an extraordinary, but not altogether unexpected, result ensued; for the committee thus named was composed of individuals who, with scarcely an ex-

ception, were still more hostile to the project of M. Ratteau, than those who had made the report rejected by the Assembly. To render this parliamentary paradox intelligible, it is necessary to explain here the manner in which these committees are nominated.

The Assembly, consisting of nine hundred members, is divided into fifteen bureaux, each of sixty members. When a committee is appointed to report to the Assembly on any project of law or decree, each bureau names one member by ballot, and the committee thus consists of fifteen members, elected by the bureaux. In the present case, as we have just stated, the fifteen members named in this manner were all known to entertain opinions adverse to the vote of the Assembly, with which their report was expected to be in harmony. Many of them were ultra-Montagnards, and among them was included M. Grevy, who was himself the author of the report which the Assembly had just rejected. It may be asked, then, how it could happen that a committee could be appointed in such entire discordance with the vote of the Assembly, and with public opinion.

The explanation is easy.

The vote delivered by the Assembly was made by open voting, the members voting on the one side, and on the other, knowing that their names would be published in the journals, and would, therefore, become known to their constituents; but the members of the committee were elected in the bureaux by ballot, and the public could have no means of knowing who voted for or against them. The control of public opinion did not operate here, as in the other case, and the majority took this secret means of prolonging the existence of the Assembly, and their own twenty-five francs a-day.

The committee thus appointed have not actually presented their report at the moment we write; but it is perfectly understood that such report will be against fixing any definite date for the dissolution of the Assembly, or taking any step which will indicate a resolution against its indefinite continuance.

This report will be presented to the Assembly, who must adopt one or other of two courses. It must either con-

firm the vote of the 12th January,

by adopting this report, which will be still more strongly opposed to the project of M. Ratteau than that which it formerly rejected; or it must reject it, and thus place itself in opposition when acting collectively, and by open voting with itself when acting in its bureaux, in the absence of reporters, and by secret voting. It is needless to point out to what extent proceedings of this kind must bring into discredit the constituent Assembly.

The elements of civil war are at this moment fomenting in France: and if some providential incidents do not occur to bring into harmony the conflicting parties which now distract the country, it is difficult to imagine how that greatest of all social and political evils can be averted. The fragments of the republican party, however repulsive they may be to each other, are not so much so as each and all of them are to the partisans of monarchy. The moderate Republicans, the Ultra-Democrats, the Red Republicans, Terrorists, Socialists, and Communists, though more or less reciprocally opposed, will coalesce, and constitute a formidable body, whenever monarchy raises its crest. It is at this moment understood that the advocates for the restoration of monarchy are sanguine in their hopes that the approaching election for the legislative Assembly, to be convoked under the constitution, will produce a body of delegates exhibiting a majority so formidable in favour of the reconstitution of the monarchy, that the Republic must fall. A supposition is even abroad, that the present ministry are conniving at, if not fostering, the reaction.

It is admitted, that if the Republic should fall, the only monarchy which has the least chance of being re-established is the legitimate monarchy represented in the person of Henri V.; yet this is, perhaps, the form in which monarchy would excite the most invincible repugnancy of the democratic party, round which the most intractable and resolute enemies of the Dynasties collect. The Bonapartists have already declared, through their organs of the press, that they would prefer the red republic itself to a restoration.

Notwithstanding the unquestionably large majority in the country which would exult in the establishment of the legitimate throne, with a succes-

sion to the Comte de Paris, yet the minority, which could oppose this even by force of arms, is sufficiently strong, and more than sufficiently obstinate, to produce a civil war, the end of which it would be difficult to foresee. The position and circumstances of this minority give it a strength of which its limited numbers would deprive it. It is collected in masses in the capital and in the great towns. It is organized in societies and clubs, which maintain communications with each other, such as to ensure unity of action. On the other hand, the far more numerous body which would support monarchy, is scattered over the surface of France, and placed more especially in the rural districts. The same co-operation is excluded by this circumstance. It is difficult to imagine any combination more favourable to civil war. If the central government in Paris should pass into the hands of the Republican party, with whom all the ultra-democrats of every shade would then coalesce, the departments would rise in insurrection, and the country would march upon the towns.

If, on the other hand, the government should be retained by the moderate party, with its known predilections for monarchy, how is it to rid itself of the engagements it has already contracted to the Republic? These are difficulties which chance and circumstances alone can solve—chance and circumstances, which have already produced so extraordinary a series of events since the 24th of February.

One of the last acts of the government at the moment we write has been the presentation of a list of three candidates for the vice-Presidency of the Republic to the Assembly. The constitution, with a view to share the power of choice between the Assembly and the President, has decided that the President shall select three names, and that from these three the Assembly shall choose one to be vice-President. If the framers of the constitution had not more shortsightedness than it is possible to conceive them to have had, they ought to have foreseen the practical consequences of this disposition. The President and his government had, and will always have, a decided preference for some individual to fill the important office of Vice-President. They will select naturally three names such that the rejection of two of them by the Assembly will be cer-

tain, and, consequently that the election of the third will be secured. The President has presented to the Assembly General Baraguay d' Hilliers, M. Boulay (de la Meurthe), and M. Vivien—notoriously with the view that M. Vivien should be elected. The moment M. Leon Faucher, as Minister of the Interior, announced these three names to the Assembly, the two first were received with an explosion of laughter and indignation. The trick of the government—for so it must be called—was perceived at a glance, and the Assembly was indignant at finding itself thus stripped by a “ruse” of that option which the framers of the constitution intended to confer upon it. But the “imprevu” which, as we have formerly stated, has played so prominent a part in all the scenes of this great political drama, has re-appeared in this present incident of the vice-presidency; and the Assembly, as if to defeat the trick intended to be played upon them, have resolved not to elect the candidate whose election the government considered would be inevitable; and by a sort of mockery of respect for the President, they resolved in their clubs, which are notoriously hostile to him, to give their votes to the first upon the list, on the ironical pretext that it must be presumable that the first name was that to which he himself gave his personal preference. Whatever be the motive which has prompted the Assembly, they gave a majority of their suffrages on the 20th January, to M. Boulay (de la Meurthe) as Vice-President; but at the same time, as if were to neutralize this, refused to allow him the salary of 60,000 francs a-year, recommended by the committee of finances, and reduced it to 48,000 francs, the salary of the cabinet ministers.

The position which the magnates of the political world have assumed in relation to the Republic and its president has excited lively reclamation on the part of those who desire to sustain the Republic. The Prince, say they, is surrounded by men who lavish upon him their advice, but refuse to him their direct and ostensible support. In pressing around him, they have isolated rather than assisted him, and their whole object is to transform him into a responsible agent, to do that which they are unwilling to execute themselves, and to render him in their

hands a mere instrument of rule. But this, they contend, is not all. If their tendencies, openly declared in the language of their journals, are to be credited, they do not content themselves with this convenient and irresponsible domination exercised in the name of Napoleon. They consider the government as a mere instrument of transition, and their conduct betrays their unavowed object. They are willing to entangle in the net-work of their counsels the President, so completely as to deprive him of all freedom of action; but they are not willing to serve him politically, and in official positions, because to serve the President of the Republic would involve them in irrevocable engagements, and pledge them to the principle of that form of government. They are willing to make Prince Louis their minister, but are not willing to be his ministers.

—The Monarchical party hopes, as the Republicans affirm, by the favour of these oscillations, more or less prolonged, which always follow great revolutions, to gain the preponderance of which it has been deprived; and the men of this principle intend, they say, to make an involuntary auxiliary of the very men to whom universal suffrage has delegated one of the functions of national sovereignty. The two monarchies, legitimate and *quasi-legitimate*, so decidedly antagonistic formerly by their conflicting interests, and by their reciprocal hatred and contempt, have coalesced to effect one common victory, reserving the prize to be afterwards contested between them.

"Thus," say the Republicans, "it is impossible not to perceive how the Monarchists of every shade and of every dynasty crowd round the President, and compel him to play, in spite of himself, the part 'd'un Monck malgré lui.' These smooth-tongued conspirators, these insidious adulators, who flatter the man and abhor the principle which he personifies, are to be met with in every corner of his salons and those of his ministers. These it is that were lately seen in a soiree which was given to him 'la fleur des pois'—it is true, a little faded by time, a little battered by political storms of legitimism and *quasi-legitimism*. There the President could reckon around him the quartermasters of the Monarchical party. The salons of M. de Falloux (Minister of Public Instruc-

sion) were, in fact, the first halting-place of that party which was supposed to have definitively emigrated with the two royal races driven out by popular sovereignty, and the enthusiasts hope that a second station will soon be found, from whence the next step will be the Tuileries.

"These salons," continue the Republicans, "are a kind of court by anticipation, where homage is paid to the absent and hoped-for idol.

"Let the President of the Republic reflect (continue they), that he owes all his power to the people. His whole power is in the principle he represents, and has no other basis than that imprescriptible, that inalienable sovereignty of the people, that his friends of to-day have always fought against, and that now they covertly attack. They appear disinterestedly to prop his power, but really they sap its foundations, and undermine the foundation of the Republic. He ought to know that the absolute incompatibility, the necessary hostility, which exists between the democratic and monarchical principles, exists equally between the two lines of policy which these principles adopt. He must choose between them.

"What (ask the Republicans) is the real object of the tactics pursued by the men to whom the elect of the nation appears to abandon himself with so blind a confidence? It is a monarchy by and after the Presidency. That the monarchy may be their end, we can understand; but ought the Presidency to be their means? This is a question that we must take leave to submit to him to whom the people has confided the inviolable deposit of its rights."

Scarcely was the Prince President installed in the Elysée Bourbon, before questions of palace etiquette began to be raised, and parties within the palace seemed for a moment to forget the distinction between the office of the President of a democratic Republic and that of a king or emperor.

It became necessary to decide the forms of reception, levees, presentations, and all the usual ceremonies incident to courts. Here the diplomatic corps interfered, and the late exile had to be schooled in the usages adopted around the persons of the old monarchs.

Nothing could be more at variance with the spirit which prevailed among

the Bonaparte family than this. The cousins of the President were all declared democrats. Napoleon Bonaparte, the son of Jerome, ex-King of Westphalia, the most moderate among them, was an ultra-Republican, a partisan of General Cavaignac and report attributed to him even more advanced principles. Pierre, the second son of Lucien, the late Prince of Canino, was a most furious member of the Mountain—one who, in his speeches, observed no measure or moderation, and who went all the lengths of M. Ledru Rollin and his colleagues, and something farther. Lucien, his brother, recently elected for Corsica, was a still more ardent partisan of the same principles. It will be readily understood how little in harmony with such opinions the court forms prescribed by diplomacy must have been. Prince Louis, nevertheless, was forced into the adoption of some of the most absurd and objectionable amongst them. Thus it was resolved that no one could be received at the palace by the President, even though known to Prince Louis personally, without a formal presentation, either by one of the cabinet ministers, or by one of the ambassadors. Foreigners were informed that they could not be presented at the Elysée Bourbon unless they had previously been presented at their respective courts.

It is difficult to give an idea of the ridicule and disgust, which the announcement of these measures excited. Even the monarchists, legitimists, and dynasties themselves, scouted such ideas, at an epoch like this, and it was loudly declared that neither Henri V. nor Louis Philippe himself would ever have thought of enforcing such regulations. It was said that the regime of the presidential palace should be in harmony with the opinions of the day; and should be such as to conciliate hostile parties, and to disarm envy and malice. Thus it was recommended that the utmost simplicity should mark the intercourse of the President with society; that his receptions should be as exempt as possible from all pretension to court etiquette, and modelled upon those of the ministers under the monarchs, rather than of monarchs themselves.

Unfortunately for the new President, there existed among the diplo-

matic corps only two ambassadors extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary—the Marquis of Normanby, ambassador of Great Britain, and the Duke of Sotomayor, ambassador of Spain. All the other diplomatists being ministers of inferior rank, abstained from interference, and the Duke of Sotomayor kept apart. The President, accordingly, as was reported at the time, fell, unavoidably, into the hands of the Marquis of Normanby, who became—as far, at least, as the sphere of his diplomatic action extended, and as far as the resignation of the Prince President permitted—the evil genius of that personage.

This Nobleman had the ill fortune in Paris to become the most unpopular ambassador within memory, as well with French as English. He incurred this odium in spite of liberal political opinions, which would have recommended him to the republicans and democrats, and in spite of a certain *bonhomie* which would render him acceptable to men of all classes, and a certain desire to please, manifested especially to the sex. His character was ill adapted to the position in which he was placed; his best intentions were always frustrated by some bungling infelicity in their execution; his designs were invariably better than his acts. His ambition being larger than his understanding, he was eternally aiming at being something which he was not—at saying something clever, which broke down in the utterance, and at doing something which, when done, disappointed himself, and offended others, being altogether unlike what he wished to do. His intentions, in short, were always better than his abilities, and his deplorable want of tact and discretion continually rendered his good wishes abortive.

People have often compared him to the cow, which gave rich milk, but just as the pail was filled, kicked it over. It is not that Lord Normanby wants understanding; he has enough, and to spare, for the functions of his office. It is not that he is without genius; for although his endowments are infinitely below his pretensions, there are occasional flashes discernible by a candid and attentive observer. His failure arises always from utter want of tact—from total deficiency of that promptness of judgment, that "*presence d'esprit*," that ready discretion which

are indispensable to a diplomatist. United with these defects, he is haunted by a meddling spirit, fostered by the absence of real and serious affairs sufficient to occupy his time. Never was the adage that "idleness is the mother of mischief" more truly illustrated than in his case. The worst of it is, however, that in this instance the mischief damages those he desires to serve even more than himself.

With these faults, it may be easily conceived to how much prejudice the new President would be exposed by the suggestions of such a counsellor continually placed at his elbow.*

The expectations which were entertained of the revival of commerce, and the improvement of the finances, after the installation of the President, proved altogether unfounded. A momentary reaction took place, but it was only momentary. The collision between the President and his ministers, which broke out the very week of his installation, and the subsequent antagonism manifested between them, and between each of them and the Assembly, soon destroyed the good effects which were about to ensue.

Commerce again languished, and the funds declined. The utter want of confidence in republican institutions cannot be more strongly manifested than in the change which has taken place in the value of public securities in the market since the Revolution of February.

Before that event, the three per cents. stood at about 76, and the fives from 115 to 120. They rapidly declined from these prices to about 45, for the threes, and 75 for the fives. At one epoch, indeed, the threes went as low as 37, but this was momentary.

Since February, they have fluctuated between 40 and 46, rarely exceeding the latter limit. The fives, at one moment, reached 70, but generally remained at a lower point.

It is a remarkable fact that these prices are lower than those of other countries, even where a state of insurrection and a degree of disorganisation prevails.

Thus, at the moment of writing these lines, the last quotation of the Neapolitan fives was 82, while those of the French fives are at 75; yet the kingdom of Naples is distracted with civil war, Sicily has separated from it, and is ruled by a provisional government; the Calabria is in insurrection, and the capital itself converted almost into a fortress, the windows of the royal palace being built up, and loopholes for musketry substituted. Foreign powers have even adopted a somewhat menacing attitude, and civil war and republican propaganda prevail on the frontier; yet, with all this, the Neapolitan fives fetch nearly 10 per cent. more than the French fives.

* The sort of acts which have contributed to the unpopularity of Lord Normanby in Paris, are quite notorious in that capital. The following, which formed the conversation, for a time, in all the salons and the cafés of the Boulevards, and which was the subject of comment in all the journals, may be given as a specimen.

Soon after he was installed in the embassy vacated by Lord Cowley, on the occasion of the Whigs' accession to office, a splendid entertainment was given by him, to which all the most distinguished persons in French society were invited. When the supper-rooms were thrown open, it was found that besides the large tables at which the bulk of the guests took their places, a small table was laid upon a raised dais, or platform, above the level of the rest. To this table were invited, a certain select number of the higher members of the English nobility present. Not one French person shared in this honour; but if they had, it would have made no difference in the effect produced.

The indignation of the guests was extreme, and many among them proposed a general departure. It was thought, however, better taste to pass the matter without notice at the moment. It is needless to say, however, that innumerable tongues were employed on such a topic during the following month. It was said at the time, in defence of Lord Normanby, that the circumstance was not intended to be offensive; that the arrangement was made by the subordinate members of the establishment; and that the same proceeding had taken place, on like occasions, under previous ambassadors, without giving offence, or calling forth remonstrance. If this were true, however, it only showed that there was something in the manner of the personal arrangement of the affair, which created offence, and excited censure, from which his predecessors were exempt.

DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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DUBLIN

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WM. S. ORR, AND CO. 147 STRAND LONDON.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

THE Editor of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, finding it quite impossible to read and answer the innumerable communications sent to him, gives notice that he will not undertake to read or return MSS. unless he has intimated to the writer his wish to have them forwarded for perusal.

Dublin, January, 1849.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CXC.V.

MARCH, 1849.

VOL. XXXIII.

DENNIS'S ETRURIA.*

OUR readers may remember an elegant volume, on the cemeteries and sepulchral antiquities of Etruria, by Mrs. Hamilton Gray, which was noticed in this Magazine about three years ago. We were unable to give Mrs. Gray all the applause we would willingly have awarded to an undertaking evincing so much learning of so rare a kind, in consequence of her ill-judged efforts to sentimentalise the subject, and to invest with the charms of romance and of individual character, the half-forgotten names of traditional personages. Mrs. Gray's work, however, opened an alluring subject; and the learned and candid writer who now delivers the results of his more deliberate researches in the same field, begins by a becoming acknowledgment of the merits of his fair and enthusiastic predecessor, whom he declares "deserving of all praise, for having first introduced Etruria to the notice of her countrymen, and for having, by the graces of her style, and the power of her imagination, rendered a subject so proverbially dry and uninviting as Antiquity, not only palatable, but highly attractive." For our own part, we prefer the aspect of antiquity in which it presents itself, wearing the grave and decent gown of facts and argument; but are rather repelled by the incongruous appearance it makes when it approaches us decked out in the mixed habiliments of the museum and the melodrama. This, however, is rather for us than for Mr. Dennis to say; although a man of accuracy, patience, and industry, might reasonably repine at the errors in taste and treatment

which had gone so far to compromise the just pretensions of his subject. The modesty of Mr. Dennis is not less worthy of remark than his candour. "The object of this work," he says, "is not to collect the *disjecta membra* of Etruscan history, and form them into a whole, though it were possible to breathe into it fresh spirit and life from the eloquent monuments that recent researches have brought to light: it is not to build up from these monuments any theory on the origin of this singular people, on the character of their language, or on the peculiar nature of their civilization: it is simply to set before the reader a mass of facts relating to Etruscan remains, and, particularly, to afford to the traveller who would visit the cities and cemeteries of Etruria such information as may prove of service, by indicating precisely what is now to be found on each site, whether local monuments, or those portable relics which exist in public museums, or in the hands of private collectors." With pretensions so humble, little above those of the compiler of a guide-book, Mr. Dennis, nevertheless, has obliged the public of taste and learning with an elegant, full, and truly erudite work, containing all that is known in fact, and suggestive of everything worth considering speculatively, concerning the subject he has chosen. It is by no means beyond the bounds of probability, that some of the lost works of the ancients who wrote on the origin and history of the Etruscans may yet be discovered. Aristotle, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Theophrastus, Verrius Flaccus, and the

* "The Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria." By George Dennis. 2 vols., 8vo. London: Murray. 1848.

Emperor Claudius, are severally alleged to have written treatises on their laws and antiquities, and to have compiled their annals and chronicles. But none of these works is now forthcoming; and the historian and ethnologist is left to form his inductions respecting the early Etruscans from between thirty and forty words of their language, which are all that antiquity has handed down to us associated with meanings, and from the sepulchral and architectural remains of their cities. The latest anecdote touching their language with which we are acquainted, we find in one of Mr. Dennis's notes. It is necessary to premise that the Etruscans are known to have had colonies and possessions as far northward as the Rhetian Alps.

"Müller entertained the hope, that in some secluded valley of the Grisons or of the Tyrol, a remnant of the old Rhetian dialect might be discovered, which would serve as a key to the Etruscan. He adds, that Von Horman held the Surselvisch dialect to be Etruscan. Within the last few years, Müller's hope has been in some degree realised by the labours of a German scholar, who, though he has found no key to the interpretation of the Etruscan, has at least shown that some remnants of a dialect very like it remain among the Alps of Rhetia. In travelling, in 1842, among these Alps, he was struck with the strange-sounding names, on the high roads, as well as in the most secluded valleys. Mountains or villages bore the appellations of Tilisuna, Blisadona, Naturns, Velthurns, Schluderns, Schlanders, Villanders, Firmisaun, Similaun, Gufidaun, Altrans, Sistrans, Axams. Wherever he turned, these mysterious names resounded in his ears, and he took them to be the relics of some long perished race. He tested them by the Celtic, and could find no analogy; but with the Etruscan he had more success, and found the ancient traditions of a Rhetio-Etruria confirmed. Like many of his countrymen, he rides his hobby too hard; and seeks to establish analogies which none but a determined theorist could perceive. What resemblance is apparent to eye or ear between such words as the following, taken almost at random from his tables? Carcuna = Tschirgant; Caca = Tschätsch; Velacarasa = Vollgröss; Caluruna = Goldrain; Calusa = Schleiss; Calunuturusa = Schlanders; Velayuna = Plawen."

Some of these are, doubtless, very Etruscan-sounding names; and it is certain that throughout ancient Rhetia there exist scattered remains of an Etruscan inhabitation—possibly, though we think not probably, of an Etruscan progress from the north towards Italy. Some of these Rhetio-Etruscan reliques are represented by Mr. Dennis—coarse and barbarous bronzes of men and animals, but evidently of the Tuscan type, and in the peculiar taste of that people. The remarkable successes which have lately attended philological research, and the successive discovery in Egypt, in Persia, and in Syria, of bilingual and trilingual records, by which keys, more or less complete, have been obtained to the hieroglyphic, the cuneiform, and the Xanthian inscriptions, give us good hope that a like clue to this mysterious language of the Etruscans may yet be procured. In fact, three or four inscriptions, in Etruscan and Latin, to all appearance bilingual, have been already discovered. They are, however, unfortunately, too short to give us more than the correspondences of proper names, and the information, perhaps, that the letter *l*, or syllable *al*, added to a proper name, in the Etruscan tongue, had the force of the Latin *natus*, "born at," or "born of," as—

"P. VOLUMNIVS. A. F. VIOLENS. CAPATIA. NATVS."

of which the Etruscan equivalent appears to be—

"Pup. Vellmna Au. Caphatial."

Or in another—

"Q. SENTIVS. L. F. ARRI4. NATVS."

rendered in the Etruscan—

"Quint. Senu. Arnthal."

Or again—

"CAIVS. ALFIVS. A. F. CAINNIA. NATVS."

Thus represented:—

"Ul. Alfui. Nuvi. Calnal."

Such are the slight helps on which antiquaries are glad to rely when the ordinary aids of written histories and surviving reliques of known languages fail them. In the meantime, and until some fortunate explorer shall happen—as sooner or later some one certainly will—on a bilingual inscription, which shall give equivalents for something more than proper names and questionable formulas of patronymics, the three which we have cited will afford enough of matter for antiqua-

rian contention. The first has, unhappily for us, been called in aid of that sad delusion of an identity between the Etruscan and the Irish, although probably the last evidence which any one would have expected to see adduced for such a purpose. The last syllable of this unlucky word "Velimna" is, it appears, Irish for "women," and *væ* we suppose may be taken as Latin for "lamentation." The "lamentations of women," therefore, appeared a very good interpretation for the word in sepulchral inscriptions, and other places where it occurred without any Latin equivalent; but this bilingual inscription stood inconveniently in the way; and there remained nothing for the translator, but either to part with his *famineo ululatu*, or to dispute the authenticity of the inscription. He could not dispense with the Irish cry; it harmonised too absurdly well with the rest of the theory; and so, in an ill hour for the reputation of Dublin in Etruscan lore, he declared the Latin half of Verniglioli's inscription to be a forgery; or, (as is the better method of description, when displacing an inconvenience of this kind), "a clumsy forgery." We shall not mortify ourselves by extracting the severe and contemptuous remarks of Mr. Dennis, and of the affronted Italian, but must beg of their courtesy that, living in a land of letters, they will not impute these unheard-of follies to our city, or to any circle of scholars among us; for we assure them "the lamentations of the women" have been considered as lamentable *bizzarrie* and *paucissimi* here as there.

These unfortunate translations have brought us into contempt in all the seats of learning. At Florence

"Much inquiry has been made of late years by English travellers for a certain 'compass' in this collection, by which the Etruscans steered to Carnsore Point, in the county of Wexford. The first party who asked for this met with a prompt reply from Professor Migliarini, the director of antiquities in Tuscany. He ordered one of his officers to show the *signori* the Room of the Bronzes, and particularly to point out the Etruscan compass. 'Compass'—*bussola*!—the man stared and hesitated; but, on the repetition of the command, led the way, persuaded of his own ignorance, and anxious to discover the article

with which he was not acquainted. The search was fruitless; no compass could be discerned, and the English returned to the professor, complaining of the man's stupidity. Whereon the professor went with the party to the room, and taking down a certain article, exhibited it as the compass. '*Diamine!*' cried the man, 'I always took that for a lamp—an eight-branched lamp,' not daring to dispute the professor's word, though strongly doubting his seriousness. 'Know then, in future,' said Migliarini, 'that this has been discovered by a learned Englishman to be an "Etrusco-Phœnician nautical compass," used by the Etruscans to steer by on their voyages to Ireland, which was a colony of theirs; and this inscription, written in pure Irish or Etruscan, which is all the same thing, certifies the fact—"In the night on a voyage out or home in sailing happily always in clear weather is known the course of going."'"

Had our author, says Mr. Dennis, personally inspected this relique, instead of trusting to illustrations, which all present but one view of it, he must have confessed it an eight-branched lamp, with the holes for the wicks, and the reservoir for the oil. The inscription seems to be merely the patronymic name of the owner, and, possibly, the last word may signify that he was the son of some one called Phœnissa. "*Mi. Suthil. Velthuri. Thura. Turce. Au. Velthuri. Phœnisul.*"

A great part of the plain of ancient Etruria is now comprehended within the sterile district which lies near Rome and on the coast towards Leghorn. The unwholesome character of that part of the Campagna immediately adjoining the city, is alleged to be of immemorial notoriety; and the ill repute of the Tuscan shore in this particular was known to Pliny; but whatever may have been the extent of the evil in ancient days, it is certain that a large tract of the Etruscan territory has been altered in air and soil since the time when Veii and Cære were flourishing cities. All the old sites of this vast population are now almost uninhabitable from *malaria*. It would seem as if, whenever population increases to the extent requiring extensive sewerage, there *malaria* will sooner or later be found. If the sewers of London were stopped for a week, the consequence would probably be a plague; and if any catastrophe laid London in

ruins, the offal contained in its sewers alone would infect the earth through a district of a hundred square miles for centuries to come. In a country inhabited only to the extent necessary for agriculture, the whole offal of animal life is taken up in vegetable reproduction, and no accumulation of noxious matter takes place; but when a people, by commerce and manufactures, as the English, or by conquest and the enjoyment of tribute from subject states, as the piratical Etruscans, crowd their territory with a population greater than suffices for the occupation of the soil by the usual methods of husbandry, there, no matter how effective their systems of sewerage, each year adds to the hidden material of mischief accumulating beneath the surface; and when war, or famine, or national disaster of any kind once overwhelms such a state, the spot pays for its temporary excess of human inhabitation by a corresponding period of desertion and of exclusion from human sojourn. Such a process of compensation does truly appear to have taken place in some of the most crowded sites of life. The plain of Troy, the valley of the Xanthus, the site of Nineveh, these plains of Etruria, once studded with populous cities, and crowded with villas and factories, are all now desolate and debarred from the permanent residence of man. But to whatever extent the causes above suggested may have operated in the sterilization of the Campagna of Rome, and the Tuscan Maremma, there have been other, and, we apprehend, more effective influences at work in the very body of the soil, which appears to have become impregnated with saline and sulphureous deposits, breathed upward from some subterranean volcanic action. The reader, however, who supposes the Maremma forbidden to the traveller at all times of the year, is much mistaken:—

"In summer alone it is unhealthy; from October to May it is as free from noxious vapours as any other part of Italy, and may be visited and explored with perfect impunity. Further," says Mr. Dennis, "it has excellent roads; public conveyances bring it into regular communication with Leghorn, Siena, and Florence; and, in winter at least, its accommodations are as good as will be found on most bye-roads in the Tuscan State."

Mr Dennis unites to antiquarian accuracy a love of nature and capacity for enjoyment, which impart a highly agreeable variety to his work. A mere antiquary is sometimes not unjustly caricatured in works of fiction and on the stage, as a dry and petty pedant, eagerly bent on unimportant speculations; and one of the methods by which ignorance, in the chair of the public instructor, often seeks to carry itself off, is an impudent ridicule of antiquarian pursuits. But the philosophic antiquary is the true father of history. All he deals in speaks of man and of man's progress, and is all subservient to the better acquaintance of man with man, and with himself. The wise antiquary does not love dust or rust for their own sake, but for the sake of the humane uses to which the knowledge buried beneath them may be applied. It is for the sake of the fresh face of youth, that it may be irradiated with the light of love and knowledge, that the true antiquary pores over the mouldering images of buried forms of society, lost arts, and forgotten achievements. Without objects and sympathies such as these, he is but a dealer in the old wares of time, and justly open to the ridicule of petty satirists but a little less learned than himself. But Mr. Dennis is an antiquary of the humanities—a man full of love for the face of man and of nature, and capable of the heartiest enjoyment of both—a man well read also in the polite letters of our own day as well as in the learning of the ancient world; and we go forth with him on the "woods and wasteness wide" of the Maremma, as with an enjoying and enjoyable friend, as well as guide and instructor:—

"My road lay through the level of the Maremma, where, for some miles, everything was in a state of primitive nature; a dense wood ran wild over the plain; it could not be called a forest, for there was scarcely a tree twenty feet in height, but a tall underwood of tamarisk, lentiscus, myrtle, dwarf cork-trees, and numerous shrubs unknown to me, fostered by the heat and moisture into an extravagant luxuriance, and matted together by parasitical plants of various kinds. Here a break offered a peep of a stagnant lagoon—there of the sandy Tombolo, with the sea breaking over it; and above the foliage I could

see the dark crests of Monte Calvi on the one hand, and the lofty promontory of Populonia on the other. Habitations there were none in this wilderness, save one lonely house on a rising ground. If a pathway opened into the dense thickets on either hand, it was the track of the wild beasts of the forest. Man seemed here to have no dominion. The boar, the roebuck, the buffalo, and wild cattle have the undisputed range of the jungle. It was the 'woods and wasteness wide' of this Maremma that seized Dante's imagination when he pictured the Infernal Wood, inhabited by the souls of suicides:—

— 'un bosco
Che da nessun sentiero era segnato,
Non frondi verdi, ma di color fosco;
Non rami schietti, ma nodosi e 'tvolti;
Non pomi v'eran, ma stecchi con tocco.
Non han sì aspri sterpi, nè sì folti
Quelle fiere selveggie, che 'n odio hanno
Tra Cerina e Corneto i luoghi colti.'

After some miles there were a few traces of cultivation—strips of land by the road-side redeemed from the waste, and sown with corn; yet, like the clearings of American backwoods, still studded with stumps of trees, showing the struggle with which nature had been subdued. At this cool season the roads had a fair sprinkling of travellers—labourers going to work, and not a few pedlars, indispensable beings in a region that produces nothing but fish, flesh, and fuel.

"But the population is temporary and nomade, consisting of woodcutters, agricultural labourers, and herdsmen, and those who minister to their wants. These colonists—for such they may strictly be called—are from distant parts of the Duchy, mostly from Pistoja and the northern districts; and they come down to these lowlands in the autumn to cut wood and make charcoal, the prime duties of the Maremma labourer. In May, at the commencement of the summer heats, the greater part of them emigrate to the neighbouring mountains, or return to their homes; but a few linger four or five weeks longer, just to gather in the scanty harvest, where there is any, and then it is *saue qui peut*, and 'the devil take the hindmost.' No one remains in this deadly atmosphere who can in any way crawl out of it; even 'the birds and the very flies' are said, in the emphatic language of the Southron, to abandon the plague-stricken waste. Follonica, which in winter has two or three hundred inhabitants, has scarcely half-a-dozen souls left in the dog-days, beyond the men of the coast-guard, who are doomed to rot at their posts. Such, at least, is the report given by the natives; how far it is coloured by southern imaginations, I leave to others to verify, if they wish it. My

advice, however, for that season would be—

— 'Has terras, Italique hanc litore oram,
Effuge; cuncta malis habitantur menis.'

for the sallow emaciation or dropsical bloatedness, so often seen along this coast, confirms a great part of the tale. In October, when the sun is losing his power to create miasma, the tide of population begins again to flow towards the Maremma."

This, however, is all still life, or, at least, the aspect of crude nature. While we are in the wastes we shall, therefore, transport our readers to the Campagna nearer Rome, where Mr. Dennis will introduce us to a scene of Italian shepherd-life. We are now near the site of the ancient Veii:—

"Occasionally, in my wanderings on this site, I have entered, either from curiosity or for shelter, one of the *capanne* scattered over the downs. These are tall, conical, thatched huts, which the shepherds make their winter abode. For in Italy, the low lands being generally unhealthy in summer, the flocks are driven to the mountains about May, and as soon as the great heats are past are brought back to the richer pastures of the plains. It is a curious sight—the interior of a *capanna*—and affords an agreeable diversity to the antiquity-hunter. A little boldness is requisite to pass through the pack of dogs, white as new-dropt lambs, but large and fierce as wolves, which, were the shepherd not at hand, would tear in pieces who-ever might venture to approach the hut; but with one of the *pecoraj* for a Teucer, nothing is to be feared. The *capanne* are of various sizes. One I entered, not far from Veii, was thirty or forty feet in diameter, and fully as high, propped in the centre by two rough masts, between which a hole was left in the roof for the escape of smoke. Within the door lay a large pile of lambs—there might be a hundred—killed that morning, and already flayed, and a number of shepherds were busied in operating on the carcases of others; all of which were to be dispatched forthwith to the Roman market. Though a fierce May sun blazed without, a huge fire roared in the middle of the hut; but this was for the sake of the *ricotta*, which was being made in another part of the *capanna*. Here stood a huge caldron, full of boiling ewes' milk. In a warm state this curd is a delicious jelly, and has often tempted me to enter a *capanna* in quest of it, to the amazement of the *pecoraj*, to whom it is '*viliore algà*.' Lord of the caldron, stood a man dispensing ladles-full of the rich simmering mess to his fellows, as they brought their

bowls for their morning's allowance; and he varied his occupation by pouring the same into certain small baskets, the serous parts running off through the wicker, and the residue caking as it cooled. On the same board stood the cheeses previously made from the cream. In this hut lived twenty-five men, their nether limbs clad in goat-skins, with the hair outwards, realising the satyrs of ancient fable; but they had no nymphs to tease, nor shepherdesses to woo, and never

——— 'Sat all day
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida!'

They were a band of celibats, without the vows. In such huts they dwell all the year round, slaying lambs, or shearing sheep, living on bread, *sicotta*, and water, very rarely tasting meat or wine, and sleeping on shelves ranged round the hut, like berths in a ship's cabin. Thus are the dreams of Arcadia dispelled by realities!"

These Roman pastors with their fierce dogs recall the pennis and guardian mastiffs of the heroic Swine-herd of Ulysses:—

"Twelve pennis there were within, all side by side;
Lairs for the swine, and fast immured in each
Lay fifty pregnant females on the floor.—
The males all slept without, less numerous far,
Thinned by the princely wooders at their feast.—
Four mastiffs in adjoining kennels lay,
Resembling wild beasts, nourished at the board
Of the illustrious steward of the styes.—
Himself sat fitting sandals to his feet,
Carved from a stained ox-hide.
Soon as these clamorous watch-dogs the approach
Saw of Ulysses, baying loud they ran
Toward him. He, as ever, well advised,
Squatted, and let his staff fall to the ground.

But the swain,
Following his dogs in haste, sprung through the porch,
To his assistance, letting fall the hide;
With chiding voice and vollied stones, he soon
Drove them apart —"

The main features of life remain, like the passions and chief necessities of mankind, the same in all ages. No invention for the production of man's daily bread has yet superseded the plough. Country life has still its shepherds and milkmaids, and each of us who has the happiness to possess a tranquil mind, and to live in the country, may say, "I, too, in Arcadia." The pastors of the Campagna will probably be found in their boothies eating boiled milk a thousand years hence as primitively as now, perhaps more primitively than in the days when the magnificent and populous Veii looked down on the same plain from the neighbouring heights of the Isola Farnese.

What appearance these great cities may have presented we can now only guess from the remains of their walls and cemeteries. All antiquity tells us that as the world has grown older, the care bestowed on sepulchral monuments has diminished. The cities of Egypt and Etruria, built for the sojourn of the living, have disappeared, but their necropolises still

defy the tooth of time. It will not be so with any of the nations of the modern world. Pere la Chaise will never preserve the memory of the site of Paris; nor the cemetery at Glasnevin point to the future traveller the place where once had stood the metropolis of the Irish. Even the rude Celtic times have bequeathed to us sepulchral monuments which will probably outlast our costliest public buildings.

In one of the oldest sites of Italy, Saturnia—a name recalling the *Saturnia regna* of the earliest traditions of Roman story—Mr. Dennis discovered a number of tombs of this last description, which are probably the oldest Celtic monuments in existence, in this division of the world; for we suppose there can be little doubt that the Celts preceded the other tribes in Italy, as elsewhere throughout western Europe. Saturnia is situated about twenty miles from the sea, midway between the Ombrone and the Lago di Bolsena. We are not aware of any previous account of this remote spot in

any writer more recent than Cluver, who merely mentions it as retaining the name which it had under its Pelasgic occupiers prior to the Trojan war: "Nomen integrum hodieque retinet in ruinis." For a description of the old place itself, and of the wild yet pleasing route by which our author approached it, we must refer to Mr. Dennis's pages; but the matter which will chiefly interest the readers of this paper has reference to a locality at some distance from the walls on the road to Rusellæ, where Mr. Dennis discovered a number of *cromlech* tombs, in all respects identical with one class of that description of monuments of very frequent occurrence throughout Brittany and the British islands. We mean that form of covered *cromlech*, such as Dr. Petrie has illustrated in his paper on the remains at northern Moy-tuire, where the tumulus is raised over a stone chamber, covered in with a single stone, and (here, at Saturnia) in one instance surrounded by a circle of "stones pitched on end." Of such stone circles, encircling sepulchral *tumuli*, Pausanias has recorded two examples in Ancient Greece. Mr. Dennis, however, observed but one of the *tumuli* at Piano di Palma, surrounded by a stone circle; but conjectures, from the smaller size of the stones so employed, that the peasantry may have carried away the surrounding stones from the others:—

"The tombs," he says, "are sunk but little below the surface, because each is inclosed in a tumulus—the earth being piled around, so as to conceal all but the cover-stones, which may have been also originally buried. In many instances the earth has been removed or washed away, so as to leave the structure standing above the surface. Here the eye is startled by the striking resemblance to the *cromlechs* of our own country;—not that one such monument is actually standing above the ground in an entire state; but remove the earth from any one of those with a single cover-stone, and in the three upright slabs, with their shelving, overlapping lid, you have the exact counterpart of Kit's Cotty House, and other like familiar antiquities of Britain. . . . In some of the *cromlechs*, moreover, which are inclosed in *tumuli*, long passages laid with upright slabs, and roofed in with others laid horizontally, have been found; whether the similar passages in those tombs of Satur-

nia were also covered in, cannot now be determined."

In one of the notes (all full of curious learning) with which Mr. Dennis's text is accompanied, we find the collected *notitia* of all the foreign *cromlechs* yet discovered. Our author conjectures that these remains do not necessarily import a national identity among the tribes who so entombed their dead; arguing that a mode of interment so simple would naturally suggest itself to all tribes at a certain stage of their progress out of barbarism. This is more reasonable than the fantastic reveries of some naturalists, who would have the stone monuments of Brittany to be the result of a process of disintegration in the rock; but there is too much regularity and method in the arrangements of the *cromlech*-tombs, with their approaching passages and cinctures of pillar stones, to be the suggestion of a mere similarity in social circumstances. They would seem to be the traces of a wide-spread early family, which had proceeded westward from Asia by a double route, through Scythia and Scandinavia on the one hand, and by the shores of the Mediterranean on the other. Stayed by the Atlantic, and pressed on by succeeding waves of population, flowing from the same prolific centre of existence, they have gradually disappeared before the faces of a more energetic race; but they still fill the Atlantic coasts of Spain and Gaul, and people the western half of the British islands. The Atlantic now no longer opposes a barrier to their escape, and they begin to constitute a large proportion of the population of the New World. Here also, in process of time, the struggle for existence will arise on the fully-populated fields of Oregon and California, and the Celt, pursued round the world by more laborious rivals, may ultimately have to seek the simple subsistence which contents him in the old seats of his Asiatic forefathers. In the meantime, let us turn to the traces of his progress, which he seems already to have left in the course of his earlier journeyings, as we find them collected in the note of Mr. Dennis:—

"How numerous these monuments are in the British Isles is well known. They are found also on the Continent

of Europe, particularly in the north of France; and also in the Spanish Peninsula, though to what extent they exist there is unknown, as the antiquities of that land have been little investigated (see Borrow's '*Bible in Spain*,' chap. vii.) On the shores of the Mediterranean they are particularly abundant. Besides the other two sites in Etruria, they are found in Sardinia and the Balearics; and it may not be generally known that they exist in abundance in the Regency of Tunis, anciently the territory of Carthage, as I learn from the notes and sketches of Mr. Catherwood, who has penetrated far into that unexplored region, and possesses artistic records of its monuments of such value and interest, as to demand publication. From these documents I learn that the tombs of the African desert exactly accord, in construction and measurements, with the better-known monuments of this character. The three sites on which he found them were Sidi Boosi, to the north-east of Hydrah, Welled Ayar, and Lheys. At the first place they were particularly numerous. I am not aware that any have been discovered in Greece, but in Asia they are not wanting. Captains Irby and Mangles describe a group of them on the banks of the Jordan. '*Holy Land*,' p. 99, Colon. Libr. edit. They are said also to have been found among the mountains of the Caucasus, and on the steppes of Tartary; and recent researches have brought them to light in the Presidency of Madras. For in a letter read at the Asiatic Society, Jan. 17th, 1846, Captain Newbold stated that near Chittoor, in North Arcot, he had seen a square mile of ground covered with such monuments, mostly opened and destroyed by the natives for the sake of the blocks which composed them, yet a few remained entire, to testify to the character of the rest. In them were found sarcophagi, with the bones of the dead, and pottery of red and black ware. They were here paved with a large slab, and entered by a circular hole in one of the upright slabs, which formed the walls."

The contest for antiquity between Egypt and India is still undetermined. The Indian claims, however, which were for some time unduly discredited, appear lately to have obtained renewed respect. The exorbitant demands on European admiration made on their behalf by the Orientalists of the last century, excited a corresponding excess of incredulity in the beginning of this. Our divines, also, appear to have supposed that in discrediting their

sacred books, new proofs were gained of the authenticity of ours. Hence, when Mr. Bentley produced his argument for the recent forgery of their astronomical treatises, it was at once accepted as a demonstration, to doubt which was in some degree impious. Yet nothing could be more delusive than Bentley's argument, which was: that the tables must have been forged at the time of least average error in all their calculations, instead of selecting the one point where the calculations seemed to come right; since the concoctors of forged tables would at least take care that their reckonings should tally with the truth in their own time; and as, in fact, the calculations of those tables do tally with the truth in A.D. 496. Bentley's sophism, however, has been acquiesced in with a superstitious respect for upwards of half a century; but the discovery of the Arabic treatise of Albiruni, the contemporary of Mohamed of Ghusnee, in which these tables are quoted, and their compilation referred to the ancient epoch, displaces the whole forgery-theory, and renits us back to the innocent fact, that at or about the end of the fifth century, the Hindoo astronomers had made considerable advances in their science—a fact which it was in no way necessary, for any purpose of religion or morals, to have disputed. We observe that these allegations of forgery are rarely resorted to for ingenious purposes: still more rarely do we find the forgery satisfactorily fixed to a particular time, though nothing is more common than to hear the exclamation—"Oh! that is a forgery of the sixth—a forgery of the tenth—a forgery of the twelfth century!"—the subject-matter, in nine cases out of ten, being no forgery at all, but an inconvenient historical testimony, which the accusing writer finds himself not sufficiently learned to reconcile with the tenor of cotemporary evidences.

But we are here in the country of a famous forger, Fra Giovanni Nanni, commonly known as Annio di Viterbo, a Dominican monk, who lived in the fifteenth century, and furnished matter for much of the scholastic discussion of the sixteenth, by his pretended discovery of fragments of various ancient writers—Berosus, Manetho, Metasthenes, Archilocus, Xenophon, Fabius Pictor, Cato, Antoninus, with alleged portions of new

authors not before known. His motive for these enormities was merely the desire to exalt the antiquity, and magnify the primitive importance of his native town. The same motive, Mr. Dennis observes, "as ascribed to many of the cities of Spain a foundation by Japhet or Tubal-Cain; and to this foolish partiality we owe many a bulky volume replete with dogmatical assertions, distortions of history, unwarranted readings, or interpretations of ancient writers, and sometimes even blackened with that foulest of literary crimes—forgery." Yet Viterbo, notwithstanding all the unholy zeal of Fra Giovanni in its favour, retains but few traces of antiquity, and is hardly worth a visit of the Etruscan explorer. Some rock-cut tombs, sewers, and a portion of a bridge of questionable origin, are the only objects pretending to an ante-Roman antiquity. But the tablet of King Desiderio, one of Annio's alleged fabrications, may be seen in the Palazzo Comunale, as well as another of those ingenious devices of our Dominican, known as the *Tabula Cibelaria*, by which he sought to make it appear that his town was as ancient as Corytus, or earlier than the foundation (not to speak of the siege) of Troy. Strange perversion of the sentiment of local attachment!

But Annio's Viterban forgeries must not divert us too long from those authentic evidences of ancient times, the tombs, from which we have strayed into this digression. In passing from the cromlech tumuli of Saturnia to the sepulchral chambers of the Etruscans, we step over the boundary between barbarism and a considerably advanced state of civilisation. In the cromlech, even here, and in Gaul or Britain, where such constructions have been carried to the greatest magnitude, and adorned with the utmost skill of their architects, we find no trace of alphabetical knowledge, and only very rude approaches to ideographic representations. The spirals, zig-zags, and semblances of shields, wheels, and palm-branches, observed at Newgrange, or at Lockmariaker, are possibly to be found also at Saturnia, at Chittoor—if Captain Newbold's observation can be depended on—or wherever else the same type of tomb may be repeated; but the Etruscans, from whatever part of the world they

came—and all the weight of evidence is that they came from Lydia—arrived in Italy a comparatively polished people, possessing a complex system of theology, a knowledge of alphabetic writing, and great skill in the constructive arts. They were architects, navigators, manufacturers, and alphabetical writers. Their religion, whatever may have been its particular tenets, taught them, at all events, to pay a peculiar respect to their dead, and to construct their tombs splendidly and durably. They appear also, in the construction and arrangement of their sepulchres, to have adhered, to a great extent, to the model of the houses of the living. Hence, as we have said, the transition from the Celtic, or, if you will, Pelasgic tumulus, with its rude, unhewn uprights and cover-stones—and possibly there as here, with its shallow rudimentary sarcophagus, and its spiral and zig-zag carvings—to the Etruscan sepulchral mansion, cut in the rock, or built under its mole of masonry, with its hall, its ante-chamber, its seats, benches, painted cornices, and raftered ceiling, is like passing from the hut of the savage to the dwelling of the civilised man. We will not be understood, however, as representing all the Etruscan tombs under this description. Many of them—those, probably, of the poorer classes—consist merely of a deep niche cut in the scurped face of the rock, without doorway or façade of any kind: others have the aperture decorated with a moulding; others with a corniced moulding and door; others, again, with pediment and carved entablatures; and among those which are excavated under ground, or built beneath the covering of a tope or mole of masonry, some consist of a single chamber, others of a chamber with a hall, others, again, of several apartments with galleries and labyrinths, such as we have lately noticed in connexion with the subject of sepulchral architecture generally. But the house-like arrangements are those which will most interest the reader. These are found strikingly exemplified at Cervetri, the *Cære* of the ancients, mother of the *Cæremonia* of Pagan, and to a great extent of Christian, Rome. Cervetri, about midway between Rome and Civita Vecchia, is a compact little town, seated in a valley between two insulated hills, the more

southern of which was occupied by the ancient city, and the more northern by its Necropolis. This latter eminence, called the Banditaccia, and comprising fully forty times the area of the modern town, is laid out in streets and avenues of tombs, and presents all the appearance of a city of sepulchres:—

“This Banditaccia is a singular place—a Brodignag warren, studded with mole-hills. It confirmed the impression I had received at Bieda and other sites, that the cemeteries of the Etruscans were often intentional representations of their cities. Here were ranges of tombs hollowed in low cliffs, rarely more than fifteen feet high, not piled one on another, as at Bieda, but on the same level, facing each other as in streets, and sometimes branching off laterally into smaller lanes or alleys. In one part was a spacious square or piazza, surrounded by tombs instead of houses. . . . Within the tombs the analogy was preserved. Many had a large central chamber, with others of a smaller size opening upon it, lighted by windows in the wall of rock, which served as a partition. This central chamber represented the *atrium* of Etruscan houses, whence it was borrowed by the Romans; and the chambers around it the *triclinia*, for each had a bench of rock round three of its sides, on which the dead had lain, reclining in effigy, as at a banquet. The ceilings of all the chambers had the usual beams and rafters hewn in the rock.”

To complete the resemblance, the chamber is occasionally furnished, not only with its triclinium of couches, ranged round the wall, but with chairs and footstools carved out of the rock. The ceilings also sometimes exhibit the imitation, in stone, of wicker carpentry-work, and the walls of panelling. In some cases a pillar in the chief apartment supports a stone-carved beam, to which the imitation-rafters of the roof slope up from each side wall, indicating that the edifice so imitated consisted of but one story. On the whole, from these interiors we may form a tolerably accurate idea of the arrangements of an ancient Etruscan dwelling-house; as, from the various articles found in the tombs, we may of their furniture, arms, ornaments, and utensils. But the paintings on the walls make us acquainted

with their manners, and let us very fully into their notions of life, and death, and human destiny.

They appear to have been an extremely luxurious people, addicted in life to wine, feasting, dancing, and dalliance, and unwilling to forget their enjoyments even in the grave. For the walls of these tombs are very generally covered with representations of banquets and carousals, in which, contrary to the practice at Greek entertainments, the wives of the *convives* are seen reclining beside them, and partake of their sepulchral jollity. Some of the Italian antiquaries, however, are too strongly imbued with Greek notions to admit that these female figures can be other than courtesans, and exclaim against the scandal of supposing that staid matrons should appear, like modern Englishwomen or Frenchwomen, at table with their husbands. But the dancing-girls, and other female figures of that class, who are also occasionally introduced in these scenes, differ too evidently from the sedate and modest occupants of the banqueting couches to leave that opinion any reasonable show of probability. The festal character of these anomalous scenes was carried even further in the effigies of the dead, which reclined on the stone couches surrounding the sepulchral chamber. With goblets in their hands, and brows crowned with chaplets, these images of deceased voluptuaries, still present the aspect of enjoyment. A tranquil luxurious ease pervades their limbs and countenances. Battles, dea h-struggles, gorgons, and chimeras, griffins, and centaurs, fill the panellings of the stone couches on which they repose, with forms of vehement action, of wrath and terror; but *they* lie easily and peacefully, like satiated guests, who having used all that was good at the table of life, leave others to consume, in wrath and suffering, the dregs and bitter remnants. Such a group of sepulchral Sybarites may be seen in one of the recently opened tombs at Perugia:—

“When a torch is lighted you perceive yourself to be in a spacious chamber, with a very lofty roof, carved into the form of beam and rafters, but with an extraordinarily high pitch; the slopes forming an angle of 45° with the horizon, instead of 20° or 25° as usual.

The dimensions are 24 feet long, 12 wide, and about 16 high. On this chamber open nine others, of much smaller size, all empty, save one at the further end, where a party of revellers, each on a snow-white couch, with chapleted brow, torque-decorated neck, and goblet in hand, lie—a petrification of conviviality—in solemn mockery of the pleasures to which for ages on ages they have bidden adieu."

These ghostly banqueters, it appears by the inscriptions, were of the family of the Volumnii, of kin possibly to the wife of Coriolanus, and of the same widely-spread clan named also in Vermiglioli's inscription. The couches generally constitute the coffins which hold the ashes of the person represented. The effigy reposes in a easy attitude, reclining generally on the left elbow, on the lid. The goblet is replaced by the mirror or patera in the hands of the female effigies; but in the festive scenes painted on the walls, the females also reach their hands to the wine cup. Signor Campanari has assembled a company of these recumbent figures in a pretty garden at Toscanella:—

"The garden is a most singular place. You seem transported to some scene of Arabian romance, where the people are all turned to stone, or lie spell-bound, awaiting the touch of a magician's wand to restore them to life and activity. All round the garden, under the close-embowering shade of trellised vines, beneath the drooping boughs of the weeping willow, the rosy bloom of the oleander, or the golden fruit of the orange and citron, forming in fact the borders to the flower-beds, there they lie—Lucumones of aristocratic dignity, portly matrons bedecked with jewels, stout youths and graceful maidens, reclining on the lids of their coffins, or rather on their festive couches, meeting with fixed stony stare the astonishment of the stranger. . . . It is as strange a place as may well be conceived. In the garden wall is a doorway. . . . The door opens into what seems an Etruscan sepulchre. . . . It is a spacious vaulted chamber, and contains ten sarcophagi—a family group—each individual reclining in effigy on his own coffin. It is a banquetting hall of the dead, for they lie here in festive attitude and attire, yet in utter silence and gloom, each with a goblet in his hand, from which he seems to be pledging his fellows. This solemn carousal, this mockery of mirth, re-

minded me of that wild blood-curdling song of Procter's:—

'King Death was a rare old fellow—
He sat where no sun could shine;
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And pouted out his coal-black wine,
Hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah for the coal-black wine!"

The flesh of all the figures has been painted red, the colour, it is said, of beatification; and Mr. Dennis inclines to the opinion of those who regard the effigy so painted as an expression of the apotheosis of the deceased, and refers to Horace's allusion to the deified Augustus:—

"Quos inter Augustus recumbens,
Purpureo bibit ore nectar."

To a people so addicted to the sensual pleasures of life, death must have worn a peculiarly gloomy and terrible aspect; and the fatal messenger in all their representations testifies to their dread of the "abhorred change" by his hideous appearance. Armed with a huge hammer, the symbol of all the infernal spirits in these pictures, having the features and complexion of a negro, snakes twisted in his locks, or encircling his brawny arms, the hideous Charon, the conductor of the Etruscan ghosts is seen heading dismal processions of spirits descending to the lower world. Sometimes he appears leading the "pale horse," on which a disembodied equestrian rides to judgment; a slave behind, bearing a sack full of provisions for the way. In all these representations, whether leading off the warrior from battle, the infant from the mother's breast, or the bride from the marriage feast, the Etruscan Charon appears in the strong language of our author "a black, hideous, brute-carred demon," armed either with snakes or with his terrible mallet. We are not sufficiently versed in Samothracian mysteries to say whether Braun, the German expositor of these symbols, have any good grounds for alleging that this huge hammer is the mystical emblem of the Cabiri; but we may venture to smile at a certain sanguine hyperborean who sees in it the hammer of Scandinavian Thor; and to submit that possibly the nearest analogy is that suggested by Inghirami, who refers to the Turkish superstition of demons punishing wretched souls with the blows of hammers, as noticed by our own oriental traveller, Po-

cocke. It is but seldom we find any characteristics of the ancient mariner, "the pilot of the livid lake," about his Etruscan namesake. Sometimes an object is observed in his hand which may be taken for an oar or rudder. But, generally, the idea of the deceased crossing a water of any kind on the journey to Orcus does not appear to have been present to the designers of these tombs. On the contrary, the departing spirit is led away mounted, as if to an equestrian rendezvous, or horse-fair of the dead:—

"On an urn, on the lid of which he reclines in effigy, a youth is represented on horseback, about to start on that journey from which no traveller returns. His little sister rushes in, and strives to stay the horse's steps. In vain; the relentless messenger of death seizes the bridle, and hurries him away.

"An unskilled hand, but one informed
With genius, had the marble warmed
With that pathetic life."

"There are many such family separations, all of deep interest. The most common is the parting of husband and wife, embracing for the last time. That such is the import, is proved by the fatal horse, in waiting to convey him or her to another world; and a genius, or it may be grim Charun himself, in readiness as conductor, and a slave, with a large sack on his shoulder, to accompany them, intimating the length and dreariness of the journey, while his relatives and little ones stand around, mourning his departure. Here the man is already mounted, driven away by Charun with his hammer, while a female genius affectionately throws her arm round the neck of the disconsolate widow, and tries to assuage her grief. Here again the man has mounted, and a group of females rush out frantically to stop him. In some, the parting takes place at a column, the bourne that cannot be repassed—the living on this side, the dead on that; or at a doorway, one within, the other without, giving the last squeeze of the hand, ere the door closes up on one for ever."

In connexion with these pictures of the dead riding to the world of spirits on horseback, a quick imagination may recall the ballad of "Leonora"—

"Ho, ho! the dead can ride apace—
Dost fear to ride with me?"

The horse of the dead, himself, is found elaborately drawn and painted on the walls of the Grotta Campana at

Veii. "His neck and fore-hand are red, with yellow spots; his head black; mane and tail yellow; hind-quarters and near leg black; near fore-leg corresponding with his body; off legs yellow, spotted with red." On this piebald steed sits the soul, naked, while Charon marches in front, with his hammer on his shoulder. A gradient sphynx and rampant leopard bring up the rear of this grotesque yet dismal procession.

The condition of the soul, after reaching its journey's end, is shown in other frescos. Here we may notice a remarkable distinction between the Pagan and Christian conceptions of a future state. In the former, all distinct ideas of retribution are confined to the event of punishment. Ixion and his wheel, Tantalus and his draught of water, Sisyphus and his stone, Prometheus, the Danaides, are more distinct, perhaps more dreadful, pictures of punishment than any even of the "Inferno" of Dante. It cannot be said with truth—as thoughtless preachers sometimes tell unlearned congregations—that these people had no idea of the punishments which await the wicked in a future state of existence. On the contrary, the hell of the Pagans had a singularly distinct and vivid realisation in their minds, less dreadful than that which revelation discloses to us, chiefly because less awfully obscure, and less in contrast with a state of happiness. For, while they entertained these vivid notions of the fate of the wicked, they had no conception of anything resembling the Christian heaven.

All distinctness disappears as we enter the melancholy meadows of Asphodel, which constituted their shadowy image of Elysium. Macpherson never imagined more misty outlines, or peopled his heath of Lodi with forms more pale and unsubstantial. Well might Achilles, in such an Elysium, declare—

"Renowned Ulysses! think not death a theme
Of consolation. I had rather live
The servile hind for hire, and eat the bread
Of some man scantily himself sustained,
Than sovereign empire hold o'er all the shades."

This superior distinctness of the painful side of the picture of futurity, is as observable in the Etruscan as in the later Pagan representations. Among the earliest discovered tombs at Tarquinii, was one found in 1699.

"It was illustrative of the religious creed of the Etruscans, representing souls in the charge of winged genii. Three of these souls, in the form of naked men, were suspended by their hands from the roof of the chamber. The demons stood by, one with a mallet, some with torches, and some with singular nondescript instruments, with which they seemed about to torment the bodies of their victims." In all cases where it is represented, the gate of Orcus appears surrounded by forms of terror—wild beasts, gorgons, snakes, and furies brandishing their torches. It would be tedious to go through even an imperfect enumeration of the various modes in which this sense of future punishment is indicated on those monuments. And, as opposed to this gloomy view of futurity, there appeared little or nothing consolatory, unless we suppose the banquets and revelries to have relation to the world beyond, instead of on this side, the grave. But this seems little probable; for, were it so, we might look to find angel ministrants, or other similar marks of a celestial banquet. But in these scenes, everything is of earth—earthly. But this is a subject on which much difference of opinion prevails among those better competent to judge than parties writing and speculating at a distance from the actual monuments. "Inghirami regards such scenes as the apotheosis of virtuous souls; that the figures symbolise the souls of the departed, thus depicted in the enjoyment of sensual pleasures, because the ancients had no other way of representing the delights of Elysium." If so, we, who possess a worthier belief and knowledge, may be the more thankful; for even the dreary wastes of Asphodel were preferable to a heaven of debauchery.

Equal uncertainty exists as to the meaning of the subordinate ornaments of these interiors. In the circular disc, between dolphins, which is sometimes seen in the internal gable of these chambers, one set of interpreters see a sun rising from the waters, and typifying the resurrection from the grave; others, a mere conventional ornament, without meaning, or further object than the decorative filling up of that portion of the wall. The former explanation seems, indeed, very fanciful; but in the attempt to read these paintings symbolically, it

is hardly possible to stay the excursions of the imagination. As an instance of the lengths to which the fancy, over-engaged, will hurry on the speculative interpreter, take Professor Orioli's reading of the paintings in the interior of the Grotta de Pompei, at Tarquinii. In the sepulchres of the Etruscans generally, as well as in their cities, circuses, amphitheatres, and temples, Orioli sees "a secret allusion to the economy of the universe and its grand divisions." The tomb in question—

"Manifestly figures the kingdom of shades and the infernal world. The pillar in the centre is the chief of the five mountains which were supposed to support our globe. The surrounding frieze expresses this still better in the language of art; for its upper portion, with waves and dolphins, indicates most clearly the sea, which covers the infernal world, and surrounds our globe; and the lower, with rose-flowers, indicates the infernal world itself, which has its own peculiar vegetation. Nor are the mutules and triglyphs without meaning; for, as in architecture they represent beams and rafters, so here they are hieroglyphical of the skeleton and frame-work of the infernal world, and of its great mountain—a bold artistic metaphor, which of rocks makes beams; but not less bold than that other, which of the waves of the sea makes a meander-pattern."

The peculiar vegetation of the infernal world, we should rather have supposed, would be indicated by a different kind of Flora from that which yields the blushing rose—

"Not such as earth out of her fruitful womb
Throws forth to man, sweet and well-savour'd,
But direful deadly black, both leaf and bloom;
Fit to adorn the dead, and deck the dreary
tomb—"

As mournfull cypress, grown in greatest store,
And trees of bitter gall; and henbane sad;
Dead sleeping poppy and black hellebore,
Cold colocintida, and tetra mad,
Mortall samnitis; and cleuta bad,
With which the unjust Athenians made to dy
Wise Socrates—"

But it is time for us to emerge from the damp atmosphere of the tombs, and leave the dead to rest in peace. The sun of Tuscany shines genially on the world without; the air is full of life and fragrance, and on every side are objects of delight for the educated or the curious eye. If we seek further antiquarian enjoyments, we may find

them in twenty city-sites, with their Cyclopean walls and gates, their theatres and citadels. We may search round the rocky sides of the Isola Farnese for the mine in the rock by which Camillus let his Roman soldiery into the citadel of Veii. We may measure the great stones in the fragmentary walls of Cortona, of Cozna, or Rusellæ, or admire the vast blocks forming the arch discovered by Mr. Dennis, on the Macra. In all such excursions we shall have an intelligent guide and a delightful companion in our author. The field is so wide, and the objects so diversified, that we have not attempted, and do not mean to attempt any topographical arrangement in this notice; nor do we think it would repay the toil of the cursory reader to be told how far apart are Veii and Perugia, or by what route he might, with most economy of time and money, travel from Rome to Carrara, or *vice versa*; and the reader who seriously proposes to undertake such a tour, would not rest satisfied with our description, when another so much more complete can be had in Mr. Dennis's volumes. But we cannot refrain from taking a prospect from the summit of the Ciminian Mount, about mid-way between Rome on the south, and the Lago di Bolsena on the north, the Tiber on the east, and the sea on the west, of the surrounding plain, in which within the range of a keen eye are situated most of the chief places of note in Etruscan story. That dread Ciminian forest of which we have read in Livy—how the senate advised Fabius not to risk the destruction of his army by entering its trackless labyrinths, and how all Rome was horror-struck to hear of his having marched through it notwithstanding—is still represented by thick, wolf-breeding woods round the base of the mountain. Mr. Dennis's guide showed him a tree where, when a boy, he had taken refuge from a pack of wolves. The tree was young and pliant, and bent fearfully beneath him; and he often expected to be cast down during the time the fierce brutes remained gaping for him, as for a ripe fruit ready to drop from the branch. But let us ascend the hill, and take our survey of the great plain of Etruria:—

“Who has not hailed with delight the view from the summit of the long

steep ascent which rises from the shores of the lake to the shoulder of the mountain?—for from this height, if the day be clear, he will obtain his first view of Rome. There lies the vast, variegated expanse of the Campagna at his feet, with its frame-work of sea and mountain. There stands Soracte in the midst, which,

‘From out the plain
Heaves like a long-swept wave, about to break,
And on the curl hangs, pausing.’

“The white convent of San Silvestro gleams on its dark craggy crest, as though it were an altar to the god of poetry and light on this his favourite mountain. There sweeps the long range of Apennines, in grey or purple masses, or rearing some giant, hoary peak, into the blue heaven. There flows the Tiber at their feet, from time to time sparkling in the sun, as it winds through the undulating plain. There in the southern horizon swells the Alban Mount, with its soft flowing outlines; and there, apparently at its foot, lies Rome herself, distinguishable more by the æpula of St. Peter's than by the white line of her buildings. Well, traveller, mayest thou gaze; for even in her present fallen state—

‘Possis nihil, urbe Romæ
Visere majus.’

Nor must the dense and many-tinted woods, which clothe the slopes of the mountain around and beneath, be passed without notice. It is the Ciminian forest, still as in olden times the terror of the Roman, and still with its majestic oaks and chesnuts vindicating its ancient reputation—*silvæ sunt consuli dignæ*!

“On descending from the crest of the pass, on the road to Viterbo, a new scene broke on my view. . . . It was the great Etruscan plain, the fruitful mother of cities renowned before Rome was—where arose, flourished, and fell that nation which from this plain, as from a centre, extended its dominion over the greater part of Italy; giving laws, arts, and institutions to the surrounding tribes, and to Rome itself, the twin-sister of Greece in the work of civilizing Europe. . . . With what pride must an Etruscan have regarded this scene two thousand five hundred years since. The numerous cities in the plain were so many trophies of the power and civilization of his nation. There stood Volsinii, renowned for her wealth and arts, on the shores of her crater-lake; there Tuscania reared her towers in the west; there Vulci shone out from the plain, and Cosa from the mountain; and there Tarquinii, chief of all, asserted her metropolitan

supremacy, from her cliff-bound heights. Nearer still, his eye must have rested on city after city—some in the plain, and others at the foot of the slope beneath him; while the mountains in the horizon must have carried his thoughts to the glories of Clusium, Perusia, Cortona, Vetulonia, Volaterræ, and other cities of the great Etruscan confederation. How changed is now the scene! Save Tuscania, which still retains her site, all within view, are now desolate. Tarquinii has left scarce a vestige of her greatness on the grass-grown heights she once occupied. The very site of Volsinii is forgotten; silence has long reigned in the crumbling theatre of Ferentum; the plough yearly furrows the bosom of Vulci; the fox, the owl, and the bat, are the sole tenants of the vaults within the ruined walls of Cosa; and of the rest, the greater part have neither building, habitant, nor name—nothing but the sepulchres around them to prove they ever had an existence.

"Did he turn to the southern side of the mountain?—his eye wandered from city to city of no less renown, studding the plain beneath him—Veii, Fidenæ, Falerii, Fescennium, Capena, Nepete, Sutrium; all these powerful, wealthy, and independent. Little did he foresee that you small town on the banks of the Tiber would prove the destruction of them all, and even of his nation, name, and language."

Of all the objects here within ken, there is none more suggestive of curious speculation than the walls of Cosa above-mentioned. Cosa stood on an isolated hill on the coast. It is at present called Ansedonia, and is utterly desert. But the walls are of that peculiar polygonal masonry which marks the Cyclopean works of Magna Græcia rather than of Etruria; and much contention has been bred among the learned in ancient architecture, both as to their authors and as to their age. Their remains exhibit a magnificent specimen of polygonal masonry. The stones appear to have been planed to a uniform surface by the chisel, after their erection, and the exterior wherever the wall remains standing, is to this day "as smooth as a billiard-table." The joints also are so perfect that it is with difficulty a knife-blade can be inserted: so that the wall at a little distance looks as if it were covered with a smooth coat of plaster, scratched over with strange diagrams. These are the

outlines of the polygonal blocks, often eight or nine feet long, by four or five feet thick. At intervals square towers project from the wall, serving, in a rude way, the office of modern bastions. We shall not follow Mr. Dennis into his discussion of Micali's theory, from which he dissents, that these polygonal structures are of later date than the rectangular masonry of the walls of most of the other Etruscan cities; but he assigns reasons which appear conclusive for discarding the theory that masonry of that kind arose from the local necessity of consulting the natural cleavage of the rock; showing, as he does, abundant examples of rock having a natural polygonal cleavage, cut and squared into the one species; and of rock not naturally polygonal in its cleavage, cut and bevelled into the other. It would appear from what Prescott tells us, that the early Peruvians practised this method of building; and Dr. Petrie has brought to light a number of examples of such masonry in its ruder stages, in the ancient stone forts of Ireland. It appears to be as wide-spread as the Cromlech. We would suggest to future explorers of central Italy, where the noblest polygonal constructions are found, to make a diligent search for the necropolises of these Cyclopean cities. Should their sepulchres turn out to be of the cromlech kind, they might furnish some further hints towards clearing up the Pelasgic mystery. As the evidences at present stand, there seems some considerable degree of reason for regarding the Pelasgi as a migratory race of warlike masons, the great fort-builders of the ancient world; and this polygonal method their characteristic architectural style. That it may have been taken up and imitated by Volscians, and Sabines, and other nations alleged not to be Pelasgic, may be true; and that in those nice distinctions between polygonal and horizontal courses in the same wall—a diversity, which often occurs—critics may carry their refinements beyond the bounds of reason and probability, may be admitted; but the broad distinction observable between the modes of construction generally practised in Magna Græcia and Etruria, does with great probability indicate a difference of origin in the nations by whom the respective works were erected. The question, however, is one on which it

would be presumptuous to offer a decided judgment. We hear in Ireland of the tradition amongst us of a race of builders, speaking a mysterious dialect, and skilled in the occult sciences. Making all allowances for exaggeration and uncertainty, these traces, faint as they are, may yet be of use in connecting further facts as they shall arise hereafter. For the present, truth will be best served by the unambitious inquirer, who shall with most accuracy collect such new facts as come within his own observation, leaving the glory and the strife of final induction to those who shall be fortunate enough to come into a world better provided than ours now is with archaic museums.

Museums of Etruscan antiquities are found in most of the cities and towns of this part of Italy. The collections, except at Rome and Florence, are usually in the hands of private *virtuosi*, whose circumstances do not admit of their keeping their treasures long together. There is, however, such an abundance of objects, especially of ancient pottery, that no one need be at a loss for specimens of whatever is most characteristic in Etruscan mythology and manners, for it is chiefly in their pottery that these matters are represented. Of their pottery, the most singular, though by no means the most beautiful kind, is that black ware of Chiusi, the ancient Clusium, of which Mr. Dennis gives several representations. The best specimen of this "*creta nera*," as it is called, are to be seen at Florence; for as yet, Mr. Dennis states, they have not got anything of that kind at the Vatican, Louvre, or British Museum. The articles of this ware are characterised by stiff and grotesque figures, apparently of mythological import, and afford abundant material for mystical speculation.

One prevalent form is that of a jug, with a cover, crested often with the figure of a cock, and having on each side of the spout, an eye. Below, in parallel bands, are seen monstrous forms of gorgons and chimeras. Another singular shape given to this black ware is what is called a *foculare*, or tray-like article, raised on feet, and open at one side, probably for the purpose of exposing the objects contained in it to the fire. These objects have, in general, a not remote resemblance to the apparatus of a modern tea-tray,

cups, spoons, bowls, and pots, in which, for want of better, a housekeeper could still make tea very successfully. The black hue of the pottery is supposed to have been imparted by enclosing the object with a coating of saw-dust, or other carbonaceous matter, in a cover of clay, and subjecting it to heat, so that the smoke from the combustion might penetrate its pores. The representations of vessels of this species, given by Mr. Dennis, are highly curious. The resemblance to early Greek and Egyptian art is very observable; but we do not perceive so strongly the Babylonish analogies, which late speculations might have led us to expect. It is evident that the whole mythology of the Greeks, together with a great portion of their alleged history, is here repeated from an Etruscan edition, and with an Etruscan variety of costume and of incident. Which is the original?—or, if neither be the original, where shall we look for the parent myth? These are questions which will probably exercise the European academies for some time to come.

The number of Etruscan vessels of various descriptions, discovered from time to time, is so great, that the classification and identification of them by their respective Greek and Latin names alone constitute a considerable department in antiquarian learning. Mr. Dennis has given, in a preliminary chapter, the names and characteristic outlines of six classes, comprising twenty-seven varieties of jugs, jars, cups, ewers, &c., which the aspirant to connoisseurship in such matters would do well to study, before proceeding to inspect the contents of the museums. One form, that of the mug, the bottom of which forms the head of an animal, called *rhyton*, we recognise as the same seen in the hands of certain females, in one of Bottas' Ninevitic processions. The *rhyton*, from its form, could only stand when inverted; hence its contents had to be despatched before setting it down, and its introduction is consequently supposed to indicate a determined drinking-bout. But, for the learning on this head, including much curious matter respecting the free use of wine among the Etruscan woman, and its restricted use by the ladies of Rome, we must refer to Mr. Dennis's note (vol. ii., p. 94); for, our own space, though we hope we cannot say so of our reader's

interest, is nearly exhausted; and although much might still be said of religion and laws, arms and trinkets, among this interesting people, we must for the present take leave of them, and of their learned illustrator.

We have so little to object to in Mr. Dennis's work, that, contrary to our usual custom, we have reserved any censure we deem necessary for the end of our notice. We have, in the first place, to regret the paucity of illustrations. A work of so much learning and variety, dealing with structural and artificial remains, ought to have the aid of the engraver in almost every page. It is true, many of the subjects should be repetitions of drawings already published in other works; but where it is no objection to the text, that the greater portion of it deals with objects which have been described before, it would equally little lie as an objection to the illustration that the same subject had been already represented, as may be said with truth of almost all our former English publications, in Inghirami, Micali, or the periodical annals of the Institute. As it is, however, the two volumes contain about one hundred illustrations, and maps, of all sizes; but in a work of eleven hundred pages, dealing with the ten thousand curious matters and speculations here assembled, this amount of pictorial help is not enough; and we pray the publisher, in his second edition, to provide the additional and adequate supply.

Our other objection is of a more serious kind. Mr. Dennis sometimes suffers himself to be drawn from the gravity of his subject into little levities, designed, we suppose, to conciliate popularity. The despicable frivolities to which the reading public of England have been of late years habituated, may not unnaturally have led booksellers to believe that a sustained and scrupulous gravity would not be acceptable to the mass of their customers; but a scholar

ought to repress, with the sternest severity, every suggestion, whether of his publisher's or of his own originating, tending to compromise the dignity of his calling, by letting down his work to the base level of what is called the light literature of the day. There is no elegance of scholarship, no graceful turn of fancy, no cheerful sally of humour, to be suppressed or sacrificed; but they ought to be indulged in, *sub modo*, and with this consideration before the writer's mind, that to come in contact, in even a passing way, with the herd of writers for the million, is a contamination. But if we expunge half-a-dozen crude jocularities, and two or three easy phrases, which do not set the reader at his ease, we should have nothing to find fault with in Mr. Dennis's truly erudite and agreeable volumes.

Looking at our bookseller's tables, at the beginning of this year, we see, indeed, a great and auspicious improvement on the frivolous wares of the five preceding springs. The mediæval follies have subsided into a few gaudy folios of German texts and gilded arabesques, in *thecas* of *gutterpercha*. The "ruffling" serials have shrunk to one or two feeble burlesques. The caricaturists and revilers of the Irish have almost ceased to offend us with the simplicity of their Irish scullions, the coarsenesses of their Irish kitchen-wenches and washerwomen, and the brutalities of their drunken Irish squires. Instead of these, we now find substantial food for intelligent minds, in books of travel, history, antiquities, and natural and mental philosophy. We have the satisfaction of knowing that, in this reformation, Dublin and Edinburgh have set the example, and that whatever influence our own opinion may have had, the change is in accordance with the sentiments and wishes from time to time expressed in the pages of THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

THE MASSACRE OF SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.

THE massacre perpetrated in Paris, on the eve of Saint Bartholomew, A.D. 1572, was at once the most horrible of tragedies, and the most miserable of farces; historians have vied with each other in giving to it all the dignity of which atrocious wickedness is susceptible. Men have felt that injury would be done to the memory of the victims if it was found that they were sacrificed to a wretched court intrigue, and not to some grand scheme of iniquitous policy designed to change the destinies of Europe. The truth is that there was no clever contrivance, no extensive plot, and no deep laid conspiracy; and to us the horror of the butchery is greatly aggravated by finding that the demoralising influence of bigotry could have wrought such wide destruction on so short a notice.

We possess ample materials for a complete investigation of all the circumstances connected with this awful event. The most important are the "Correspondence of the French Ambassadors in England with their own Court," "The Memoirs of Margaret of Valois," the Narrative, published by Henry III., when King of Poland, "The Life and Letters of Admiral Coligny," and the "Memoirs of Tavannes, La Nöne, L'Estoile," and several other contemporaries, who were all more or less personally connected with the events. From these we shall endeavour to frame a narrative which will at once afford a consistent detail of events, and at the same time bring to light the motives of the actors. But before doing so we must introduce our readers to the actors themselves.

Catherine de Medicis figures as the *prima donna* in this and in many other tragedies of the sixteenth century. She is usually described as a sanguinary bigot, but with her bigotry was subservient to ambition; in fact the zeal for Catholicism cannot be regarded as extravagant, since she sought the hand of Queen Elizabeth for each of her three sons successively, and when she had reason to hope that the youngest would be successful, she took care to intimate, as a recommendation, that

he was favorably disposed towards the Protestant religion. Catherine was a great adept in poisons; it was said that she brought with her from Italy the terrible secrets of the Borgias, and that she was as unscrupulous in the use of them as Lucrece Borgia herself; the deaths laid to her charge are too numerous to be credited, nor is there any one of the cases sufficiently authenticated to be received as decisive evidence, though several justify a very high degree of suspicion. Like most of the Italians of that day Catherine was excessively credulous; she was a firm believer in astrology, fortune-telling, and necromancy; her most trusted advisers were pretended adepts in magic, and public report added that these persons also assisted her in the preparation and ministration of poisons.

The Cardinal of Lorraine is the only person that has insinuated any imputation on Catherine's conjugal fidelity; he has left it on record that none of the children of Henry II. resembled the king, except his natural daughter, Diana, and that Catherine's sons and daughters were so very unlike each other that they were suspected to have had different fathers. There does not appear to be any just foundation for this suspicion; but though Catherine may not have been unchaste herself, she showed little regard for chastity in others. When she arrived in France as dauphiness, she found that though Francis I. wore the crown, all the power of the state was wielded by his mistress, the Duchess d'Etampes, and she at once exerted herself to win the support of the royal favorite. She not only paid open court to the royal mistress, but even ridiculed the scruples of those who refused to pay homage to unwedded love. For this she was properly punished in the next reign; her husband, on ascending the throne, openly took the Duchess of Valentinois as his mistress, dividing his authority between her and the Constable Montmorenci, to the utter exclusion of the queen. When Montmorenci, who had quarrelled with the royal

mistress, sought to obtain some share of power for Catherine, the king said to him, "My good gossip, you do not know my wife; she is one of the greatest vixens in the world; if she was admitted to a share in the administration, she would throw everything into confusion."

But Catherine soon organised a power of her own, which soon became most influential in the state; she organised the celebrated "brigade of beauty;" she assembled in her court the fairest daughters of France; she encouraged, rather than tolerated, a gallantry which closely bordered on licentiousness, so that an English Puritan called her ladies "the graces and disgraces of Christendom." These ladies were more formidable than armies; Admiral Coligni declared that an encounter with the queen's phalanx was more to be dreaded than the loss of a battle; patriotism might meet undaunted a whole park of artillery, but it was unable to sustain a battery of ladies' eyes.

Charles IX. was little more than ten years of age when he ascended the throne on the death of his brother, Francis II. During the reign of Francis Catherine had been excluded from power by the Guise faction; the niece of the Duke of Guise, Mary Queen of Scots, was the wife of Francis, and had gained an absolute ascendancy over her husband, which she employed to advance the interest of her relatives. Catherine never forgot nor forgave this opposition, and it was chiefly through her influence that the French court never earnestly interfered to rescue Mary from her unmerited and almost unparalleled misfortunes. It was chiefly through the aid of the Huguenots that Catherine triumphed over the Guises, and obtained the regency. She then endeavoured to break down both the Catholic and Protestant parties, with the hope

of forming a party of her own from the fragments of both; her tortuous course of policy, her cunning, her perfidy, and her breaches of agreement, kept the country in a continued civil war, interrupted only by hollow truces, in which fresh violations of faith gave fresh bitterness to renewed hostilities. Charles IX. was deliberately sacrificed by his mother. It was necessary to her ambitious projects that he should be feeble both in mind and body, and his whole education was perverted to effect this wicked purpose. In this diabolical task Catherine was aided by the Marshal de Ketz, whom she had brought from Florence for the purpose. Towards the close of his life Charles discovered the wrong that had been inflicted on him, and resolved to take the reins of power into his own hands; his death followed his attempt to assert independence so speedily that it was generally ascribed to poison. Henry of Anjou, subsequently King of Poland, and afterwards of France, as Henry III., was the favourite child of Catherine. Tannanes says that she often declared, "I would peril my salvation to advance the interests of Henry;" and history proves that she kept her word. It would be difficult to find a prince more universally condemned by his contemporaries and by posterity. He had all the vices of his mother, hardly redeemed by a greater share of animal courage than was possessed by any of his brothers.

Francis of Alençon, afterwards of Anjou, was even more universally detested than his brother Henry. His personal appearance was most repulsive; his nose, especially, appeared to be double; hence, when he betrayed the insurgents in Flanders, whom he had previously instigated to revolt, they took revenge in an epigram to the following effect:—

"Good people of Flanders, pray do not suppose
That 'tis odd in this Frenchman to double his nose;
Dame Nature her favours but rarely misplaces—
She has given two noses to match his two faces."

Catherine laboured long and earnestly to make this prince an acceptable suitor to Queen Elizabeth. It is only within the last few years that full materials for the secret history of this

courtship have been rendered accessible to the curious, and certainly a stranger narrative was never revealed to the lovers of scandal. Catherine's anxiety for the marriage was increased

by her belief in a prophecy that all her sons would be kings; the early death of Francis II. led her to fear that the prediction might be fulfilled by their succeeding each other on the throne of France, and she hoped to avert this by procuring them foreign kingdoms. She first proposed Henry to Elizabeth, and, when this negotiation failed, she proposed to form a kingdom for him by uniting the islands of Corsica and Sardinia to the province of Algiers. An embassy was preparing to secure the consent of Sultan Selim II. to this strange project, when the approaching vacancy of the throne of Poland opened the prospect of his being elected to that kingdom.

Margaret of Valois, celebrated for her beauty, and afterwards for her numerous gallantries, was educated in the court of Catherine, and the courses of her instruction were sufficiently varied; she studied classics and coquetry, languages and love, needlework and needless work, archery and archness, together with the usual female accomplishments of music and dancing. She was an apt and, indeed, a precocious scholar. When she was only seven years of age her father jocularly asked her to name her cavalier, offering the Prince of Joinville and the Marquis of Beaufort to her choice: the young lady declared, without hesitation, that she preferred the marquis because he was both prudent and secret, while the prince was a boaster, with whom no lady's reputation could be safe. When her brother Henry, in order to gain support against the Guises, affected to favour Huguenot doctrines, he vainly endeavoured to bring Margaret over to the same sentiments; he burned her prayer-books and rosaries, giving her, in their place, the Calvinistic Devotions and Marot's version of the Psalms. Though not more than ten years of age, Margaret adhered steadily to the Catholic creed, and refused to sing Marot's Psalms, though menaced for her recusancy with the rod. At the age of fourteen the princess accompanied Catherine to the celebrated conferences at Bayonne, where, according to some authors, the massacre of St. Bartholomew was contrived. This, however, is certainly an error; the destruction of Protestantism was, no doubt, desired and discussed by Catherine and the Duke of

Alva, but they formed no definite plan for accomplishing their wishes; indeed, it was impossible they should do so, since Catherine would not lay aside her jealousy of the Guises, nor break off her negotiations with Elizabeth.

When Henry was appointed Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, Margaret was engaged by him to watch over Charles IX., and give information of any attempts he might make to escape from the tutelage in which he was held. While thus acting as a spy for her favourite brother, she engaged in some negotiations on her own account; the young Duke of Guise offered himself as a lover, and was secretly accepted. Intelligence of this intrigue was conveyed to Henry of Anjou, who received the news "rather as an outraged lover than a deceived brother." As he was a perfect master of dissimulation, he concealed his resentment; indeed, the princess informs us that she was first led to suspect her danger from the warmth of the expressions in which Henry professed his attachment to the Duke of Guise. "When I lay sick at Angers," she says, "but more disordered in mind than in body, it happened, unfortunately for me, that the Duke of Guise and his uncle arrived. This gave great joy to my brother Henry, as it afforded him an opportunity for veiling his artifices; but it greatly increased my apprehensions. To hide his plans my brother came daily to my chamber, bringing with him M. de Guise, whom he feigned to love very much. He used often to embrace him, and exclaim, '*Would to God you were my brother!*' The duke, pretended not to hear him; but I, who knew his malice, lost all patience, because I dared not reproach him with his dissimulation."

Having convinced himself that Margaret and the Duke of Guise were not indifferent to each other, Henry revealed the secret to Charles IX., who received it with transports of indignation; he sent for his natural brother, Henry of Angoulême, and commanded him to put the duke to death. Warned of his danger, Guise married the widow of the Prince of Ponion with all the precipitation of a man who felt that the altar afforded him the only means of escape from the grave.

Thenceforth Margaret became the political enemy of Henry, and exerted all her power to advance the interests of her youngest brother.

A husband was next to be procured for Margaret, and this was apparently facilitated by her declaration that she would accept anybody whom her mother selected. The astute Catherine was sorely perplexed by this profession of implicit obedience; she watched her daughter so vigilantly that the princess was all but in name a prisoner. The King of Portugal was first proposed as a suitable match; but the Spanish court interfered, and the negotiation terminated abruptly. The second and successful candidate was Henry of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. of France.

Most writers represent this marriage as a master-stroke of policy, but they are not agreed whether it originated in a sincere desire to terminate the wars of religion which had so long devastated France, and prepare the way for a cordial union between Catholic and Protestant, or whether it was not a detestable artifice to allure the Huguenots to Paris, where they might easily be massacred. But a careful study of the cotemporary memoirs shows that public policy had very little to do with the affair. Charles de Montmorency, by whom the match was first proposed, recommended it as a means of creating a counterpoise to the overgrown power of the House of Lorraine. Catherine, who had learned from her spies some of the levities and indiscretions in which the King of Navarre already indulged, hoped to render him her tool by the aid of her battalion of beauty, and she actually provided him with a mistress before she gave him her daughter as a wife. Charles IX. hoped, by the aid of Henry and the Huguenots, to escape from the thralldom in which he was held by his mother and brother. Henry of Anjou was anxious to raise an eternal barrier between his sister and the Duke of Guise, having reason to believe that the marriage of the latter had not put an end to their intimacy. Alençon trusted that the Huguenots would raise him to the rank which his brother Henry enjoyed. Margaret alone was averse; she pleaded scruples of conscience, and expressed great unwillingness to marry a prince of a different religion.

Jane d'Albert, the dowager queen of Navarre, was a most rigid Puritan: the mere glitter of royalty would not have induced her to unite her son to a Catholic princess, had she not deemed such a marriage necessary to secure his eventual claims to the throne of France. A general opinion, founded, it is said, on some prophecy, prevailed throughout Europe, that the posterity of Catherine would fail in the second generation; Henry of Navarre was the next heir to the throne of France after the House of Valois; but his religion was likely to raise up so much opposition, that it was deemed prudent to strengthen his claim by a matrimonial alliance with the reigning family. In spite, however, of these powerful considerations, Jane assented to the union with great reluctance, often repeating the warning given by one of her counselors—"The liveries worn at this marriage will be turned up with crimson."

Jane was invited by Charles IX. to visit Paris, for the purpose of expediting the preliminaries to the marriage. She arrived in that metropolis on the 15th of April, and was present at the ceremonial of proclaiming peace between the Catholics and the Huguenots. Charles showed her the greatest respect and affection; he called her his aunt, his well-beloved, and his chief consolation. When she expressed a fear that the Pope might refuse or delay the necessary dispensation, Charles replied, "No, aunt, I honour you more than the Pope, and I have greater love of my sister than fear of him. If Sir Pope goes on with any of his tricks, I will take Maggy with my own hand, and have her married in full conventicle." But the favour of the king could not reconcile the pious Jane to the profligacy of Paris. In a letter to her son she says—"Much as I have heard of the wickedness of this court the reality far surpasses my anticipations. Here it is not the men who ask the women, but the women who ask the men. Were you to come amongst them you could not escape without a miracle." Catherine could not conceal her jealousy of one so superior to herself in every intellectual and moral qualification, as the dowager queen of Navarre; and she was particularly alarmed at her growing influence over the mind of King Char-

les. In June, however, Jane was seized with mortal illness; and her death, at a moment so opportune for the designs of Catherine, was generally attributed to poison. Renè, the court perfumer, an accomplished agent of villany, was said to have administered the poison in a pair of scented gloves. The tale rests on very questionable evidence: Jane frequently mentions her illness in the letters which she wrote to her son. Both of her physicians were zealous Protestants; and though one of them, Desnauds, wrote several lampoons against Catherine, he never insinuated that she had caused the death of his royal mistress.

This event did not much delay the preparations for the marriage. Admiral Coligny, and the rest of the Protestant leaders were invited to Paris; and they went the more readily, because they knew that John de Montluc, Bishop of Valence, who had embraced the Protestant faith, and was privately married, had been permitted to retain his diocese, and stood high in the confidence of Catherine. When the admiral was about to mount his horse to set out for Paris, an old woman who lived under him at Chatellon, rushed forward, and falling on her knees, exclaimed, "Alas! alas! my good lord and master, whither are you rushing to destruction? I shall never see you again if you once go to Paris; for you will die there—you and all who go with you. If you have no pity on yourself, take pity on your wife, your children, and the number of worthy persons who will be involved in your fate!" The admiral vainly endeavoured to console this poor woman; she did not cease to repeat her ominous predictions so long as he remained in sight.

A weighty charge pressed upon the admiral; he was accused of having instigated the assassin, Poltrot, to murder the late Duke of Guise. Poltrot had exonerated him when brought out to be executed; but, unfortunately, the admiral had published two pamphlets to vindicate himself, in which he made some admissions by no means creditable to his character. A process had been instituted against him, and though it had been suspended by a royal decree, it might be renewed at any moment, and hurried to a fatal conclusion. But the admiral had been

led to believe that the king would require his services in the projected war against Spain, and hoped to lead an army of Huguenots into Flanders.

Charles received the admiral with great demonstrations of respect, and took his son-in-law, Teligny, into his intimate confidence. He complained bitterly to this young nobleman of the creatures whom his mother had placed round him, saying—"Shall I speak freely to you, Teligny? I distrust all these people. I suspect the ambition of Tavannes; Vielleville loves nothing but good wine; Cossè is a miser; Montmorenci is a mere sportsman; Count de Retz is a Spaniard at heart; the rest of the courtiers are mere beasts; my secretaries are traitors, so that I cannot tell which way to turn."

Tavannes was the first who became alarmed at the increasing influence of the admiral; he endeavoured to excite the king's jealousy, and when Charles told him that Coligny had offered him the services of ten thousand men for the war in Flanders, he replied—"Sire, whichever of your subjects has dared to use such words to you deserves to be beheaded. How can he presume to offer you that which is your own? It is a sign that he has gained over and corrupted masses of your subjects to serve against yourself, should it be necessary." Finding that the king paid no attention to these insinuations, he communicated his alarms to Henry of Anjou and the Queen; they were greatly moved, especially as they had learned from the king's secretaries that the Huguenot chiefs were resolved to obtain for Alençon an efficient share in the administration. Catherine now resolved to keep a close watch on her royal son, who was too weak-minded and too easily excited to keep a secret. Meeting him one day as he returned from a visit to the admiral, she asked, with a sneer—"What have you learned from your long conversation with the grey-beards?" He replied, with a fearful oath—"Madame, I have learned that you and my brother Henry are the worst enemies of me and my kingdom."

Catherine assembled her friends in secret council; Tavannes, who was present, declares that she was greatly agitated and alarmed, thus decisively retuting the story that the favour

shown to Coligny was an artful piece of hypocrisy concerted between the king and his mother. The king's secretaries had betrayed his secrets to Catherine; they informed her that Flanders was about to be invaded by a royal army, in which all the Huguenot leaders would hold a high command; that her favourite son Henry would be exiled from France; and that Alençon would succeed him as lieutenant-general of the kingdom; to this they added, that it was in contemplation to send her from the court to some distant place of exile. Various plans were proposed; Henry of Anjou suggested the immediate assassination of Coligny, which was at once deliberately accepted by the council.

In the meantime, the preparations for the marriage were completed, and the ceremony was celebrated with regal splendour. Neither bride nor bridegroom liked the match; Margaret, when asked "would she accept the King of Navarre for her wedded husband?" stood obstinately silent, and the ceremony was awkwardly interrupted. Charles grew angry and impatient, he grasped her rudely by the hair, and forcibly bent her head forward so as to make a more awkward bow than any the court had previously witnessed. This compulsory nod was received as a sign of assent, and the ceremony was brought to a conclusion amid suppressed tittering and ominous whispers.

The marked repugnance which Charles began to manifest towards his brother Henry, led the conspirators to fear that he might be sent into exile, unless the admiral was speedily removed. It was resolved that he should be assassinated in such a way as to throw the suspicion of the murder on the Duke of Guise, and make it appear retaliation for his father's murder by Poltrot. A military adventurer, named Maurevel, or Maurevert, was engaged to perpetrate the deed. Henry of Anjou furnished him with a gun, which, from a peculiarity in its construction, was supposed to have more certainty of aim than any other; and a house was hired belonging to a retainer of the Duke of Guise, by the windows of which Coligny was accustomed to pass every day on his way to the Louvre.

The following account of the mur-

der is given by St. Auban, who was an eyewitness:—

"Having had the honour of being educated in the establishment of the admiral at Chastellon, I was in his train, and quite close to him, on the 21st of August, 1572, when he was wounded by Maurevel. Several of us gentlemen belonging to the admiral's household, endeavoured to force open the door of the house from which the shot had been fired; but not being able to succeed we followed the admiral to his lodgings, where M. de Serè and I entreated M. de Teligny to permit us to mount our horses, and pursue Maurevel, having learned that he had escaped by a back door, and mounted a horse which had been held in readiness for him. M. de Teligny detained us some time, but at last M. de Serè and I procured our horses, and rode out of Paris by the gate of St. Antoine, through which we learned that the murderer had passed. When we reached Charenton, we took prisoner a servant of M. George de Lounoy, who had provided relays for the murderer, and wore the very grey mantle which Maurevel had on when he quitted Paris. We left our prisoner in the hands of the lieutenant of Villeneuve Saint Georges, and sent information of his arrest to M. de Teligny, who had him removed the next day to Paris, where he was confined in the prison of Tour l'Evesque. Having sent off this letter, M. de Serè and I went on towards Melun; and being near Corbell, where the road turns off to Blandy, we learned that the murderer had sought refuge in the house of M. de Chally. The drawbridge was raised, and the flanking turrets garrisoned by musketeers. We therefore watched the house from a distance, hoping that Maurevel might renew his journey; but being disappointed in this expectation, we returned to the admiral."

At first the suspicions of the king and of the Protestant leaders were directed against the Duke of Guise, who narrowly escaped falling a victim to their first burst of mistaken vengeance. Orders would have been issued for the duke's arrest but for the prompt interference of Catherine. She revealed to her son her own share in the attempted murder; and though Charles was very indignant, he could not overcome his old habits of submission to his mother's will. But, in the meantime, the discovery of the gun, which Maurevel had left behind him, had in-

dedicated to the Protestants the real instigators of the crime; and further evidence of Anjou's complicity was obtained from the servant arrested by Saint Auban. The Protestants imprudently gave vent to their rage, openly threatening Catherine and Henry, and boasting of their reliance on Charles and Alençon. Some of the more prudent of the body became alarmed. The Bishop of Vienne set out for Poland after having had an interview with Catherine, in which she is said to have given him some intimation of her desperate design. A distinguished Huguenot leader, Blosset, presented himself to the admiral, and declared his resolution to quit Paris. Coligny asked him why he sought to go away at such a moment. "Because," said he, "they have no good intentions towards us here." "How can you think so?" said the admiral—"Have we not a gracious sovereign?" "I think that he is too gracious," was the reply, and that is the reason why I am most anxious to depart; and if you did the same, it would be better both for you and for us."

Alarmed by the menaces of the Protestant leaders, Catherine once more assembled her secret council, and explained the imminence of the danger to which she and her party were exposed. Tavannes, who was present at these deliberations, does not tell us by whom the massacre of the Huguenots was proposed, but he informs us that it was adopted almost without discussion, and that he felt a profound conviction of its necessity; he recommended that the execution of the plot should be hurried, because he doubted the strength of Henry's resolution.

The bigoted and sanguinary population of Paris had manifested in many ways great indignation at the favor which Charles had begun to show to the Huguenots, and had more than once threatened to raise an insurrection and commence a massacre on their own account. It was not safe for Protestants to appear in some streets of the capital, even in the daytime, unless they went in armed bands. Some of them probably wished for the breaking out of such a revolt; they believed that their chivalry would triumph over the citizens, and that victory would place the king entirely in their hands. Catherine's council

declared that the issue would be doubtful unless they were assured of the support of the army and the king. The Duke of Anjou promised to obtain the former, for as lieutenant-general of the kingdom he had supreme military command; Catherine answered for Charles. Queen Margaret's simple narrative of her own condition on this fatal evening gives a more vivid picture of Catherine's sanguinary determination than any other record:—

"Suspected by the Huguenots, because I was a Catholic," says the royal authoress, "and equally suspected by the Catholics, because my husband was a Huguenot, no one gave me warning of impending danger. I went as usual to bid my mother good night, and sat down on a trunk in her chamber, near my sister of Lorraine, whom I perceived to be very sad. When the queen, who was speaking to somebody as I entered, saw me, she peremptorily ordered me to go to bed. As I made my obeisance my sister caught me by the arm, and bursting into tears, besought me not to leave the room. When my mother perceived this she became vehemently enraged, and forbade my sister to tell me anything."

After the Queen of Navarre had been thus dismissed Catherine once more assembled her secret council; satisfactory reports were received from well known leaders of the populace, and from some violent Catholic chiefs, who had been warned to hold themselves in readiness; Henry of Anjou communicated his military arrangements, which were found to be complete, and it only remained to obtain the king's consent. Catherine went to him, accompanied by Henry of Anjou, the Sieur de Nevers, the Marshals de Tavannes and de Retz, and the Chancellor de Birague. She declared that nothing but his immediate consent to the massacre could save him from destruction; she averred that the Catholics, irritated by his concessions to the heretics, had resolved to deprive him of the crown; and that the Huguenots had resolved to destroy the whole of the royal family, and establish a Presbyterian republic in France. Tavannes testifies to the indignant reluctance with which the king at first listened to such an atrocious proposition; but Catherine and Henry had gone too far to recede.

Charles at length yielded to their urgency, and passing at once to the extreme of cruelty, exclaimed, "Do your work effectually; let not one live to reproach me." It was then arranged that all things should be in readiness at the second hour after midnight, and that the tolling of the bell of St. Germain d'Auxervis should be the signal for commencing the slaughter.

Henry of Anjou published a brief narrative, intended to be a kind of apology for his share in this atrocity, some time after his elevation to the throne of Poland. He alone has described the conduct of the unhappy king in the early part of this awful morning:—

"After having slept for about two hours (he says) the king and the queen, my mother, went with me into the porter's lodge, near the tennis court at the Louvre, where we found a room looking into the courts, whence we could see the commencement of the massacre. We had not been there long, deliberating on the possible and probable consequences of so fearful an enterprise, which we seemed to have adopted hastily and without sufficient consideration, when we heard a pistol-shot, without being able to tell whence the sound came, or whether anybody was hurt. This event greatly alarmed us all three; it suggested such apprehensions of the fearful disturbances which were about to commence that we sent a gentleman to M. de Guise, to command him to return to his lodgings, and attempt nothing against the admiral. These orders would have stopped the entire affair, because it had been determined that nothing should be done elsewhere until the admiral was slain. The gentleman soon returned with the information that the countmand had come too late, for that the admiral was already dead, and that the executions had been commenced in various parts of the city. We, therefore, returned to our first resolution, and allowed matters to take their course."

Turn we now to another part of the palace—the chamber in which the Queen of Navarre reposed. Margaret's own description of the horrors which she witnessed needs no comment:—

"An hour after dawn (she says), as I lay asleep, a man thundered at my door, shouting 'Navarre! Navarre!' My nurse, supposing that it was my

husband, who had gone out a few minutes previously, ran and opened the door. It was a gentleman named Legan, bleeding from two severe wounds, and pursued by four soldiers of the guard, who followed him into my apartments. He flung himself on my bed for safety; I threw myself out at the side of the bed, and he followed, grasping me convulsively. I did not know the man; I could not tell whether he came to insult me or not, or whether the soldiers were attacking him or me. We both struggled, shouted out for aid and mercy, and were equally frightened. At length Heaven sent M. de Nançay, the captain of the guard, to my relief; who, though he pitied me, could not help laughing at my situation. He rebuked the soldiers for their indiscretion, and granted me the life of the poor man, whom I kept concealed in my closet until the danger was over. Having changed my night-dress, which was dabbled with blood, I heard from M. de Nançay what was passing. He assured me that my husband was safe in the king's apartment, and would receive no injury. Throwing a loose cloak over me, he led me to the room of my sister of Lorraine, which I reached more dead than alive. As I passed through the ante-chamber, the doors of which were open, a gentleman named Bourse, flying from the soldiers, was stabbed with a pike, not more than three paces from the spot on which I stood. I fell fainting into the arms of M. de Nançay, believing that one blow had pierced us both. When I recovered, I went into the small room where my sister lay. Whilst I was there, M. de Mossans, first gentleman in waiting to the king, my husband, and Amagnac, his valet de chambre, came to beg that I would save their lives. I went and threw myself on my knees before my mother and brother, and at length obtained my request."

Henry of Navarre was saved from death by the personal friendship of Charles, for Catherine was bent on his destruction. Margaret, however, informs us that he was exposed to much danger, from the capricious and uncertain temper of the king, and that she had a much larger share in ensuring her husband's safety than the world generally believed. She could not, however, save him from the mortification of accompanying the queen and her sons to see the mutilated body of the abbot suspended from the gibbet, at Montfaucon.

We need not describe the horrors of this awful morning; they have been too often repeated by historians. Les-

toile, however, mentions two anecdotes which must not be omitted:—

“A wretch called Thomas, commonly nicknamed the *Forger*, killed in his own house a councillor of parliament and canon of Notre Dame, though he was a good Catholic, as his testament proved after his death. This murderer, sanctioned by the king and the nobles—a matter horrible to relate—boasted publicly of the number of Huguenots that were his victims, declaring that he had killed eighty in one day. The miscreant sat down to table, having his hands and arms smeared with gore, saying that the taste gave him pleasure, because it was heretic blood. I could scarce have believed such an atrocity had I not myself seen it and heard the wretch’s avowal from his own mouth.

“The Italian, Renè, was one of the most sanguinary of the St. Bartholomew butchers. He was a man compounded of all sorts of cruelty and wickedness, who used to go round the prisons for the mere pleasure of stabbing Huguenots, and who lived on assassinations, robbery, and poisons. On the morning of the massacre, he invited a Huguenot jeweller to his house, under pretence of affording him shelter, and then cut his throat, after having stripped him of all his property. But the end of this man was awful; his whole family afforded a terrible example of divine vengeance, for he died on a dunghill, his two sons were broken on the wheel, and his wife breathed her last in an hospital.”

The massacre proved to be, not only the greatest of crimes, but the most perplexing of blunders. Civil war was renewed throughout the kingdom; in the agonies of painful disease Charles had his sufferings embittered by remorse of conscience, and died in all the desperate darkness of despair. Henry III. had to defend himself during the greater part of his reign against the Catholic league, and at last became the victim of a Jesuit assassin. Catherine, baffled in all her intrigues, and abandoned by the favourite son for whom she had committed so many atrocious crimes, went down in sorrow to the grave. The Duke of Guise was murdered by Henry, his associate in the murder of the admiral; and Henry of Navarre, whose destruction had been the chief object of the conspirators, witnessed the extinction of the

House of Valois, and ascended the throne of France as Henry IV.

A characteristic incident must not be omitted. On the day following the massacre it was announced that a hawthorn had flowered out of season in the cemetery of the Innocents. Crowds flocked to see it. The priests proclaimed that it was a miraculous sign of the approbation of Heaven; the Huguenots declared that it was emblematic of the innocence of the victims; and both these opinions were maintained in songs and epigrams, which had rapid circulation in Paris. Lestiole fills several pages with a mere list of the libels and lampoons which appeared on both sides after the massacre. We have searched out, and consulted several, but have not found one which deserves to be rescued from oblivion. A medal was struck at Rome to celebrate the massacre.* The Pope had been much alarmed by the Huguenot inclinations of Charles, and hailed a crime which separated that monarch from the Protestants for ever. But throughout the rest of Europe the intelligence was received with horror. Henry of Anjou records the reproaches he had to encounter in Germany, even from Catholic princes, when he passed through the country to assume the throne of Poland. The excitement in England was so great, that Frenchmen were afraid to appear in the streets of London; and Fenelon, the French ambassador, who believed that he had nearly brought the negotiations for a marriage between Queen Elizabeth and Alençon to a successful issue, was forced to write to his court that the English queen and her court would listen to him no longer. Catherine and Charles had recourse to a system of lame apologies and inconsistent excuses, which imposed upon nobody. Elizabeth, however, was forced to accept them, rather than irritate Charles into active interference in favour of the queen of Scotland. In closing this dark page of European history, we cannot avoid repeating that the horror of this atrocious massacre appears to be aggravated rather than lessened, by its being unpremeditated, and only adopted as a clumsy means of escaping the consequences of a meditated assassination.

* For a representation of this medal, see DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, No. CXLV., for June, 1842.

WARE, OR THE ORACULAR AFFLATUS OF THE HINDOOS.

I.—NATURAL WARE, OR THE HEREDITARY PYTHONIC SPIRIT. II.—THE WARE, OR PROPHEPIC AFFLATUS, PERPELUATED IN TRIBES. III.—THE OCCASIONAL VILLAGE ORACLES: WARE OF THE CHOLERA GODDESS. IV.—FURTHER ILLUSTRATION OF THE CHOLERA WARE. V.—ESTABLISHED VILLAGE ORACLES.

WE now introduce to our readers the first fasciculus of our promised sketches illustrative of the subject of *Ware*, or the divine *afflatus* of the Hindoos.* These sketches, we should observe, were submitted, soon after they were completed, to the perusal of a very eminent Bramhin, now no more—the late Bal Gungadhar Shastree—who united to a competent knowledge of English, and a profound acquaintance with Sanscrit literature, attainments of the very highest order in mathematical science; and held, in consequence, the honourable post of professor of mathematics and astronomy in the Elphinstone Institution at Bombay. This gentleman—whose death, about two years since, was pronounced by Sir Erskine Perry, the chief justice of Bombay, in a charge to the grand jury, to be a public calamity to the Western Presidency, and whose valuable services to public education the local government acknowledged by granting a liberal pension to his widow—came from a part of the country, the southern Conkan, where possession is extremely prevalent; and was, from this circumstance, as well as from his general information and intelligence, well qualified to correct and enlarge the details we had accumulated on the subject. He accordingly made notes upon several of the papers, and himself contributed a description of one very singular class of possession called the *Daku Ware*, which will be given hereafter. The notes of this learned and enlightened Hindoo, whose name and reputation are well known in Western India, afford such an important authentication of the facts, that we have thought it right to give them exactly in his own words, as written upon the papers submitted

to him; and, consequently, to present the latter also precisely as drawn up and laid before him—instead of attempting to recast them by embodying the Shastree's information with our own memoranda—and giving to the latter a more consistent and decided form, than that which the first endeavours to catch and fix upon paper a very complicated, many-sided, and shadowy subject, must necessarily present.

These sketches, we must further remark, though brought forward in confirmation of our theory of divine possession as formerly given, must be read, not as illustrations drawn up in support of that theory *after* it had been fully and clearly developed, but rather as some of the anterior and separate fragments, from the consideration and comparison of which, that theory of the whole system was gradually formed—fragments written at different periods, and in greater or less doubt as to the true explanation of the phenomena described.

Our readers will now understand the meaning of the Bramhinal notes, which will be found now and then appended to these fragments. They will also be able to appreciate, and to allow for, the character of conjecture and uncertainty which may appear to predominate in them, in regard to the true character or solution of particular phenomena; and the occasional recurrence of some of the ideas already put forth in our first paper. These ideas, suggested by the facts which presented themselves from time to time, in the course of the inquiry, as probable hypotheses, were more or less confirmed by a view of the whole subject; and thus were of necessity adopted, modified, or more clearly developed, in the general theory of possession.

* *Vide* DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for September and October, 1848, art. "Pythonic and Demoniac Possessions in India and Judea;" and also for March preceding, art. "Theory and Phenomena of Possession among the Hindoos."

Whether this theory be the true one or not, and whether the identity for which we have contended between these supposed possessions and the ordinary forms of lunacy, and cerebral or nervous disease among ourselves, be admitted or not, the facts themselves—the existence in India, at the present day, of such modes of belief and of such practices as we are about to detail, in connexion with such physi-

cal and psychological phenomena—are deserving of attention, as affording one additional illustration of the biblical narratives, adding one not unimportant chapter to the history of the human mind; and throwing also, perhaps, one new ray of light upon one of the great mysteries of our time—the phenomena, real or supposed, of animal magnetism.

NATURAL WAREN, OR THE HEREDITARY PYTHONIC SPIRIT.

THE natural Waren is generally hereditary in particular Mahratta families. It is very common among the classes who compose the Mahratta peasantry, both above and below the Ghauts. There are occasional instances of its occurrence among some of the higher castes; but these are rare, and we have as yet heard of no case of its existence among the Bramhins (*a*). The great majority of the Mahratta villagers have Khundoba or Bhuiroba, alleged incarnations of Shivu, for their family gods; and in particular branches of some families the Waren of their god is hereditary, *i. e.*, it possesses, from time to time, the head or some other living member of the family. The possession sometimes intermits for a generation and reappears in the next, as is the case with hereditary diseases amongst us. Wherever the Waren of a god is thus hereditary, the family is particularly assiduous in its worship and offerings to the idol of that deity. The visitation of the Waren is deemed a divine favour; it is generally supposed to be for benevolent purposes, and is, in such cases, in a mild form. Sometimes, however, the visitation is more severe, and in these instances it is held to be in anger for neglect of the usual worship and offerings, or in punishment of crime, or breach of vows, or disobedience to its former injunctions. When the Waren comes, it announces its presence by the following signs: the countenance of the party possessed is observed suddenly to grow altered in expression; the eyes become protruded and fixed with a steadfast gaze upon vacancy, or roll about wildly; a trembling, more or less violent, seizes upon the limbs. Sometimes it affects the whole frame, sometimes only the upper part of the

body; but in every instance the head and neck are violently shaken by a double motion—there is a slight tremor from side to side as in palsy, but at the same time there is a more violent nodding downwards. This *nodding* is, in all cases, the most unquestionable symptom of the Waren; perhaps to this circumstance, as much as to its being the symbol of a lofty and dignified assent, may be traced the universal idea which, through all antiquity, has connected the act of nodding with deity—as where Alexander, in the well-known lines of Dryden—

“ Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.”

Indeed, the prayer of Thetis to Jupiter, to nod in confirmation of his promise (*Il. i.*, v. 514)—

“ Νημερτὺς μὲν δὴ μοι ὑπόσχεο, καὶ κα-
τάνυσσον,”

and the solemn declaration of Jupiter, in reply (*v.* 526, 527), that no utterance of his, confirmed by this awful nod of his head, could be either *re-called*, *deceiv*e, or remain *unaccomplished*—

“ — οὐ γὰρ ἐμὸν παλινάγειρον, οὐδ’ ἀπα-
τηλόν,
Οὐδ’ ἀτιμολύπητόν, ὃ τι κεν κεφαλῇ κα-
τανύσω ”—

may allude to this old notion—still found in India—of the divine character and unfailling certainty of the directions and predictions made by parties who evince the presence of deity by this symptom of nodding. The whole of this latter passage acquires quite a new import and force when read in this connexion.

The party possessed is also frequently bent double, and forced to sit down in this bent posture, rocking his body to and fro; his teeth chatter, his chest heaves, and he utters a peculiar low sound, between panting, gurgling, and moaning, which is forced from him in a sort of broken continuity. After a time, the violence of the paroxysm somewhat abates, and he begins to speak, but no longer in his own person. His consciousness of self-identity is gone; he talks in the person of Khundoba, Bhuiroba, or some other Waren, and mentions himself as a distinct individual. His family and friends now ask him his name: he answers, Khundoba or Bhuiroba, as it may be. They demand for what purpose he is come, or what are his wishes; and in the benevolent visitation he generally gives some injunctions about his own (Khundoba's) worship, alludes to past occurrences in the family, and speaks of events that will happen in future. He always names the person whom he possesses as *Majhen Jhud, my tree*—reproves his errors, gives him good advice, and promises him generally some good fortune, somewhat after the following manner: "*My tree* has committed such and such a sin; he must not do this again: *my tree* must expiate this sin by fasting on such and such a day, and by giving such and such alms in my name, and making such and such offerings to me. If *my tree* acts thus it will be well for him, and he will obtain such and such a benefit"—*e. g.*, a son, or a good harvest, or long life, &c. Or, on the other hand, he denounces family misfortunes in case of disobedience. If the party possessed is afflicted with any bodily ailment, he, in the character of the Waren, gives directions for its treatment, and foretells his cure after such a period—still speaking of his human self in the third person, as "*my tree*." If any other person in the family be sick, he does the same; and on these occasions, the friends and neighbours of the possessed gladly avail themselves of the opportunity of getting directions for the treatment of their sick, especially in cases of small-pox. His family also question him regarding important family matters; such as the expediency of marrying their daughters to such a person, or on such a

day—of sowing or ploughing at such a time—of selling such and such cattle, &c. If any thing has been lost or stolen, they solicit information and directions for its recovery. The directions thus given are generally implicitly followed. They conclude by asking, when he will take his departure, and when he will come again; to all which he returns appropriate answers. The exit of the Waren is marked by the patient falling into a deep stupor, sleep, or trance, varying from fifteen minutes to one or two hours, from which he rises perfectly recovered and restored to consciousness, but totally ignorant of what has passed while the Waren was upon him. The whole visitation seldom occupies more than a few hours. In some cases, however, it is longer, and the symptoms are more violent, exhibiting the foaming at the mouth, the strong convulsion, knotting of the muscles, violent shrieking, occasional death-like rigidity of the whole frame, and all the other more painful appearances which have been mentioned in a former paper as marking the demoniacal possession, when a *bhootu* or *hedulee*—male or female devil—enters the body. When such appearances occur in a family that has an hereditary Waren, the visitation is considered as a penal one, in punishment for the commission of some crime, breach of some vow, or neglect of some command given by the Waren in a former mild visitation. This impression is confirmed by the answers given by the Waren when questioned by the family of the possessed. The following is a specimen of such angry expostulation: "*My tree* has neglected my worship, and no longer makes me any offerings: this is not right, therefore I have come to punish him." Or, "*My tree* has committed such and such a theft, or such and such a violation of chastity, or such and such a sin against caste." Or, "*My tree* has broken such a vow; not kept such a fast; not given such alms; not obeyed such an injunction which I gave him." On being asked how his tree shall expiate his offences, the Waren ordains some penance, fast, ritual expiation, alms, or vow, as the condition of his pardon, and this is generally rigidly complied with. We once witnessed a young Mahratta under the Waren of Khundoba. His friends told us that "God was upon him;" he

himself declared he was Khundoba; and, though a simple and humble-minded lad in his natural state, he was now wonderfully exalted, imperious, and violent. Knowing nothing then of this system of Waren, or of epilepsy, we simply thought him in a delirium, and paid little attention to what he said. We have now little doubt that Khundoba was his family god, and that this Waren, whatever be its real nature, was hereditary in it. His symptoms grew very violent, and he died under the visitation after about five hours.

The Waren sometimes discontinues its visitations, which are generally periodical; and in this case, the party who was subject to it, and his family, generally regret it, as they consider they thereby lose the advantage of a household oracle. They often, therefore, endeavour to recover this oracular power, and succeed in doing so, by submitting themselves to the influence

of the artificial process practised by the Bhuktus, or initiating priests of the public Waren Mhuts, or Pythonic shrines of Kanoba, of which, hereafter.

In reference to the very curious phraseology of "*my tree*," it may be remarked, that every Mahratta family calls its original founder or patriarch, its *Moolu Poorooshu*, or Root-man. If, as has been conjectured, many of the village and family gods, including even Khundoba and Bhuiroba, are merely deified men, it is possible that the familiar Warens were originally considered as the spirits of the family ancestor, permanently present in some of his descendants through each generation, for their guidance. In this case, we may understand the Waren, or spirit of the Root-man, speaking of the living head of his family as his tree (*b*). But this is only thrown out as a conjecture: the phrase may very possibly have quite a different reference.

NOTES BY PROFESSOR DAL GUNGADHUR SHASTREE.

(a) ["We have as yet heard of no case of its existence among the Bramhins."]

1. Though the Waren of Khundoba and other deities is not to be found among the Bramhins, yet families of that caste have frequently the hereditary Waren of a spirit called *Sumundhu*, or *Muha-Poorooshu*, supposed, in many cases, to be one of their own ancestors. The ideas of the people in regard to such possessions, the worship paid to them, and the methods of obtaining prophecies, are nearly the same as those observed in the case of the Warens of Khundoba and other deities. The only difference of any consequence is, that the Waren of *Sumundhu* is never, and can never be, brought on by artificial means, such as burning incense, &c. When hereditary, a *Muha-poorooshu* is considered as a beneficent, or, at all events, a harmless spirit; and its manifestations are supposed to be intended for the purpose of communicating some important future event to the family, or of remonstrating against an omission of some duty, or a breach of promise made to the spirit itself.

There is some Waren of this kind in my own family. Two or three of my uncles had it, and a son of one of them, too simple-minded to be capable of imposture, was possessed, for the first time, about twelve years ago. He has ever since had periodical visits; though of late these have been less frequent, in consequence of his performing, by the command of the spirit, a journey to a temple in a neighbouring province, in that part of the year in which he was most troubled.

I consider this as a hereditary disease, and the phenomena observed at the time of visitation, such as the spirit identifying itself, &c., to be the effect of association and previous recollection. No attempt is ever made to drive away a hereditary spirit unless when it is found very troublesome, in which case the same means are employed to expel it as those used in getting rid of an intruding devil.

(b) ["The signification of '*my tree*.'"]

11. The conjecture offered here may derive some strength from the existence of the Waren of *Muha-poorooshu*, noticed in note 1. The sense, however, in which we understand the phrase is, that the spirit, attributing to itself the entire direction of the man in whom it has found an admittance, compares him to a motionless tree, or stem, in calling it "*my tree*."

THE WARREN, OR PROPHETIC AFFLATUS, PERPETUATED IN CERTAIN TRIBES BY PRAYER
AND THE CASTING OF RICE.

NEXT to the Waren which is inherited in families, may be mentioned that which is perpetuated in particular clans, or tribes, by prayer and the ceremony of casting of rice. This form of Waren differs, not only in its mode of transmission, but in some of the phenomena which attend it, from that described in the foregoing paper. It is connected in every instance with a local temple, dedicated to the worship of some divinity, who is the Kooludevuta, or tutelary god or goddess of a particular clan or tribe, rather than with the household god of an individual family. Each of these tribes or clans consists of many families, originally descended from a single stock, and preserving, in addition to the personal and patronymic names of each individual, the ancestral surname which marks their common descent. This kind of Waren appears to be more prevalent among the higher class; but, as the latter have, in some instances, the hereditary family Waren, so the lower castes of the Mahrattas (from among whom, although, properly speaking, peasantry, both the soldiers and princes of Western India are taken), have occasionally the transmitted Clan-Waren. In some instances they are found to melt into each other, the development of the hereditary Waren being hastened by resorting to the rites which belong to the transmitted Waren: in like manner, the distinctions between clan and family are occasionally confounded, and the characteristic phenomena of the two forms of the afflatus interchanged.

The following is an account of the Clan-Waren as existing in Sawunt Wadee, and the neighbouring parts,

among the Sinoys, or Gour Bramhins, who abound in that, and the contiguous state of Goa. This caste is subdivided into a number of tribes, each distinguished by its surname, such as Poy, Kamut, Nayuk, Bhundaree, &c. Each of these tribes has one or more temples in common, founded and endowed with land by some individual, or by the united resources of the tribe, at some former period. Each temple is dedicated to the particular tutelary deity of the tribe, who is most generally some provincial form of the goddess Devee, such as Shanta Doorga Devee. The Waren of this goddess* is supposed to reside in some one of the tribe, for the purpose of affording them divine counsel and direction in all great emergencies. When the party in whom the Waren used to dwell is dead, all the male members of the tribe who bear the common surname, from the child to the grey-headed old man, assemble in the temple before the image of their tutelary deity. The priest and other attendants of the temple, including a gooruvu, or sacristan, and a band of native music, which comprises at least drums and horns, are present on the occasion. All the Muhajuns, or respectable householders of the village or the neighbourhood, belonging to other tribes, also assemble, and amongst these must always be some one individual who is visited by a Clan-Waren. When all are assembled, the members of the bereaved tribe prostrate themselves before the image, and pray, somewhat in this manner:—

“Oh, Goddess! the man whom hitherto thou didst favour by coming into his person, is dead. What are his

* A learned Bramhin, of the Poona College, to whom we read over some of these papers, for the purpose of benefiting by any corrections suggested by his superior information, gives us to understand that the Waren is always the afflatus of a secondary god, or attendant spirit. Thus Khundoba and Bhuiroba, though termed incarnations of Shivu, are not really that deity, but only angels or messengers carrying out his designs, and resembling him in attributes. So, when the Waren of Devee or other principal deity is spoken of, we should always understand it to be the afflatus not of Devee herself, but of one of her *gunu*, or attendant spirits, who, at her bidding, enters the human frame. (a).—*Vide* note by B. G. S., at the close.

tribe now to do?—who is to direct them in difficulty, doubt, and contagious sickness? Wherefore, be compassionately pleased to select some one of us in his stead, and to reside henceforth in his frame."

After a prayer of this tenor has been offered up, the man who is the receptacle of the Waren of the other tribe, sits down before the image, and casts loose his hair: flowers are spread before him; incense is burnt; the drums beat; the horns blow. The flowers and the incense are offerings to the goddess; the drums and the horns resound her praises; but at the same time the fumes and the din mount to the brain of the person who is awaiting inspiration, and before long, the Waren announces its presence in his body, by a shivering of the whole frame and a tremulous motion of the head. The possessed now starts up, and looking with his countenance towards the assembled crowd, but with his eyes generally half-closed, he calls out in a loud voice, announcing the presence of the goddess, thus: "I am Shanta Doorga Devec: what want ye here?" The bereaved tribe worship with joined hands, and repeat to the goddess thus present in the human frame, the prayer before addressed to the idol. On hearing it, the possessed one takes up a handful of rice from a vessel in which it had stood as an offering, and flings it with wild demoniac action towards the crowd of suppliants. He repeats the action with greater energy: the Mahajuns of the neighbourhood stand around him, and follow his example. All scatter rice towards the suppliants: all in the act of casting the grain, dart their fingers out with that sort of arrowy action which artists employ to represent imprecation on the part of witches. As the ceremony is repeated by greater numbers and with increased rapidity, it suddenly takes effect. Some one amongst the expecting crowd is observed to be in a convulsive tremor, and bellows out—"I am come! I am come!" "She is come—the goddess is come—the Waren is come," is immediately echoed on every side. The first possessed and the Mahajuns cease to fling rice. The members of the tribe turn towards the new recipient of Waren, and adore the numen present in him; and after a brief inter-

val, and some words from the Waren, directing the sacrifice of a cock or a goat, or enjoining on the tribe obedience to its warnings, the newly possessed returns to his natural state, unconscious of what has just passed, and the crowd separate, and return to their homes, well satisfied with the perpetuation of the oracle in their sept.

When the Waren has been thus once established, it is easy for the party to recall it at will, whenever consulted by any of his tribe or friends. He has only to burn an incense offering before a little idol of the divinity, to hear a few beats on the drum, to close his eyes and mentally to invoke its presence, when straight the slight shivering of the limbs and shaking of the head is perceived, and, opening his eyes, he speaks in the person of the divinity. After a short time, perhaps ten or fifteen minutes, he again closes his eyes, gives himself a sudden shake, and then appearing to awake, generally asks, "What did the divinity say?"

In this mild form of Waren, it will be observed, there are no painful or violent symptoms of any kind—no convulsion beyond a tremor or shivering of the head and limbs; nothing, in fact, that can be referable to violent, or previously-developed disease.

To the Guor Bramhin who gave us the foregoing description, we read an account of the Delphic Oracle, in which the inspiration of the priestess was attributed to a mephitic vapour, supposed to ascend from a hole in the ground, beneath the tripod on which she stood. His reply was singular. "It is very true: there is always a vapour required: without burning of incense there is no Waren." Another person—the learned Bramhin referred to in a former note—said, "They bring on Waren at will, by certain means, of which the most universal are, beating the drum, burning incense or camphor, and *shaking their heads*." This last statement surprised us: we had been accustomed to regard the shaking of the head as *an effect* of the Waren, and asked was this not so? He replied, "Waren is not of one kind, nor are all pretended exhibitions of Waren real. There is unquestionably much of imposture mixed up with the system. Sometimes the Waren comes and causes the shaking

of the head: sometimes the party* *helps to bring on the Waren by shaking his own head* (b). Listening to the drum, inhaling the incense, and shaking his head, he makes himself intoxicated, and then he loses his senses. I look upon the system, as now practised, with some suspicion. Of the cures foretold and other predictions made by the Warens, some come true, some false. Of seven predictions, perhaps five turn out false, and two true; but these two are bruited abroad, and the others are suppressed or forgotten." We have here, however, a very important remark to make—viz., that al-

though a sensible stimulant, like music, incense, &c., can be employed to excite the inspire, and bring on the oracular Waren, this state may be really and truly spiritual, and in the highest sense prophetic. For we read in 2 Kings, iii. 14, 15, that the prophet Elisha resorted to these sensible excitements, and that they brought on the prophetic crisis. "And Elisha said, now *bring me a minstrel*. And it came to pass, *when the minstrel played, that the hand of the Lord came upon him*. And he said, thus saith the Lord," &c.

NOTES BY PROFESSOR HAL GUNGADHUR SHASTREE.

(a) ["The Waren is always the afflatus of a secondary god, or attendant spirit."]

The opinion here referred to, is unanimously entertained among us. The spirits manifesting themselves in the villages of the Southern Conkan have such names as Vitthul, Ruvulnathu, &c., which are unknown to our mythology. The spirits themselves have stones or images to represent them; and these, though worshipped by the Shoodrus, are not much respected by the higher castes, and are regarded by all as inferior to the principal deity.

(b) ["The party helps to bring on the Waren by shaking his own head."]

Shaking the head, as well as drums, burning incense, and a great crowd of people, is a very necessary preparation for possession in village oracles. I have heard a Gooruvu (or attendant on the idol) declare, after shaking his head for half an hour, or more, that the Waren would not come on. This happens particularly when there is no great crowd of people. When the congregation is larger, such a disappointment is scarcely ever known to occur. Again, as "the possessed goes on prophesying, the incense and the drum are both necessary. He sometimes stops suddenly, and directs, "Beat the drums—throw more incense." The common belief silently entertained is, that the Gooruvu is really possessed for some time in the beginning of the Waren; as the principal village officers always take care first to bring before him the most important interrogatories that concern the welfare of the community in general, or their own families, telling other supplicants to wait till they have received answers on more weighty points. There is every appearance, for some time at first, of the man's losing his senses, and the answers given at this time having more of a supernatural character, are more depended upon; but as the consultation advances, he is restored to the equilibrium of his temper, and answers at random, producing sometimes a tendency to smile or laughter among those who hear him.

The belief of the people in these oracles is evidently becoming weaker every day. The common saying now is, "The tutelary deities are going to forsake us, as we are becoming more sinful."

THE OCCASIONAL VILLAGE ORACLES—THE CHOLERA WARREN.

From the Waren which tabernacles in tribes, we ascend to that which is had recourse to for the direction of

villages. The family Waren is inherited: the tribe Waren transmitted: the village Waren is summoned or

* This fact is confirmed to us by many European witnesses, and we have ourselves witnessed it at the late Dusura festival [1843].

sought for. The two former, once established in the person, continue their visitations more or less frequently through life. The latter may be only occasionally resorted to, and though supposed permanently to abide in connexion with the tutelary idol of the village, it is but temporary, as far as the particular recipient individual is concerned, and may, according to circumstances, be manifested in his person often, or but once in life. The village Waren in some form, occasional or established, is universally diffused throughout the Mahratta country, especially the Southern Conkan.

Almost every village has a small temple dedicated to Hunoomunt, or Devee (*a*). It has also its *Gramudevuta*, or village deities, which, like the gods called Termini by the ancients, are often nothing but rude stones, set up on the boundaries, and consecrated by being covered with red pigment, to which the devout occasionally add a libation of oil or melted butter, and a garland of flowers. These simple offerings of a rude superstition abound everywhere throughout India. But in addition to these deities, which are common to all villages, some have special guardian divinities of a more personal character. Some of these, it has been conjectured, were originally deified ancestors or saints, male and female; but they now all pass for local or minor manifestations of the terrific divinities, Shivu and Devee, into which, indeed, all the deities worshipped by the mass of the common people throughout India, appear eventually to resolve themselves. It is not improbable that Fetish worship, or the religion of terror—the adoration of infernal beings, or the malignant powers of nature, disease, death, and fate—was the first religion of the aborigines of India, as it is to be found in many other uncivilized lands, before the arrival of the Bramhins; and that the latter embodied all these scattered representations of terror and evil, which they found pre-existing there, in the two great divinities before mentioned. Of the two, the female divinity is far more extensively worshipped by the peasants. Shivu is, indeed, Fate in the abstract; and among the higher and middle classes, the studious, the asce-

tic, and the speculative fatalists, his worship is extensive. But the popular mind seldom rises to abstractions; it adheres to the concrete. Now, Devee is *Nemesis* in all her concrete forms. She is small pox; she is cholera, plague, death. She roams about the crags of the precipice; she lurks at the bottom of every whirlpool, tank, and well, like the ant-lion awaiting her victims. She is in the springing tiger, the falling tower, and the sinking ship; in the noose of the strangler, the knife of the sacrificer, the dagger or the poison of the murderer. Harpy—fury—fate—gorgon: Medusa—Atropos—Alcto: Pallida mors—Nox atra: Ate—Nemesis—Hecate: tiger-borne—boar-faced—horrid-tusked—blood-lapping—raw-flesh-tearing goddess—dreadful concentration of all that is malignant and terrible to the imagination of man! Such is the being who has, under various names, the chief worship of some fifty millions of the human race. In the villages which she protects, she is often simply styled Gramu-Devee, or the village goddess. Sometimes she has one of her general names, such as Amba-bace (*mater alma*), Gouree (*alma virgo*), Doorga (*accessu difficilis*), Kalika (*atra*); sometimes a more local name, and sometimes a special designation immediately connected with disease, such as Mata (*mother-small-pox*), Situla-Devee (*small-pox goddess*), Jureemuree (*cholera personified*), Muree (*mortality personified*), Putukee (*pestilence personified*), &c. She is seldom worshipped in the villages under the more amiable forms of Parvutee (*non-ti-genita*) and Bhuwanee (*Isis*), which occur so frequently in the poetic legends and philosophical myths of the Hindoos, and to which many temples in their cities and their neighbourhood are dedicated.

Wherever a temple exists in a village to one of these guardian goddesses, it is generally under the control of the Patell, or village headman; and, though often a very small and rude structure, it occasionally has a small endowment in land, for the support of the establishment, consisting of a Poojaree, or priest; a Gooruvu, or sacristan, who sweeps and lights the temple; and musicians to attend on special occasions. These temples are the common scenes of the village ora-

cles. Whenever any great calamity befalls the village—but especially during the periodical ravages of the small-pox, cholera, or other pestilence—the inhabitants call upon the Patell to consult the goddess, as to the cause of her anger; for these calamities are deemed the direct visitations of her vengeance, just as, in the first book of the Iliad, the pestilence is viewed as the effect of Apollo's anger against the Greeks—

Βῆ δὲ κατ' Οὐλύμπιοι καρήνων χυδμινος κῆρ,
 Ἰζιτ' ἱστ' ἀπάνευθε νῶν, μίτ' δ' ἰὸν ἱκνῶν
 . . . αἰὶ δὲ πυρὰ νικύων καίοντο θαμναί.

But, whereas Apollo only shot his arrows, Devee goes about like Tisiphone, herself entering the persons, and preying on the vitals of her victims. The Patell goes with the villagers to the temple. The priest and other ministers attend. Some one—generally a man or woman of low caste—is selected to receive the Waren of Devee. A black goat is sacrificed, incense is burned, drums are beat; the selected person agitates his head, with his hair loose, before the idol, and the Patell and priest supplicate the presence of the goddess. The Waren at length announces its presence, by frantic cries and convulsive motions. It is then interrogated, and states the cause of offence somewhat in the following manner:—“I (the small-pox or cholera goddess) have come from such a village here, because the inhabitants of this

place have multiplied their sins, and neglected religion. If you wish me to go away, you must take four cocks or four goats (as it may be) to the north or south boundary of the village, and sacrifice them to me there; I will then go on to such a town.” Or—“I want four goats from this village; you must take them to such a boundary, and letting them loose, drive them over the boundary, and I will go over the boundary with them, and proceed to the next village.”* The villagers obey these directions, and the disease, they assert, then diminishes, and gradually disappears. As panic has a great tendency to increase the fatality of contagious disease, the confidence inspired by these promises may have some real effect in mitigating its virulence, and leading to its cessation.

It sometimes happens that a particular person gets constantly habituated to be the receptacle of the Waren of the village goddess, when summoned on these occasions, and thus becomes, in a manner, attached to the temple. It then approaches to the character of a permanent local oracle, of which many exist in the Conkan, and of which a distinct description will be found in a succeeding paper.

In other villages, where neither regular temple nor vaticinator exists, the inhabitants obtain their end in another manner. At the outskirts of every town and village, and separated from it, is a small suburb, inhabited by the impure caste of Mhars, or Purwarces (Pariahs). Amongst this

* This practice presents a remarkable analogy to the scape-goat, that, in the Mosaic law, was set loose, and bore away the sins of the people.

The following is the Hebrew institution, as described in the 16th chapter of Leviticus, verses 7-22:—

“And he shall take two goats, and present them before the LORD at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation.

“And Aaron shall cast lots upon the two goats; one lot for the LORD, and the other lot for the scape-goat.

“And Aaron shall bring the goat upon which the LORD's lot fell, and offer him for a sin-offering:

“But the goat, on which the lot fell to be the scape-goat, shall be presented alive before the LORD, to make an atonement with him, and to let him go for a scape-goat into the wilderness.

“And Aaron shall lay both his hands on the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat, and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness.

“And the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited: and he shall let go the goat into the wilderness.”

caste, above all others, is established the worship of Khundoba, and that of Mata and Muha Maree, the small-pox and cholera goddess. The women of this caste, moreover, are more subject to the natural Warren than any other; and it is encouraged and cherished among them as, under some circumstances, a mode of obtaining subsistence. When cholera or small-pox breaks out in the main village, and has advanced to an alarming extent, the inhabitants, sometimes of their own accord, send down to the Pariah suburb for any woman who may have this sort of Warren or Pythonic spirit, in order to consult her. At other times, she is not at first sent for, but breaks out into spontaneous vaticinations in her own hut, in the person of Devec, stating the reasons of her anger and her arrival, nearly in the same terms as the oracles above described. This gradually reaches the ears of the villagers and Patell, who anxiously send for her, and repeat the scene before detailed. The goats and other provisions, which she has demanded as an expiatory sacrifice, are carried with her, on a triumphal car, to the boundary, and there left with her, as the impersonified goddess. All then retire: no eye would dare to intrude upon the awful mysteries of the banquet which follows. We may safely conjecture that she quietly carries off the provisions to her own home, and that her vaticinations were originally directed towards this very end. This superstition is not confined to the ignorant villagers. Last year (1842), in the sacred and learned city of Nasik, when cholera was at its height, it was rumoured about that the Warren of the (cholera) goddess had appeared in the suburbs, in the person of a Mhar woman, and was prophesying. The heads of the Bramhin community sent for and consulted her. She stated the transgression of the city, and demanded, as an expiation, that a great quantity of flesh-meat and other provisions should be offered in sacrifice, and carried towards the north or north-east boundary of the town, and turned loose into the jungle, towards which she promised she would proceed along with them, thus freeing the city of her presence. This was accordingly done: all the provisions were placed with this woman herself (as being then the She-

kinah of the goddess), on a car hung with votive garlands of flowers, and solemnly conducted, with bands of sacred, though very obstreperous, music, towards the indicated boundary, where the car was turned loose into the jungle. A fortnight, however, passed, without any diminution of the pestilence. The learned again assembled, and came to the determination of sending a similar cart-load of sacrificed provisions out of the city towards all the four cardinal points. This was done with the same solemnity as the former procession. The bullocks, with the carts laden with provisions, were turned loose towards the four quarters, where it was expected the spiritual beings to be propitiated would come, in the form of jackals, vultures, and other beasts and birds of prey, to feast upon them.

It is not unusual for those villagers, who have no hereditary Warren among their own kin, to have recourse to these public oracles on the occasion of severe private sickness in their families, sometimes by going to the Patell, and, with his consent, going through the necessary formularies at the temple; more often by sending to their own houses for the individual, into whose person it has been usual to summon the public Warren, and getting him to bring it on there by invocation, music, or rites: or, where no Warren, temple, or habitual seer exists, by summoning from the Mhar suburb one of those sybils, who feel or simulate an hereditary Warren. The oracles so consulted, prescribe for the disease, and predict the cure. Their prescriptions refer chiefly to the sacrifice of goats and cocks; under the name of religious fasts and vows, however, they indicate regimen; and, under the designation of food-offerings to the gods, of which the offerer must always eat a portion himself, they sometimes administer medicine. Indeed this singular system, mixed up to some extent with magic, would seem to supersede, in a great measure, medical practice in the Mahratta villages. Except in the larger towns, no physician resides. The barber, indeed, everywhere performs the surgeon's office in cupping, and a few other simple operations; and his wife, that of the midwife. Some traditional remedies also are known to all, such as the actual cautery—the blistering juice of

the milk-bush—the use of the bitter *neem*, the *kriyat*, and other plants. When these household remedies fail, the wise man of the village is consulted, for every village has its “wise man,” who is often really possessed of considerable knowledge of herbs.

When the wise man finds the complaint beyond his skill, he shakes his head, and says to the friends of the patient, “*Devala bolivu*”—“Send for the god”—just as the country apothecary, when a case begins to grow serious, calls in the physician (*b*).

NOTES BY PROFESSOR DAL GUNGADHUR SHASTREE.

(a) [“Almost every village has a small temple dedicated to Hunoomunt, or Devec.”]

In as far as this remark may have reference to the Conkan, where the village Warens are regularly to be met with, it would be proper to substitute Devec alone. Hunoomunt has very few, if any, temples of note below the Ghauts.

(b) [“Send for the god.”]

The ignorant quacks, who practise medicine among the natives of Bombay, and are known by the names of * * * * or doctors, frequently advise their patients to resort to magic. I have known several instances, in which a respectable practitioner of this class declared, “My remedies cannot take effect. The disease is caused by a devil. Send for a Bhuktu.”

FURTHER ILLUSTRATION OF THE CHOLERA WARREN.

THE late Dr. John Malcolmson, Secretary to the Bombay branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, who met his death, like Victor Jacquemont, from fever caught in the ardent pursuit of scientific researches, in the fatal jungles of Western India, had, during the last few months of his life, taken a deep interest in the subject of Hindoo pythoism, and its relations to physical disease. To him we are indebted for calling our attention to the following remarkable extract from the preface of Dr. Kennedy's work on cholera, to which he first directed us, as strongly corroborating some of the circumstances noted in the foregoing sketch. It is valuable as an independent testimony to facts similar to those which we have detailed, and shows, moreover, that the analogy noticed above, between the cholera goat of the Mahrattas and the Mosaic scape-goat, is not imaginary; since it thus struck two individuals, wholly strangers to each other, writing of facts occurring in different localities, at very different periods of time:—

“Among the native population, superstition arrayed itself in its most disgusting and debasing attributes: reli-

gious ceremonies, rather as magical incantations than in the spirit of devotion, were everywhere resorted to. But if nothing further had been thought of than frivolous changes of apparel, or the wearing of amulets, there would have appeared little to condemn; but the ostensible, unconcealed object of every magic rite, is to purchase for the sacrificer, not an actual release from danger, but to transfer it to some less liberal sinner—the principle acted on being this, that the fiend of destruction needs a certain number of victims, and the suppliant cares little who suffers, so that he be permitted to escape. To refer to the particulars of these demoniacal proceedings, would be to weary my readers with offensive details; but I cannot pass over, as a singular coincidence with the Mosaic institution of the scape-goat* directed to be let loose in the wilderness, loaded with the curse of the sins of the congregation, the similar ceremony practised in some places here, of dedicating a buffalo to the spirit of the plague, and turning it loose into the woods. Wherever the poor brute directed its course, the population rose in a body to drive it back into the forests. It was not only supposed to be accursed, and bearing the curse and punishment for the people, but the pestilence was expected when-

* “See Dr. Mead on Plague, for a singular account of a human sacrifice under similar circumstances, and a most curious and learned note respecting it.—Dr. Mead's Works, 4to, 1762, p. 245.”

ever it was seen: nor was the district relieved from alarm until the devoted beast had been destroyed by tigers, or sank exhausted under the pitiless persecution which goaded it from village to village.

"This, however, was nothing compared to the conduct of some wretches of both sexes, who, affecting to be possessed by the demon of the plague, carried terror whithersoever they proceeded; and by their frantic gestures and language, had more the appearance of maniacs labouring under delusion, than impostors practising on the credulity of others; the more especially as avarice does not generally appear to have been the motive of their conduct, but rather the desire of notoriety, as it were, or that diseased state of mind which sometimes leads half-crazed individuals to extravagancies of conduct, for no apparent object but to attract attention.

"In the cantonment at Seroor, forty miles north-east of Poonah, and the old head-quarters of the Bombay Dekkan division, the very outbreaking of the disease was accompanied with a singular circumstance of the above character. A female, declaring herself to be an avatar of the fiend of pestilence, entered the bazaar or market-street. She was almost naked; but her dishevelled hair, her whole body, and her scanty apparel, were daubed and clotted with the dingy red and ochery yellow powders of the Hindoo burial ceremonies. She was frantic with mania, real or assumed, or maddened by an intoxication partly mental, partly from excitement from drugs. In one hand she held a drawn sword, in the other an earthen vessel containing fire (the one probably a symbol of destruction, the other of the funeral pile). Before her proceeded a gang of musicians, pouring forth their discords from every harsh and clattering instrument of music appropriate to their religious processions. Behind her followed a long line of empty carts; no driver whom she encountered on the road daring to disobey her command to follow in her train. Thus accoutred and accompanied, her frenzy seemed beyond all human control; and as she bounded along, she denounced certain destruction to all who did not immediately acknowledge her divinity; and, pointing to the empty carts which followed, proclaimed that they were brought to convey away the corpses of those who rashly persisted in infidelity. No ridicule, no jest, awaited this frantic visitant, but deep distress and general consternation. The outcry and clamour of alarm were not long in reaching the officers on duty—and the goddess was instantly apprehended and confined, and

her, mob of followers dispersed. But, unfortunately, she was no sooner secured, than she herself was attacked by the disease; and, being less cautiously observed when under its influence, she contrived to escape, and was never afterwards heard of. Whence she came, or whither she went, remained a mystery; and this detestable delusion had a serious effect on the feelings of the mob.

"In the cantonment near Severndroog in the Southern Conkan, the same mockery was attempted. A band of impostors of both sexes, escorting a party of females, some of them young girls of ten or twelve years of age, were spoken of as being in the vicinity. These females were infuriated with intoxicating drugs, and, as it afterwards appeared, by the confession of one of them, had casually fallen in with those vagrants, and had been seduced by the love of novelty, or bribed by promises, or awed by threats, to join the party. Though the respectable natives of the district complained of the outrage to the officer who commanded the brigade, none dared, or none would reveal their actual place of haunt, nor was it discovered by his exertions. The object here was evident. The poor females, who personated the demons of disease, were the dupes as well as the mob, and their brutal companions were levying contributions, as they prowled through the country. They were immediately apprehended, and carefully watched until all wore sober. The males were then publicly flogged in the bazaar of the cantonments; and the females, being cautioned of the consequences of future attempts at similar imposition, were set at liberty, after the whole gang had been exhibited and proclaimed through the neighbouring villages, as a set of mercant wretches below contempt; and their dismissal was with ridicule and scorn, rather than serious punishment. The salutary example prevented the repetition of such disgraceful scenes, and saved that part of the country from much distress; but gangs of the above description continued to infest the Native States, and without doubt reaped a rich reward of their impudent impostures.

"In the Island of Bassein, which is the nearest to the continent of the Bombay cluster, there occurred a more tragical, but equally characteristic circumstance. An unfortunate creature, residing at the little village of the Duntoora Ferry, about forty miles from Bombay, was most inhumanly massacred. Either the malice of private enmity accused him of being possessed by the demon, or his own folly may

have induced him to assume the character, without his courage or talents being equal to carry him triumphantly through the part he had undertaken. After many secret attempts for his destruction, which should have warned him to fly for shelter to the closely-adjacent island of Salsetto, he was finally assailed in open day by the whole population of the village; and, whilst a crowd of females, his mother, wife, sisters, and children, in vain threw themselves about him to protect him, their shrieks for mercy were disregarded, and the unhappy victim was beaten to death with bludgeons before his own door; and his corpse, as a thing accursed, was towed out far to sea, and sunk with heavy stones in deep water. Such an outrage could not pass unnoticed by the British magistrates; but the ends of justice, it is to be regretted, were defeated by the means: nearly one hundred people were arraigned for the murder, of whom many received sentence of death, and were of course all pardoned, after a short confinement."

We will take leave of the Cholera *Warren*, by remarking a singular fact, which will be found verified in many branches of inquiry, and many walks of thought, besides that with which we are at present engaged; namely, the extraordinary resemblance between the German and Hindoo minds, and the identity of their views and conclusions on many of the great mysteries of being; if, indeed, this identity be not an unacknowledged, perhaps an unconscious borrowing. Schlegel in particular is an example

of this; and in his case, at least, it may be considered as the result of a complete saturation with Sanscrit lore. Throughout his philosophical system, he takes of pestilence precisely the same view as the Hindoos, regarding it as a living power. Here is one passage, out of many, taken from his "Philosophy of Life":—

"What else, in general, is the wide-spreading pestilence, but a *living propagation* of foulness, corruption, and death?"

Again, his doctrine of the æther which permeates the nerves, and the body-of-light (licht korper) which constitutes the inner, immortal, psyche, or indestructible portion of the organization of man—in a word, his imponderable phantasmal body, a sort of material soul, distinguished alike from his external body, and his pure spirit, correspond exactly with the Hindoo notions of a sensitive and motive wind filling the wind-or-spirit-tubes, or nerves which descend from the brain to the feet, as fully described in the "*Moolu Sthumbhu*," and of a *subtle body belonging to the luminous world*, forming the kernel of the gross external body, which belongs to the outer material universe"—this luminous body itself constituting the tabernacle of a third and higher principle—the universal spirit. Indeed, his whole philosophy is so imbued with Hindoo ideas, that one is almost tempted to ask—is this a Bramhin or a Christian philosopher, to whom we are listening?

THE ESTABLISHED VILLAGE ORACLES.

From the obscure and irregular manifestations of Warren, which constitute the casual village oracle, consulted on emergent occasions in the village temple, or before the household god of the Patell, or the unsheltered idol which marks the village boundary—we may proceed to the established oracles: for, as intimated in a former paper, the occasional vaticination often grows into the permanent.

The family or hereditary Warren appears to be the basis of the whole system: a casual appropriation of this to the purposes of the community would seem to constitute the occasional village oracle: peculiar circumstances magnify and perpetuate the latter into the established shrine: all these conjoined, stand in a great measure towards the great body of the Mahratta peasantry, in lieu both of religious guide and bodily physician.

* The former is the *Sookshmu-dehu*, *Teju ubhmani*; the latter the *Schoolu-dehu*, *Vishnu ubhmani*, of the *Viveku Sindho*, *Deepu-Rutuakuru*, and other Hindoo psychological books.

The following account of the origin of the established village oracles, taken down in the words of a Conkahee Bramhin,^(a) well conversant with the subject, will give an idea how such matters are thought of and managed in the Conkan, and also show, how all these varying developments may ultimately be traced back to the hereditary Waren :—

“ When any man has found favour in the eyes of the goddess Devee, and she chooses his person for her tabernacle, she at first visits him in his own house. His body begins suddenly to shake—his breathing is oppressed—he hisses or roars out—he falls down or he leaps about, just as the Waren of the goddess may choose to *play* (*khelune*) in his body. SHE then tells his friends or relations to send for the Patell and other village authorities, as she has a message to deliver to them. On their arrival, she announces her name either as Devee generally, or under that local appellation of the goddess to whom the village temple may be dedicated, or perhaps by some one of the many names under which she is worshipped, as the household divinity of the particular caste, tribe, or family, to which the man belongs. She informs the Patell that she intends henceforth taking up her abode in the village temple, and authoritatively demands admission. The Patell and other Mankurees (village authorities) always demur in the first instance, alleging their doubts as to the real character of the possession, hinting their suspicions that it is a devil and not the goddess, and demanding proof of her genuine divinity. The proofs insisted upon her are various. Sometimes the Patell lays on the ground five or six different flowers, and, selecting one of these in his own mind, says, ‘ If you be Devee, tell me which of these flowers I am now thinking of.’ If the possessed points out the right flower, it is considered conclusive proof of the authenticity of the visitation, the man is forthwith admitted into the temple, and, thenceforward, on particular days in the week or month, according to the nature of the periodical visitations of the Waren, there is a sort of minor *Jatra*, or visitation, to the temple where this oracle is established. The priest or clerk of the temple spreads flowers and burns incense before him—the musicians strike up their music—the man invokes the presence—the Waren of Devee again plays in his body, and all who have vows to make, oracular answers to seek, or maladies to cure, at-

tend—worship—lay down their cocoa-nut or gift in money—propound their several wants—intimate their vows, and receive their respective answers.

“ Whatever revenue is thus derived, goes to the treasury of the temple. The man, who has the Waren, does not touch one single roa: but the Patell and Mankurees pay him, from the treasury, such amount for his support as they may deem necessary.

“ In other cases, they try the reality of his pretensions by the body rather than the mind—giving him several severe cuts on the back with a whip or rattan—and, if he laughs at the flogging, they conclude the Waren of Devee genuine.

“ If he fail in either trial, pointing out the wrong flower, or evincing the slightest sensibility to the flagellation—he is rejected as an impostor, or as one really possessed, but by a devil and not by a divinity.

“ But proofs far more severe are often demanded. The village authorities will say to the possessed, ‘ Well! you say you are Devee (or Doorga, or Girjabee, or Muha-Kalee, as it may be); now, if you will show us a live tiger passing by, we will believe you and admit you to the temple.’ The possessed generally replies, ‘ I will not show you one now, but on such and such a day, at such a time, if you are at such a place, I will make a tiger pass by; but you must not kill it!’ or perhaps he will say, ‘ I will not show you a tiger; but, to-morrow, at such a time and place, I will make a boar or a leopard pass, provided you do not kill it.’

“ The proofs demanded are various: the aspirants often fail; but, till they satisfy the authorities, they are denied admittance to the temple. I have known a man, after his failure and rejection, wander about India four or five years, and at length return, and satisfy, and obtain admission from the Mankurees, who originally rejected him.”

On our intimating our scepticism as to the production of a tiger, or any other animal, and requesting him to lay aside all hearsay tales, and confine himself to his own positive personal experience, he made the following statement :—

“ At the village of Adiwulê, near the town of Rutnagiree, where the zillah court and collector’s office for the Southern Conkan are both established, is a man named *Gunoo*, who has in his body the Waren of Muha-Kalee [Magna-Atra, the most terrible form of Devee].

He has for many years been admitted into the village temple, where, every Monday, the Warren comes upon him. On such occasions the temple, which is a very large one, is crowded with applicants, devotees, and patients, from all the neighbouring parts—often as many as five hundred. They go to consult him even from Bombay. When I was lately there, I met —, a clerk in the Small-cause Court. I asked him what brought him there. He replied his house was haunted by the spirit of a Caffree, who made such frightful noises at night that none of the females could get any sleep,* and he had come to consult the oracle of Muha-Kalee. We were then on the outside of the temple, and separated from it by a very dense crowd of several hundreds; but the Devasthanu (the man in whom the goddess dwelt), saw him in his mind, and called out to the crowd to fall back, and make way for the stranger from Bombay.

"This man, Gunoo, before his admission to the temple, had fulfilled the condition about producing a live animal; for I was present during the proceeding, and saw it with my own eyes. On the day when the Warren first seized him, and he sent for the village authorities, he announced himself as Muha-Kalee, and demanded installation into the temple; they told him plainly they would not believe him to be Muha-Kalee till he showed them the tiger on which that goddess is supposed to ride. He replied, 'I will not show you the tiger; but to-morrow, at such an hour and place, I will show you a troop of wild boars; you must not, however, kill any of them: one of them will of himself meet death.' The next day the Patell and Mankuroes, and many others, myself among the rest, assembled at the place pointed out, in the verandah of a house on the outskirts of the village, and sent word to Gunoo to come. He came in his ordinary state, and, then, having arranged the apparatus of invocation (*manu ghaloon*), by spreading flowers, and burning incense, the Warren began to play in his body. On being questioned again by the Patell who he was, he replied, as on the previous day, 'Muha-Kalee.' The Patell said, 'Show us now the boars you promised.' He answered, 'You will see them pass a little after noon.' We sat waiting there for about two hours, when, as he had fore-

told, four or five boars rushed out of the jungle, crossed the road, and were soon out of sight; but the same evening some villagers brought in the body of one, which was found dead in a water-pit, not far from the village. From that day, now eight years ago, no one doubted the reality of Gunoo's periodical possession by Muha-Kalee."

Whatever may be thought of this story, which is a type of many others, it affords a very correct illustration of the belief and mode of thinking, universally prevalent on the subject, in Western India; and, whether all such narratives be set down as emanating wholly from deliberate imposture, or as the result of superstitious credulity, "plus some delusion, plus some illusion," plus the popular disposition to exaggerate the wonderful, they form an integral portion of the system of Warren, and could not be fairly omitted in any faithful delineation of it.

What seems most remarkable in these accounts is, that the possessed always evades those proofs, which would show the possession of *power* really supernatural, such as the immediate production of this or that animal, and substitutes for them others, which, at most, only demonstrate a certain limited faculty of prevision. Asked to produce a tiger on the moment, he cannot; but, in lieu, he promises that a tiger, a leopard, or a boar shall pass on some future day. Does not this look as if, unable to produce, he still possessed some capacity to foresee? In this respect, the system presents an exact counterpart to the phenomena, real or pretended, of second sight, and magnetic lucidity.

All such pretensions are accustomed to be treated as claims to some great supernatural gift, which cannot reasonably be allowed, and are, therefore, wholly denied, and set down to the score of imposture. But may not this view, which runs counter to the popular traditions of all countries, and compels us to reject some of the best attested facts in civil and ecclesiastical history, as well as in medical biogra-

* And yet we must now add (four years after the foregoing account was taken down), this very Gunoo, having failed in some of his prophecies, was driven out of the temple by the village authorities, as one whose possession was demoniac, and whose oracular deliveries were, therefore, unsafe. Dublin, 1848.

phy, he radically erroneous and one-sided? Is it not possible that those confused and limited perceptions of events beyond the present locality and hour, which are termed lucidity and second sight, are, in reality, a clouding darkness—a displacing of the primary and healthy vision; and, instead of forming a gift to be desired and prized, constitute, in truth, a visitation to be dreaded and deplored? May not such a perception of the remote in place or time, be real within certain limits, and yet be for man, a wrong, a diseased perception—as much a disturbance or distortion of his healthy relations with external things, as that loss or perverted sense of proper identity, which occurs in lunacy, in epilepsy, in some cases of hysteria, and in all genuine cases of Waren?

Nothing can be more certain than that persons in Waren lose the consciousness of their own identity for the time, and imagine themselves to be some other beings.

The same was the case with the possessed among the Jews and the witches of the middle ages: it is the case with the magnetic somnambulists of the present day.

But each, in announcing the name of this other presence, follows those associations, traditions, and beliefs, which have surrounded him from infancy, and are lodged deep in some recess of his imagination or memory.

The Jewish demoniac called himself Legion: had he descended to particulars, he would, in all likelihood, have given names connected with Jewish or Chaldean popular belief—if, indeed, the word Legion itself be not such—and applied to cases where the possessed displayed a muscular force, which it took many men's exertions to overpower.

The witch of Christendom named herself from the popular demonology of that day, as may be seen on consulting any of the annals of witchcraft.

We have conversed with several Hindoo demoniacs. All named themselves from the Hindoo mythology, amid which they were brought up. One asserted he was seven goddesses at once. (Magdalen had seven unclean spirits cast out; she was, probably, not an unchaste, but a hysteric or an epileptic female). The other died, as before stated, alleging he was the god Khundoba.

The magnetic somnambulist, too, condemns his ordinary self: he does not, indeed, speak as a person altogether external to that waking self, but rather adopting the language of pantheistic transcendentalism, which has, of late years, become so prevalent throughout Europe,* as a distinct and superior intelligence within—a being within a being. His sensibility and his consciousness seem double, and both appear to be transferred or reversed, like the polarities of a magnet, for the time being.

This corresponds with the notion of the Greeks regarding the two souls—one superior and rational, the other inferior and animal. According to all the published theories of the magnetists on this subject, it is the superior intelligence which is energising on such occasions, while the outward or inferior being is asleep. Yet, comparing their own facts with the notions of the ancients, they ought rather to admit, if there be any foundation for their belief at all, that it is the inferior or animal soul that is brought into activity during these crises. Plato maintains that the rational soul is without any power of prevision, which is a faculty of the inferior or animal soul, seated in the liver, on the polished surface of which, as on a magician's crystal orb, visions are depicted. Aristotle, too, writing on dreams, says, that prophecy, or the pythonic spirit, is demoniac rather than divine; for that men of vicious lives are often endowed with the power of foretelling

* Of late throughout Europe; but known in India for three thousand years, under the name of Vedantu—scientifically enforced in the supplementary chapters to the Vedus, called Oopunishuds, and still further illustrated in the celebrated philosophical and religious poem, the Bhugvut Geeta, translated by Wilkins. It is a curious fact, that the Germans, in whose language such a radical affinity exists to Sanscrit—that we must pronounce them originally of the same race as the Hindoos—should be now developing and spreading through Europe that philosophy, which was propagated in India by their kindred Bramhins three thousand years ago, and has ever since been professed by the greatest thinkers there.

future events. Now, the lucidity of the magnetic somnambulists, connected, as it is alleged to be, with the epigastric region, and the ganglionic or nervous centres in that vicinity, and confessedly developed in many persons of questionable character, corresponds, if with any part of the theory, with that which relates to the inferior or animal soul, in which there seems to be conveyed an intimation of the fact that these visions are the result of physical conditions.

All these speculations may be founded on a great truth, that a certain faculty of prevision, or more properly of displaced vision—more or less limited—more or less confused—is really the consequence of certain forms of physical disease. This is acknowledged in the well-known lightening before death. It may be the case in epilepsy—in aggravated degrees of hysteria, and other complaints, in which the healthy action of the brain and nervous system is disturbed. It may account, without resorting to the supposition of absolute imposture, though allowing for exaggeration, for many of the phenomena of second sight, of magnetic lucidity, and of the system of Warren now under consideration, all of which seem to be intimately connected with epileptic or hysteric tendencies. Nor should it be considered contrary to reason, that a certain insight into futurity—dim, and confused, and limited, but still real—should be the result of disease. In our healthy state, we do *not* know the future; and this ignorance is bliss. The being who made us, and knew what is best for us, has bound up our health and our happiness with ignorance of the future; and, except where direct revelations of the future are given by God, as standing proofs of truth, or for the benefit of the church—any change from that ignorance to knowledge must, instead of being regarded as a good, be, on just considerations, viewed as an evil; as much a result and proof of unhealthy action, as that exquisite sensitiveness of the nerves, or the ear, which occurs in some states of neuralgic or cerebral malady, and which is productive of so much suffering. Our healthy being is in the limited—the present. Our healthy action depends upon a defined and correct perception of identity, place, and time. Anything that con-

fuses or alters the relations of these phenomena to ourselves—that loses the finite in the infinite or vague—that merges a man's own identity in that of others—that confounds the remote in place with the near, and brings the future time in the present—must undoubtedly be abnormal, disturbance, disease. All these effects are produced, apparently, by whatever injuriously affects the brain and nerves—by intoxicating liquor in a low degree—by stramonium, bhang, and opium in a higher; by water on the brain, and by wounds in the head. These effects—the disturbance of identity, place, and time—are visible in all lunacy, whencesoever arising; and may not epilepsy and the higher forms of hysteria have a similar result? May they not disturb our natural relations of time or place, as they unquestionably do of personal identity? From all that we read of the past, as well as what we witness in the present day, we have reason to conclude that they do; and that to this disturbance may be traced—in perfect harmony with Plato and Aristotle, and without resorting to the theory, either of a true inspiration or of imposture in all cases—most of the well-attested examples of prevision which occur in the annals of pythonism, demonology, witchcraft, obi, second sight, mesmerism, and religious ecstasy; in the vaticinations of the sybil, the priestess of Apollo or Cybele, and the modern gypsy, lineal descendant of those Indian Pariah women, among whom the Warren is so prevalent; in the prophetic utterances of religious enthusiasts among Protestant sects—in the revelations of hysteric nuns, peculiarly predisposed to these forms of physical disease, from confinement, and the repression and extinction of those natural feelings and functions (accompanied, perhaps, by some abnormal metathesis), upon the derangement of which, the hysteria of European females is well known often to depend, and with which derangement, the demoniac possession and Warren of Hindoo females, it will be seen through these papers, is intimately connected; in the magnetic lucidity of France and England, and in the oracular Warren of Western India. That individuals of perfect good faith and sincere piety, may be deceived as to the origin of these visions, and that the visions themselves

often prove false, the history of religious enthusiasts too fully shows.

What their enemies mistake for imposture, and their admirers for inspiration, should, perhaps, in truth be set down as the result of hysteria, epilepsy, or nervous disease. This theory will render clear to us the nature of many trances and ecstasies, recorded in religious biography. This will enable us to comprehend how a sincere and humble Christian female, a follower of Edward Irving, could prophesy that young Napoleon, then living, was soon to become Antichrist, as is related by Baxter. It will explain the history of the unfortunate Joan of Arc, and reconcile the anomalies in the life of St. Catherine of Sienna—now experiencing visions and seraphic raptures; now beset for years by sinful imaginations, terrors, and despair.

Of the singular illusion by which, on all these occasions, the party loses his or her own identity, and imagines him or herself another being—demoniacal or divine—more than one instance occurs in the course of these papers. The following, which took place very recently within our own knowledge, is curious in many respects.

A Bramhin, connected with the judicial department, had occasion to return lately, for a short period, to his native town in the Southern Conkan. A few nights before his departure, a messenger came to his house, to tell him that a Bhundaree of his acquaintance had been suddenly taken with the Waren of Devee, and demanded urgently to see him. The man, who had thus sent for him, was a Bhundaree by caste, who had formerly acted as Bhopec, or officiating priest, to the temple of Devee, in the village of Keshelee,

in the Southern Conkan; but, for the last three years, had been living in Bombay. On the Bramhin's arrival in the house, he found the Bhundaree with that convulsive shaking of the body which usually attends Waren. On seeing him, the patient or possessed addressed to him the following singular speech—speaking, it will be observed, in the person of Devee, and of himself as of a third person.

"You are going to the Conkan in a day or two; take THIS BELLOW with you. He was happy and pure, performing my worship at Keshelee; but three years ago HE came to Bombay, an impure island, an irreligious town, an extravagant place, full of gamblers; THIS MAN will be ruined here; for three years I am trying to get HIM away from here, but I cannot. I don't wish HIM ruined, for I am attached to HIM; do you take HIM back with you to Keshelee, and deliver HIM up to ME there."

This speech must have been the reflex, in a peculiar form, of thoughts which had passed through his mind before; it reminds one of the upbraids which a drunken man sometimes utters against himself; and the best key, perhaps, to many of the psychological phenomena of Waren, magnetic somnambulism, and of epilepsy, will be found in supposing the brain affected in some manner analogous to its state in intoxication—though to a more intense degree.

When the man was informed on the following morning, of the scene of the previous night, he grew thoughtful and melancholy; but eventually prepared to obey the summons of his goddess, and actually accompanied the Bramhin back to Keshelee, paying all his own expenses on the road.

NOTES BY PROFESSOR BAI GINGADHUR SHASTRI

(a) ["The account given by the Conkanee Bramhin."]

In the whole of the Southern Conkan, there is scarcely any village in which the Gramu-Devu, or Devee, does not favour one of the Gooruvus, or worshippers, with a manifestation in his person. The usual designation of this kind of afflatus is "Uvusuru." The oracles of some places enjoy greater reputation than others. The Talookus of Viziadoorgu and Malwun are chief seats of these manifestations.

Under the native governments, the oracles occasionally take the place of a judge or jury in criminal matters. Sometimes a suspected person is convicted by the voice of an oracle, and deadly quarrels ensue, when the supposed culprit happens to be innocent, or a practised offender. Cases are, now and then, brought before the magistrates in Bombay, in which the stolen property is recovered, in consequence of the effect produced by the prophecies of a Bhuktu, under the influence of Waren.

I LOVE NOT NOW!

Take from me all thou once didst give—
 Thy smiles and tears—thy sighs—*that* vow—
 Nor longer in my bosom live;
 I loved thee once—I love not now!
 'Tis better in this wretched hour,
 To fling from memory ev'ry trace—
 Each shadow of thy broken power,
 And all memorials fond erase!

Haply, in after times, the wrong
 Thy fickle speech hath done to me
 May strike thy soul, as, borne along,
 Thou gaily sailest o'er life's sea;—
 And then, amidst the wreck of love,
 That will thy sinking hope surround,
 Some long-forgotten thought may move
 Thy fluttering heart with grief profound!

Ω.

SONG.

TO MY LADYE-LOVE.

I.

O! gowden are the locks,
 An' snaw-white is the broo,
 An' sweet the looks o' my dear luve,
 As o' the guileless doo:
 The fairest flowers o' yirth
 Blend in her smile their tints,
 An' her voice it is saft as the merle's sang,
 When eve frae the heeven glints.

II.

I gaze into the mirror
 O' her unclouded eyes,
 An' a' my fretting cares tak flight
 Like caws across the skies;
 The thocht o' her, like thocht o' youth,
 Can mak' my heart, wi' joy,
 As bricht as were the broomy braes
 I clambered when a boy.

III.

An' O! mair deep down in my brierst
 Her fairy image dwells,
 Than lie below the suglin' sea
 The shiny sillar shells;
 An' it sall keep, aye bleezin' there,
 Th' haly lowe o' luve,
 Till, neath the mools, it glows aae mair,
 An' daisies weep above.

W. G.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. LI.

JAMES W. WHITESIDE, Q.C.

HE who writes a biographical sketch of an eminent contemporary, has a task to perform of more than ordinary difficulty. He labours under an embarrassment somewhat similar to that which the portrait-painter must necessarily encounter. However skilfully his colours are worked in—however delicately the rugged outlines are softened down, with the desire to impart a tone of harmonising beauty to the subject, and at the same time to preserve a faithful likeness—there will be found an abundance of critics ready to assert that the portrait is too flattering; while the original himself will, probably, be of an opinion the very reverse. Good-natured friends will say the picture is good, but it is far too handsome; while the subject will probably exclaim, *sotto voce*, “Surely I am a better-looking fellow than that!” Satisfied with having performed, to the best of our ability, a difficult and somewhat delicate duty, we shall leave the responsibility of finding fault to those sagacious critics, whose approbation we have no desire to gain.

Thousands and tens of thousands will read these lines we now pen, who have never seen—who may never see—the gifted advocate whom we present to their notice. It is for them we write.

In addition to the ordinary reader, there are other classes for whom the career of an advocate so eminently successful, is invested with an interest far deeper than even romance. To those who are still struggling up the height which he has gained, each passage of his history has a peculiar charm. They long to learn every incident that can be known about him; whether the friendly offices of others have contributed to lift him to his eminence; or if, destitute of that connexion which has assisted many, he have been the architect of his own fortunes; whether he had to encounter, in his early career, those difficulties by which, perchance, their own have been clouded; by what arts did he win the favour of the stern goddess whose smiles they have wooed as yet in vain; did fortune long frown upon him; had he to endure neglect, poverty, discouragement; were his hopes crushed in the morning of life; had he to brave the smile of contempt ill-concealed, or the derisive sneer not concealed at all. Did he surmount all these. Alas! how little do those who are not behind the scenes sympathise with the causes which inspire an anxiety that may well be called morbid. We have read somewhere that Lord Coke used to envy the ploughman, who, in the breezy spring mornings, went whistling past his window. What does the peasant, whose frame is braced into vigour by the freshness of the morning air, know of the long drudgery of weary years, spent in the acquisition of a hoard of dry, uninteresting knowledge, which may never be of any use—the sickness of hope deferred—the anxious waiting for an opportunity which may never arrive—the best days of life thrown away in the unwholesome air of crowded courts—the jaded spirits, the throbbing temples, the shattered nerves, the exhausted frame—anxieties, heartburnings, disappointments? What evil has the ploughman's life to be compared to these? And then when the moment comes at last which is to compensate him for all this years of toil, what is found without health—what is gold when the capacity for enjoyment is gone? He has heaped up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them. And yet it may be even then his disappointments are not ended. Often, too often, in this unhappy country, do we see the earnest, honest man, who has spent his life in unremitting toil, who has worked his own way by his own exertions—who has never stooped to unseemly acts, nor compromised the character of his profession by trading in politics—who has never deviated from the straight though rugged path which leads to fame—although he stands foremost in the rank of his profession—though he is admired for his ability and acquirements, and esteemed for his private worth—how often do we see such a one neglected by those who are the dispensers of official patronage, while the political charlatan, the dishonest adventurer, the obscure practitioner, who has had recourse

to acts to which no man of honour would stoop—his inferior in every acquirement which can distinguish a lawyer, and every quality which can adorn a man—is lifted over his head. Alas! it is true, too true, in Ireland, in the distribution of political patronage, merit is very rarely the test; genius, learning, wit, and eloquence are left neglected in the shade, while political tergiversation and profligacy, empty bluster and factious agitation, carry off the prize.

Should the visitor of our courts of law chance, in his wanderings, to enter the Queen's Bench, he may observe, seated in the front row, among his silken brethren, with a disorderly mass of huge briefs tumbled out of the bag which lies on the table before him, a man still in the prime of life, of pale complexion and slender form. His features are well chiselled and regular; the brow is broad and ample; the chin bold and prominent, indicating energy and decision; and the lips seem dry and parched, as if with incessant speaking. The casual spectator, observing him in a state of repose—which is a phase rare, indeed, in his existence—as he sits contemplating the brief before him, on the margin of which he jots down rapidly some observation, stroking his chin the while, with a kind of rapid gesture peculiar to himself, will remark, perhaps, nothing in his appearance to distinguish him from the herd of prosy veteran practitioners by whom he is surrounded; but when anything is said which is of interest to attract his attention, a sudden start—a gesture of animated energy—a gleam of intelligence, which lights up his whole face, and flashes from an eye which, when in repose, is not expressive, indicate the leading characteristics of his intellectual conformation. There he sits for a brief moment of his busy life in a state of comparative quiescence, when, from a little box at the top of the court, proceeds a voice—"James Whiteside, Esq.;" he turns round; his quick glance encounters the crier. "*Nisi Prius Court*," responds that oracle. A plunge into the crowd at the side bar, and Mr. Whiteside has vanished. See him, as with capacious bag, nervously clutched in both hands, with rapid strides, he traverses the hall. An eager solicitor, panting like time, as his tall form vanishes in the distance, makes a dive at him, holding out an oblong slip of paper, tied with red tape. Breathless, he reaches him. Mechanically the retainer is seized, and plunged into the recesses of the capacious bag. The next moment you will find him on his legs haranguing a city jury.

Such is the Mr. Whiteside of the forum. Change the scene—meet him in another place, and you would scarcely know him, so marvellously is he transformed. No trace of care is on the face of him whom you may shortly afterwards see, springing along the flags, with a gay and elastic step; trim and fashionable is his dress: glossy his hat, and placed with an effect somewhat artistic: his gloves are accurate; his boots unexceptionable; his neckcloth curious in its tie. You would never suppose him, as he comes along, flourishing a cane in his hand, to be the patient, laborious, hard-working advocate, whom you have just observed; and yet it is the same—a chrysalis in the morning—a jovial butterfly in the evening—a lawyer in the forum—a gentleman in the street—but wherever you meet him—*both*.

As an advocate, Mr. Whiteside is without a rival at the Irish bar, and we very much question if Westminster Hall can produce his equal. His powers of declamation are of the highest order. Vigorous and effective, he seems as if by a species of intuition to select, on the moment, that form of expression best calculated to convey his meaning. Every phrase is pointed and concise—every period rounded off with a polish and elegance, the charm of which can only be appreciated by those who have heard him. His fluency is remarkable; and we have heard him throw off, without the least appearance of effort or premeditation, passages of an eloquence and beauty sufficient to make the reputation of a dozen. Without the sarcastic powers of Brougham, he has an infinite fund of humour, less polished, perhaps, than that of Bushe, but quite as effective. His action, although perfectly unstudied, is impressive, and not devoid of grace; it seems to be the natural offspring of the working of his mind. Although by no means deficient in argumentative power, as he proved in the discussion of the Presbyterian marriage question—for his perception is so quick and keen, that he can comprehend at a glance any legal proposition, and discuss it with ability—much of his forensic success must, doubtless, be attributed to that readiness and tact which is the most important

qualification of a *Nisi Prius* advocate. Not so subtle or so refined in the distinctions he draws as some of his competitors, his familiarity with the rules of evidence—his quickness in taking objections—his readiness in reply—his skill in the examination of witnesses, and his indomitable energy and impetuous eloquence—render him as troublesome as an opponent as he is powerful as an advocate. As a mere lawyer, his acquirements are varied and extensive—not, perhaps, sufficiently so to please the taste of fastidious and plodding pleaders, or “stout-built equity draughtsmen,” whose dull intellect no gleam of fancy illumines. But these captious critics ought to know that it is impossible to be a great advocate without being a good lawyer. And it is absurd to conceive that any one possessed of such powers of mind—of a perception so quick, and intelligence so keen—could pass through the severe ordeal of study to which, as we shall presently show, he subjected himself, while preparing for his profession, or could have enjoyed a practice so extensive as his for so many years, without having acquired a store of learning abundantly sufficient for the ordinary purposes of his profession.

But if from the forum we follow him into society, where his buoyant and happy temperament, his genial good humour, and his love of mirth, qualify him to shine, the gratification is very great. With the dusty habiliments of his profession, he throws off the sententious pomp of the advocate. Although possibly somewhat too loquacious for the taste of those who wish to have an opportunity of shining themselves, his boyish flow of spirits, and his gay and genial humour, are irresistibly attractive.

In regard of a punctilious observance of the rules of professional etiquette, his conduct is unimpeachable, and deserving of the highest praise. A practitioner more honourable or more thoroughly gentlemanlike never existed. Since his elevation to the rank of Queen's counsel, we have known instances where he has refused to encroach upon the privileges of juniors, by drawing ordinary pleadings—an honourable punctilio, we are sorry to say, more honoured in the breach than the observance at the Irish bar; and we have never heard of a single instance where he has attempted to push the fortunes of a junior on circuit to the exclusion of others. We wish his example in this respect was more generally followed.

Having thus presented to our readers the picture, we must give them its pedigree:—

Mr. Whiteside was born in the year 1805, in the glebe-house of Delgany, in the county of Wicklow, of which parish his father, the Rev. Wm. Whiteside, a gentleman distinguished by the variety of his literary attainments, was the pastor. He died early, leaving his two sons to the guardianship of a brother clergyman.* The present vicar of Scarborough, a learned and accomplished divine, the success of whose collegiate course showed that he inherited the literary tastes of his father, is one—the other is the subject of our memoir. It not unfrequently happens, that the university career of those who are eminently successful in after life passes without any remarkable indication of ability, while we have known some cases where the splendour of collegiate fame has so dazzled those who have earned it, as apparently to incapacitate them for the attainment of subsequent distinction.

The collegiate life of Mr. Whiteside was, however, not undistinguished—he gained various premiums in classics. Cicero and Demosthenes were his favourite studies; but we do not find that he distinguished himself highly in those severer studies upon which the minds of so many successful lawyers have been trained. In 1828, he removed to London, where he spent three years in vigorous and incessant study, and was called to the bar in 1830, although he did not commence to practice until Nov., 1831. He was a pupil first, we believe, of Mr. Thomas Chitty, the eminent pleader, and afterwards passed into the chambers of Mr. Swanston, a gentleman well known to the profession, by his reports and admirable notes on the judgments of Lord Eldon. During the period of Mr. Whiteside's preparatory studies, he was also a sedulous attendant at the law class of the

* The late Rev. James Whitelaw, Rector of St. Catherine's, and author of the “History of the City of Dublin.” Their education was superintended by an excellent and pious mother.

London university, where he carried off several prizes. The studies of this class were directed by Professor Amos, the learned editor of "Phillips on Evidence." At the debating society which met within its walls, he afforded early promise of those oratorical powers which he has cultivated with such success, and soon became so distinguished a member, that he was appointed to deliver the opening address. Mr. Robert Tighe, a gentleman remarkable for the variety of his information, and the elegance of his literary tastes, with Mr. Forster, the author of Goldsmith's life, and Mr. Napier (to whose sister he was afterwards united), were also members of the same society.

The following extract from an American publication, written by a student who had belonged to it, will be read with interest, as showing the impression which the young orator had even then produced upon his associates:—

"He was a frequent participant in the debates of the Law Society of that institution. It was there the writer of this, then a student of law, first witnessed and enjoyed the brilliant displays of Mr. Whiteside's eloquence, which was the glory and admiration of the university, both of students and professors. In that society, which contained many young men of genius, some of them already much distinguished in England, Mr. Whiteside was admitted by all to be, by far, the foremost in eloquence and learning. His style of speaking was marked by intense enthusiasm, earnestness, and vehemence, and whilst the burning words rushed forth with the irresistible strength of a deep and impetuous river, his action, which nature and passion dictated, was far more appropriate and impressive than mere art could ever teach. Yet, in 'the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of his passion,' there was a grace and moderation of sentiment and a chasteness of language and expression, which never made 'the judicious grieve,' because he never 'overstepped the modesty of nature.' His speeches often produced a mixture of fear, awe, and indignation, or if he touched the chords of ridicule, the audience was 'in a roar.'"

The industry and application of the subject of our memoir at this period to his legal studies will be found no unprofitable object of the contemplation to the student who is emulous to follow in the same path; he diligently attended to the sage advice of Littleton, which can never be too much admired—"Et sachez mon filz que un des plus honorables, et laudables, et profitables, choses en nostre ley, est durer le sciens de un pleder en accions reals, et personals, et pur ceo toy conseil especialment de metti tout ton courage et cure ce d'apprendre." We have seen an extract from a letter, containing a summary of the extent and variety of his pursuits.

"During the period he was in Mr. Chitty's chambers, he often drudged at the desk for ten hours a-day. Laboured assiduously upon every point which arose. Transcribed cases, wrote whole volumes of matter, analysed Lord Coke's Reports, and threw off various literary papers in periodicals of the day, and besides all this, was a constant attendant and speaker at the debating society."

These papers here alluded to were doubtless sketches of eminent contemporaries, which from time to time appeared in the *National Magazine*, the *Literary Gazette*, and other Irish periodicals, now extinct. We have looked through them, and although we cannot fail to admire the indomitable energy and perseverance which, while occupied in pursuits so severe and harassing, left him any time for the cultivation of the lighter pursuits of literature, yet we do not think many of his written compositions of those days, which have come under our notice, are distinguished by that rare excellence which characterises his speeches. His style is, however, always animated, often vigorous, and not unfrequently elegant and classical. Did our space admit, we could adduce in proof many examples; but a sketch of the late Judge Burton, in the second number of this Magazine, with other notices of Lords Abinger, Denman, Lyndhurst, Plunket, and Sir James Mackintosh, in the former periodicals we have mentioned, will be found to afford a tolerable specimen of those powers, which he has since found leisure to cultivate with greater success.

The late Dr. William Cummin, and Sir James Emerson Tennant, now Colonial Secretary for Ceylon, were among the friends with whom Mr. Whiteside, in early life, had the greatest intimacy. Having been retained as counsel by the latter gentleman in Belfast, we believe he was thus indebted for the opportunity of distinguishing himself on circuit, which very soon occurred, and which his previous indu-

try and talents enabled him to turn to good account. Accordingly, in a few years after he had joined the north-east circuit, we find by the newspapers of the day that he was in full business. His professional connection rapidly extended itself. Solicitors, with an intuitive perception of merit by which they are not uniformly distinguished, soon discovered in him that rare combination of qualities calculated to make a *nisi prius* advocate effective, and his bag was generally well filled with briefs. Among his earlier efforts at the bar, his defence of Sam Gray at Monaghan, of Hughes at Armagh, both of which we had an opportunity of hearing, were the most remarkable; and in a speech, we believe the very first he ever delivered at the Irish bar, upon an assessment of damages for a libel published in the *Comet* newspaper against one of the Directors of the Apothecaries' Hall, may be found many of the germs of his future excellence. Of his legal acumen and argumentative power we have also ample proofs. A point made by him in defence of a man charged with bigamy, raised the question of the validity of marriages between Presbyterians and Episcopalians, when celebrated by ministers of the former's Church, which he discussed in the Queen's Bench, in an argument of great force and ability. This case went afterwards to the House of Lords, where the objection taken prevailed; and Lord Lyndhurst is said to have observed that nothing could be added to his argument. Mr. Whiteside's reputation as a lawyer was now so high, that in 1842 he received from the hands of Sir E. Sugden, the then Chancellor, a silk gown—an honour, we believe, unsolicited on his part.

Having thus rapidly glanced at the main features of his early professional career, we arrive now at a passage of Mr. Whiteside's history which proved a critical epoch of his life, and the turning point of his fortune. Seized upon with his usual felicity, it lifted him at once to eminence, and placed him, without a rival, as incomparably the first advocate of his time.

The task upon which we have entered is, as we have already said, of no small difficulty; still it is comparatively easy to describe the intellectual power of the successful lawyer or the accomplished statesman; to analyse the powers of his mind, to fathom the depth of his learning, or to measure the fertility of his resources; but when, passing from these, we turn to the orator, how inefficient is language to convey to the mere reader any adequate notion of his power. Grace of manner, vigour of expression, fluency, lucid arrangement—of all these a tolerably accurate idea may be given—but the magic of voice, eye, tone—the eloquence of expression, the pathos which thrills, the wit which sparkles;—when we come to describe them, we feel how far beyond the reach of language is their expression. When the voice of the orator is hushed, the charm is broken; and the speech which remains written can give no more idea of the thrilling power of that speech when delivered, than can the marble of the fire and vigour of the eye, or the cold and lifeless lips of the sources of his fame.

The events of those times, which produced one of the finest triumphs of modern oratory, have now passed into history; they are perhaps still too recent to enable us to appreciate to its full extent the momentous nature of the issue which was then to be decided. The great drama which had been played during a lifetime neared its close, and when the curtain rose upon the last scene of all, a picture was disclosed, so grand and striking that it will not readily be forgotten. The great agitator, he who for half a century had exercised an unbounded influence over the minds of his fellows, had been driven to bay; he had "put himself on the country;" and there he stood, a criminal at the bar of that court which had been the scene of so many of his forensic triumphs, in the presence of judges his associates in earlier life, and of a jury formed exclusively of his political opponents.

The court from an early hour in the morning had been crowded to the roof, and a hushed and solemn silence pervaded every corner, as Mr. Whiteside arose. It was truly a great occasion, and one well calculated to call into life his loftiest powers. Every eye was turned upon him, and he knew it;—the eyes, not of his own profession, not of his own country only, but of Europe. We saw that he felt the magnitude of his task—that he felt it in every fibre of his frame, which quivered with emotion, as slowly, but with perfect distinctness and self-possession, he uttered the few short and simple sentences which form the exordium of that remarkable speech. There were at that time in that court some

gentler hearts more tremblingly alive, perchance, than his own to the impression he would create;—to these that moment must have been one of intense interest—they might have felt fears as to the result—but we soon saw that any apprehension was groundless. We knew that the inspiration of genius was upon him—the lamp was lighted at the shrine: he had seized his audience, and played with their feelings at his will. They were subdued by the intense and concentrated energy of the man, by the impetuosity and power of his oratory: the soul of eloquence was flashing from his eyes, its inspiration was breathing from his lips; torrent after torrent of beautiful, terse, and pointed declamation burst upon the astonished court.

We shared the excitement of that memorable scene, and shall not easily forget its termination. A silence pervaded the densely-crowded court—so awful, so intense, that the flakes of snow falling upon the roof could be distinctly heard. When he approached the close, so overpowered by his extraordinary exertions, that his strong, clear voice had subsided into a hoarse whisper—each accent, as it grew fainter, was caught up with breathless eagerness; there seemed some strange sympathy between the speaker and his audience: the very faintness of his words added a deeper and more impressive effect; and when, at last, after a magnificent burst of impassioned eloquence, he sank, completely exhausted, into the arms of one of his fellows, the triumph of the orator was complete, the feelings of those present, wound up to the highest pitch of tension, found vent in a burst of enthusiastic applause, which the court, apparently under the influence of strong emotion itself, found it difficult, for many moments, to subdue.

Of this speech, as of Erskine's in defence of Horne Tooke, it may be said that it will live for ever. To be estimated by those who are capable of understanding its merits, it must be regarded as a whole. The thread of argument is woven so artistically, throughout the whole fabric—the introduction of topics calculated to excite the sympathies of the jury is so dexterous—that it would be obviously impossible to convey, by detached passages, any adequate notion of its singular power and beauty.

Framed upon a classical model, which will be familiar to those who read it, as an oration, it is complete in all its parts. The simple exordium—the narration of facts—the suggestion of motives—the enunciation of legal principles—the touching peroration—are linked together by a chain of argument. We prefer the peroration (if it can be called one) of the first day to that of the second. His exquisite allusion to the spirit which had animated the orators of old Greece, his dexterous transition to the great men of later times, has rarely, if ever, been surpassed. At the risk of spoiling the effect of the whole, we must select a few passages, without which this sketch would probably be considered incomplete; but we assure our readers that, even then, they can form a very faint and inadequate notion of its power:—

“Of self-legislation the Irish are deprived; for self-government, it would seem, they are incompetent. It is a matter no less of surprise than of concern that the country which produced a Burke, the teacher of statesmen, the saviour of states, cannot now furnish a single individual qualified to share in the administration of the affairs of his native country. He is but a poor statesman who thinks the pride of a sensitive people can be wounded with impunity. You may say, gentlemen, and say with truth, that it is a matter of small moment who the individuals may be who compose the ministry of the day, provided the people are prosperous, contented, and happy. But are the people of Ireland contented, prosperous, and happy? Alas! a large portion of our countrymen are unhappy, discontented, destitute, pressed down by poverty. They look around for the cause of their misfortunes; they behold a country blessed by Providence with the means of wealth; the strong man pines for the daily wages of a sixpence; he strives with gaunt famine, in the midst of fields teeming with fertility and plenty. Is he seditious if he exclaims, in the language of indignant remonstrance, that he thinks a native parliament would give him the means of subsistence? Is it criminal for him to wish for the means of life? Is he seditious, if, knowing that his single voice would be unheeded as the idle wind, he joins with other men, wretched as himself, in a declaration of their common wants, their common grievances, and their common sufferings? Is he, or are they conspirators if they think a local parliament might, perhaps, give them those blessings for which they sigh? They think, perhaps erroneously, that a resident aristocracy, and a resident gentry, would prove the source of industry, and the means of wealth; they conclude, rashly perhaps, that it is not

morally right millions should be drained annually from the soil of Ireland by those whose tastes are too fastidious to permit them to spend one hour among the people who labour to supply their extravagance or their necessities; they say, by the evidence of their senses, they know the value of a resident peerage and gentry by the happy results which flow from such residence wherever it exists; they see their aristocracy absentees—the mischief daily and hourly increasing; they think, perchance, a native Parliament would induce them to return; therefore, of the Union they demand a repeal. Are they conspirators because they do so? They know, and true it is, that the beauties of Ireland, if now she has any, are not sufficient to induce her nobility, or her gentry to reside. What are her rare beauties compared with the fascinations of the Imperial Senate, or the glittering splendour of a court? Patriotism is a homely virtue, and can scarce thrive by absence, by an education, by a residence, by tastes, by feelings, by associations, which teach Irishmen a dislike, not unmingled with a disdain, for their native country. They see and they believe that wealth is hourly diminishing in the country; before them they think there is a gloomy prospect and little hope; they look to their stately metropolis; they see what a quick and sensitive people cannot shut their eyes to—the houses of their nobility converted into boarding-schools or barracks—their Stamp-office abolished—their Linen-hall waste—their Exchange silent—their University deserted—their Custom-house almost a poorhouse; and, not long since, they read a debate, got up by the economists, as to the prudence of removing the broken-down Irish pensioners from Kilmainham to Chelsea, to effect a little saving, careless of the feelings, the associations, the joys, or the griefs of the poor old Irish soldiers who had bravely served their country. That cruelty was prevented by an exhibition of something like national spirit and national indignation. They see daily the expenditure of every shilling withdrawn from the poorer to the richer country, on the ground of the application of the hard rules of political economy, or the unbending principles of imperial centralisation. They behold the senate house of Ireland—the Union has *improved* it into a bank. That magnificent structure, within whose walls the voice of eloquence was heard, stands a monument of past greatness and present degradation. The glorious labours of our gifted countrymen within those walls are not forgotten; the works of the understanding do not quickly perish. The verses of Homer have lived for twenty-five hundred years and more without the loss of a syllable or letter, while cities, and temples, and palaces, have fallen. The eloquence of Greece tells of the genius of her sons and the freedom it produced, and we forget her ruin in the recollection of her greatness; nor can we read even now without emotion the exalted sentiments of her inspired sons, poured forth in exquisite language to save the expiring liberties of their country. Perhaps their genius had a resurrectionary power, and in later days quickened a degenerate posterity from the lethargy of slavery to the activity of freedom. We, too, in better times, have had amongst us men who approached the greatness of antiquity; the imperishable records of their eloquence may keep alive in our hearts a zeal for freedom, and a love of country. The comprehensive genius of Flood, the more than mortal energy of Grattan, the splendour of Bushe, the wisdom of Saurin, the learning of Ball, the noble simplicity of Burrowes, the Demosthenic fire of Plunket, and the eloquence of Curran rushing from the heart, which will sound in the ears of his countrymen for ever. They failed to save the ancient constitution of Ireland; wit, learning, eloquence, genius, lost their power over the souls of men. With a great exception, these our distinguished countrymen have passed away, but their memorials cannot perish with them; while the language lasts their eloquence lives, and their names will be remembered by a grateful posterity while genius is honoured or patriotism revered. Lastly, on the subject of the Union; the Irish people say, THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT HAS NOT ATTENDED TO THEIR PECULIAR WANTS, NOR REDRESSED THEIR PECULIAR GRIEVANCES. OUR CHARACTER, SAY THEY, HAS BEEN MISUNDERSTOOD AND SOMETIMES SLANDERED; OUR FAULTS HAVE BEEN MAGNIFIED INTO VICES, AND THE CRIMES OF A FEW HAVE BEEN VISITED ON THE NATION. The Irish—the more Irish—have been derided as creatures of impulse, without settled understandings, a reasoning power, or moral sense. They have their faults, I grieve to say it; but their faults are redeemed by splendid virtues—their sympathies are warm—their affections are generous—their hearts are brave. They have rushed into this agitation with ardour; it is their nature, when they feel strongly, to act boldly—to speak passionately.—ASCRIBE THEIR EXCESSES TO THEIR ENTHUSIASM, AND FORGIVE. RECOLLECT THAT SAME ENTHUSIASM HAS BORNE THEM TRIUMPHANT OVER FIELDS OF PERIL AND GLORY—IMPELLED THEM TO SHED THEIR DEAREST BLOOD, AND SPEND THEIR GALLANT LIVES IN DEFENCE OF THE LIBERTIES OF ENGLAND. THE BROKEN CHIVALRY OF FRANCE ATTESTS THE VALUE OF THAT FIERY ENTHUSIASM, AND MARKS ITS POWER. Nor is their high spirit useful only in the storm of battle; in the hours of adversity it cheers their almost broken hearts—lightens their load of misery, well nigh insupportable—

sweetens that bitter cup of poverty which thousands of our countrymen are doomed to drink. WHAT IS THERE TRULY GREAT WHICH ENTHUSIASM HAS NOT WON FOR MAN? THE GLORIOUS WORKS OF ART, THE IMMORTAL PRODUCTIONS OF THE UNDERSTANDING, THE INCREDIBLE LABOURS OF HEROES AND PATRIOTS FOR THE SALVATION OF THE LIBERTIES OF MANKIND, HAVE BEEN PROMPTED BY ENTHUSIASM, AND BY LITTLE ELSE. COLD AND DULL WERE OUR EXISTENCE HERE BEFORE, UNLESS THE DEEP PASSIONS OF THE SOUL, STIRRED BY ENTHUSIASM, WERE SOMETIMES SUMMONED INTO ACTION FOR GREAT AND NOBLE PURPOSES—THE OVERWHELMING OF VICE, WICKEDNESS, AND TYRANNY—THE SECURING AND THE SPREADING THE WORLD'S VIRTUE, THE WORLD'S HAPPINESS, THE WORLD'S FREEDOM. THE HAND OF OMNIPOTENCE, BY WHOSE TOUCH THIS ISLAND STARTED INTO EXISTENCE AMIDST THE WATERS WHICH SURROUND IT, STAMPED UPON ITS PEOPLE NOBLE QUALITIES OF THE INTELLECT AND HEART. DIRECTED TO THE WISE PURPOSES FOR WHICH HEAVEN DESIGNED THEM, THEY WILL YET REDEEM, REGENERATE, AND EXALT THIS COUNTRY."

The electrical effect of the scene which followed the delivery of these magnificent passages was unprecedented. The audience were completely penetrated by the glow of his burning words—touched as if by magic. When we consider the vast variety and extent of ground over which the advocate had to travel—the complicated nature of the facts with which he had to deal, speaking ostensibly for the editor of the *Nation*, and having at the same time to argue on the effect of all the acts and speeches of Mr. O'Connell, we cannot but regard that speech as almost unrivalled in the annals of oratory. It is impossible, as we have said, to give an outline, far less an analysis, of the argument. It must be read altogether. Having selected a flower of rare oratorical beauty, we shall present our readers with a specimen of one of those flashes of gay and genial humour that enlivened it, which elicited shouts of laughter:—

"The ministry were called on to act against the meetings in this country, and they declined; they might have legislated and saved the country from confusion or convulsion. The preservers of the public safety decline to do so; they remain quiet until parliament breaks up. His Excellency, of whom I speak with profound respect, retires from Ireland for recreation, or for the cultivation of those elegant tastes, for which he is so distinguished; the Lord Chancellor betakes himself to the banks of the Thames, to the charms of Boyle Farm, to muse on law, or dream of Pope; the noble Secretary for Ireland seeks some quiet dell, to lose, if possible, his unclassic recollections of Irish politics; the Attorney-General, escaped from the bustle of St. Stephen's to the tranquillity of home; Mr. Solicitor, calm as ever, is indulging in the most agreeable anticipations of the future; the Prime Minister is gone to Drayton; her Majesty to sea—Ireland is left, in the most comfortable manner possible, to go head foremost to destruction. A happier arrangement of things could not be made; life and property were consigned to the mercy of the conspirators, and the progress of the conspiracy advanced unheeded and unchecked. The meeting at Clontarf is announced: how shall I describe it? A black cloud hung on the declivities of the mountains; the political horizon is overcast; a dangerous activity on the part of the government succeeds a dangerous silence; couriers fly to the Irish officials. The crown lawyers prick up their ears and say—Here is sedition—where is his Excellency? Here is illegality—where is the Lord Chancellor? Here is matter of political expediency—where is the noble Secretary? What welcome news they brought who summoned our English functionaries to return to the seat of their Irish happiness! Meanwhile time pressed; Mr. Attorney grew ardent, Mr. Solicitor apprehensive; they were, I believe, seen together on the sea shore, straining their eyes towards the coast of England, and, in the agony of their expectation, exclaiming—

"Ye gods, annihilate both time and space,
And make two lawyers happy."

They come, they come—the privy council is assembled. I cannot state to you, gentlemen, what passed, or what was said, at the first meeting of that august body; the Robertson or Gibbon of future times may record. I can tell you what they do—they do nothing. The do-nothing policy prevailed, and on Friday they separated, having done nothing—with the happy consciousness that they had discharged their duty. Refreshed by sleep, they reassembled on Saturday. They consider—their compose—they publish; and the proclamation is issued at three o'clock, forbidding the meeting, for which meeting there were thousands on the march almost at that

very moment. The Commander-in-Chief receives his order, and prepares for battle; the cannon are loaded—the bayonets are fixed—the cavalry mount—and forth marches our victorious army, in all ‘the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war.’ It was a gallant sight to see. The advanced guard, by a brisk movement, pushed on and seized Aldborough House. The light infantry, protected by cavalry, rush forward—the guns are placed in position—the Pigeon-House, bristling with cannon, looked awful; the police skirmished; and the Commander-in-Chief—what did he do? he did all that Julius Cæsar, under similar circumstances, could have done. It is stated that Sir Edward Blakeney, at one o’clock, rode down to inspect the troops—approved of what was done—rode home, and dined! and if he does not get a peerage for the happy deeds he did that day, justice will not be done to Ireland. Such a triumph was never achieved since the renowned day of Irish history, when Brian Boroihme girded a mighty sword upon his giant thigh, and at Clontarf smote the Dane.”

We do not think the peroration of the second day equal in beauty to that which concluded the first; but we shall give our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves. The topic of free discussion had already been handled by the greatest forensic orator of modern times, in whose speeches there is nothing more remarkable than the quiet and subdued tone of their conclusion, as if he considered the victory as already won by his powers. Mr. Whiteside, however, reserved the most powerful as well as the most finished portion of his speech for the last, possibly in the hope of leaving in the jury box a topic which might excite the sympathies of all.

It is, however, comparatively easy, with the speech before us, now to criticise how it could have been better done, and put with more effect; but who among us could have *spoken* it. With undiminished power and splendour, and unfailing energies, he had reached the close, touching the hearts, if he failed to convince the understandings, of all who heard him; and gaining for himself a fame which will be imperishable in the annals of eloquence. It is idle to compare this with the other speeches made by his associates; none of them, with the exception, perhaps, of Sheil, came near the mark—although possibly with a prescience of its futility, even he avoided the semblance of argument, and in his conclusion appealed to the softer sympathies of the human heart. Mr. Whiteside’s had a higher and a broader aim. Both were beautiful, but neither effective: the eloquence of Demosthenes would not have moved that jury. A short extract of Mr. Whiteside’s conclusion is all that we can afford to

“Gentlemen, the whole case is now before you, and is emphatically for your decision. You have seen the many instances where the crime of conspiracy was attempted to be fastened on Englishmen, in which English juries refused to convict. In that terrible book containing the State Trials of England, where the real history of that country is written, there are many instances of truth stifled, justice scoffed, and innocence struck down. . . . Even in the days of Cromwell, after he had waded through slaughter to the throne, and under the sacred names of liberty and religion trampled upon both, the tyrant found the virtue of a jury beyond his power. The forms of justice he dare not abolish while an Englishman lived; and we have it upon record that when, in the plenitude of his power, he prosecuted for a libel upon himself, there were twelve honest men found who had the courage to pronounce a verdict of not guilty, thus proving—I quote the words of a patriot lawyer, who, in reference to that immortal precedent, exclaimed, ‘When all seemed lost, the unconquerable spirit of English liberty survived in the hearts of English jurors.’ Gentlemen, the true object of this prosecution is to put down the freedom of discussion of a great public question. Viewed in this light, all other considerations sink into insignificance. A nation’s rights are involved in the issue—a nation’s liberties are at stake. What won, what preserves the precious privileges you now possess? The exercise of the right of political discussion—free, untrammelled, bold. The laws which wisdom framed—the institutions struck out by patriotism, learning, or genius—can they preserve the springs of freedom fresh and pure? No; destroy the right of free discussion, and you dry up the sources of your freedom. By the same means by which your liberties were won can they be increased or defended. Quarrel not with the partial evils free discussion creates, nor seek to contract the enjoyment of that greatest privilege within the narrow limits timid men prescribe. With the passing mischiefs of its extravagance, contrast the prodigious blessings it has heaped on man. Free discussion

aroused the human mind from the torpor of ages, taught it to think, and shook the thrones of ignorance and darkness. Free discussion gave to Europe the Reformation, which I have been taught to believe the mightiest event in the history of the human race; illuminated the world with the radiant light of spiritual truth. May it shine with steady and increasing splendour! Free discussion gave to England the Revolution, abolished tyranny, swept away the monstrous abuses it rears, and established the liberties under which we live. Free discussion, since that glorious epoch, has not only preserved but purified our constitution, reformed our laws, reduced our punishments, and extended its wholesome influence to every portion of our political system. The spirit of inquiry it creates has revealed the secrets of nature; explained the wonders of creation, teaching the knowledge of the stupendous works of God. Arts, science, civilisation, freedom, pure religion, are its noble realities. Would you undo the labours of science, extinguish literature, stop the efforts of genius, restore ignorance, bigotry, barbarism, then put down free discussion, and you have accomplished all. Savage conquerors, in the blindness of their ignorance, have scattered and destroyed the intellectual treasures of a great antiquity: those who make war on the sacred right of free discussion, without their ignorance, imitate their fury. They may check the expression of some thought, which might, if uttered, redeem the liberties, or increase the happiness of man. The insidious assailants of this great prerogative of intellectual beings, by the cover under which they advance, conceal the character of their assault upon the liberties of the human race: they seem to admit the liberty to discuss, blame only its extravagance, pronounce hollow praises on the value of freedom of speech, and straightway begin a prosecution to cripple or destroy it. The open despot avows his object is to oppress or to enslave: resistance is certain to encounter his tyranny, and perhaps subvert it. Not so the artful assailant of a nation's rights; he declares friendship while he wages war, and professes affection for the thing he hates. State prosecutors, if you believe them, are ever the fastest friends of freedom: they tell you peace is disturbed, order broken, by the excesses of turbulent and seditious demagogues. No doubt there might be a seeming peace—a deathlike stillness—by repressing the feelings and passions of men. So in the fairest portions of Europe this day, there is peace, and order, and submission, under paternal despotisms, ecclesiastical and civil. That peace springs from terror, that submission from ignorance, that silence from despair. Who dares discuss, when with discussion and by discussion tyranny must perish? Compare the stillness of despotism with the healthful animation, the natural warmth, the bold language, the proud bearing, which spring from freedom and the consciousness of its possession. Which will you prefer? Insult not the dignity of manhood by supposing that contentment of the heart can exist under despotism. There may be degrees in its severity, and so degrees in the sufferings of its victims. Terrible the dangers which lurk under the calm surface of despotic power. The movements of the oppressed, will, at times, disturb their tyrant's tranquillity, and warn him their day of vengeance or triumph may be nigh. But in these happy countries the very safety of the state consists in the freedom of discussion. Partial evils in all systems of political governments there must be; but their worst effects are obviated when their cause is sought for, discovered, considered, discussed. Milton has taught a great political truth, in language as instructive as his sublimest verse:—'For this is not the liberty which we can hope, that no grievances ever should arise in the commonwealth; that let no man in this world expect; but when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty obtained that wise men look for.' Suffer the complaints of the Irish people to be freely heard: you want the power to have them speedily reformed. Their case to-day may be yours to-morrow.—Preserve the right of free discussion as you would cling to life. Combat error with argument—misrepresentation by fact—falsehood with truth. 'For who knows not,' saith the same great writer, 'that truth is strong—next to the Almighty. She needs no policies nor stratagems to make her victorious; these are the shifts error uses against her power.' If this demand for a native parliament rest on delusion, dispel that delusion by the omnipotence of truth. Why do you love, why do other nations honour England? Are you, are they dazzled by her naval or military glories, the splendour of her literature, her sublime discoveries in science, her boundless wealth, her almost incredible labours in every work of art and skill? No; you love her—you cling to England, because she has been, for ages past, the seat of free discussion, and therefore, the home of rational freedom, and the hope of oppressed men throughout the world. Under the laws of England it is our happiness to live. They breathe the spirit of liberty and reason. Emulate this day the great virtues of Englishmen—their love of fairness, their immovable independence, and the sense of justice rooted in their nature; these are the virtues which qualify jurors to decide

the rights of their fellow-men. Deserted by these, of what avail is the tribunal of a jury? It is worthless as the human body when the living soul has fled. Prove to the accused, from whom, perchance, you widely differ in opinion, whose liberties and fortunes are in your hands, that you are there, not to persecute, but to save. Believe me, you will not secure the true interests of England by leaning too severely on your countrymen. They say to their English brethren, and with truth—we have been at your side whenever danger was to be faced, or honour won. The scorching sun of the East, and the pestilence of the West we have endured, to spread your commerce, to extend your empire, to uphold your glory—the bones of our countrymen whitened the fields of Portugal, of Spain, of France. Fighting your battles they fell; in a nobler cause they could not. We have helped to gather your imperishable laurels—we have helped to win your immortal triumphs. Now, in time of peace, we ask you to restore that parliament you planted here with your laws and language, uprooted in a dismal period of our history, in the moment of our terror, our divisions, our weakness—it may be—our crime. Re-establish the Commons on the broad foundation of the people's choice; replace the peerage, the Corinthian pillars of the Capitol, secured and adorned with the strength and splendour of the crown; and let the monarch of England, as in ages past, rule a brilliant and united empire in solidity, magnificence, and power. When the privileges of the English parliament were invaded, that people took the field, struck down the monarchy, and dragged their sovereign to the block. We shall not be ready to imitate the English precedent; we shall revere the throne while we struggle for a parliament, its surest bulwark. That institution you prize so highly, which fosters your wealth, adds to your prosperity, and guards your freedom, was ours for six hundred years. Restore the blessing, and we shall be content. This prosecution is not essential for the maintenance of the authority and prerogative of the crown. Our gracious sovereign needs not state prosecutions to secure her prerogatives, or preserve her power. She has the unbought loyalty of a chivalrous and gallant people. The arm of authority she requires not to raise. The glory of her gentle reign will be—she will have ruled, not by the sword, but by the affections—that the true source of her power has been, not in the terrors of the law, but in the hearts of her people. Your patience is exhausted. If I have spoken in any degree suitably to the subject, I have spoken as I could have wished; but if, as you may think, deficiently, I have spoken as I could. Do you, from what has been said, and from the better arguments which may have been omitted, to be suggested by your manly understandings and your honest hearts, give a verdict consistent with justice, yet leaning to liberty; dictated by truth, yet inclining to the side of accused men, struggling against the weight, and power, and influence of the crown, and prejudice more overwhelming still; a verdict to be applauded, not by a party, but by the impartial monitor within your breasts; a verdict becoming the high spirit of Irish gentlemen, and worthy the intrepid guardians of the rights and liberties of a free people."

The result of this memorable trial is too well known to need any comment here; but this speech was the key-stone in the arch of Mr. Whiteside's fortune. Attorneys flocked around him, and retainers flowed in from all directions. He was, upon several occasions, taken as special counsel to circuits other than his own; and what was possibly the highest tribute to his powers, he was personally requested by Mr. O'Connell to argue the motion for a new trial—a task of much difficulty, as well as delicacy, which he performed with ability and manliness. This continued strain upon his powers proved too great for a constitution naturally delicate, and overtaken by incessant toil; he was seized with an illness so severe as to oblige him to recruit his health by a relaxation from professional labours, at a time, too, when the gates of office seemed opening to receive him. Repose from toil, and a removal to a milder climate, were recommended. He proceeded, accordingly, to Italy, when, after a residence of two years, he has returned, with physical energies recruited, and, as his recent efforts have proved, with his mental powers as active, brilliant, and vigorous as ever.

These years of travel were not, however, spent unprofitably in that classic land, so rich with the spoils of time. His leisure hours were amused by collecting materials which have since been published; and notwithstanding the assaults of some reviewers, his work on Italy has been most successful. The first edition, within a few weeks after its appearance, was rapidly sold off, and another is now published. There are few instances on record of eminent lawyers being successful in the field of literature: their ordinary avocations are of a nature to unfit them for its cultivation.

The duties of a professional life are so multifarious, and so harassing, that it is impossible for any one occupied by them to keep up with the history of foreign countries, or to be familiar with their ever-shifting fortunes: facts new to him, to others must necessarily be familiar; and if Whiteside's "Italy" is obnoxious to these censures, to counterbalance them it has many merits. It contains much rare and valuable information upon the various judicial codes, which are examined and discussed with the experience of a lawyer, and the sagacity of a statesman. His style is always lively and animated. There is a freshness and a graphic power in his descriptions, which show that if the graver duties of his profession did not occupy his time, his powers are of versatility sufficient to enable him to attain high eminence in another field, in which so many of his brethren have made such signal failures.

It is very unusual that after so long an absence from the duties of his profession, a lawyer should at once resume the position he had occupied; but no sooner had Mr. Whiteside's return to this country been made known, than the full stream of business once more flowed in upon him. Upon his own circuit especially, where his absence was felt, his reappearance was hailed with delight, as well by the public as by his associates, with whom his gay and buoyant spirits make him an especial favourite.

We come now to the Clonmel trials, which must be so fresh in the recollection of all our readers, as to require no preface. Mr. Whiteside was retained for Messrs. Smith O'Brien and Meagher, and although it would be impossible to surpass the speech we have just been discussing, yet his defence in these cases was in every way worthy of his former fame; and to judge by contemporary reports the triumph of the orator was not less complete, and the effect upon his audience almost unexampled. Of the two speeches delivered by him upon those occasions, we prefer that in the case of O'Brien, which is characterised by many of those appeals so touching and so passionate which distinguished his defence of O'Connell. His speech in defence of Mr. Meagher was more remarkable as an argument; and for clearness of statement and lucid arrangement of detail, as well as logical power, cannot be surpassed. This brilliant display of forensic ability was, however, in vain. The facts could neither be gainsaid nor contradicted; and although the defence was most ingenious and skilful, it was uphill work from the first. The defence set up for Mr. O'Brien was, that his intention had not been to levy war, but to avoid arrest. Not having the good fortune to hear the gifted advocate upon this occasion, we are unable to offer any observations of our own upon his performance, but we shall give a short extract from a contemporary of the press:—

"It was a beautiful and sustained piece of logic, with one leading thought, developing one intent, pointing to one object, and clearly distinguishing that intent and that object amidst a heap of accusations and a host of circumstances. . . . The character of the speech might have been anticipated from the nature of the cross-examination; but even the mode of examination, able and ingenious as it was, could afford little idea of the exquisite tact with which delicate points were touched; of the inevitable force with which discrepancies and contradictions were made manifest, of the playful wit and graceful raillery with which absurd allegations and puerile details were ridiculed, of the indignant and stinging sarcasm with which meanness and hollowness were scourged, of the passionate outbursts with which treachery and injustice were denounced, or of the no less touching and heart-rending appeal with which the matchless address was closed. Not one hostile passion did the advocate raise against his client or his cause, not a prejudice did he wound, not a scurrility did he pain, not a conventional etiquette or propriety did he outrage. The judges have nothing to cavil at, the crown has nothing to resent. It was exquisitely judicious and full of tact. At times not the most indifferent spectator, attracted by the merest curiosity, could seem to enjoy the blunder of a witness, the humour of the cross-examination, or the wit and playfulness of the advocate more than Mr. Smith O'Brien; but when in his magnificent appeal this gifted lawyer alluded to the time-honored family, to the venerable mother, to the youthful children, to the fond and trembling wife, who clung to hope, and would give her heart's blood to save the object of her youthful affection—then and then alone—pride, and strength, and firmness gave way, as with one sweep, and the brother, the son, the father, the husband, burst into a flood of tears, that welled up from his full heart. His nearest relations were convulsed with agony; persons bowed their heads and wiped the fast flowing tears from their eyes; the judges were nearly

overmastered by the emotions of men, and every eye and heart in the assembly paid its silent homage to the power of the advocate."

We think this enthusiastic encomium fully justified by the following extract—the only one our space permits us to give—of this powerful speech:—

"I have observed upon the evidence, and considered, so far as my humble ability would permit, the great question involved in this solemn trial—namely, the guilty intent of the prisoner. . . . Where can he expect a temperate consideration of his motives and entire political career? His hope must alone be where the law has placed it—in the honour, the integrity, the discernment, the humanity of a jury. A rampart of defence that jury was designed to be to accused men, prosecuted for political conduct or political excesses, by the weight and power of the crown. Judges must be unbending—juries may regard the frailty of human nature. Juries—sprung from the people—should cast the ample shield of their protection around their fellow-subject, where they can believe his heart, his motive, and his purpose were not guilty, equivocal although certain of his acts may be. Such the high office designed for you in that famous constitution, whose foundations have been laid in the deepest wisdom—which has been through successive ages cemented by the patriot's blood, and consecrated in the martyr's fire. Your countryman, your fellow mortal, is in your power. The boast of British law is, that it abhors the shedding of human blood—yield to its benign principles, to the generous impulses of your nature, and stand between the prisoner and his grave. Review his life. From his mother's breast he drank in a love of country—from a father's patriotic example, the passion grew to a dangerous height. He has indulged, perhaps, a vision, to the peril of life, that Ireland might be a nation, and you her guides to wealth and greatness. In his childhood he heard that the Union with England was carried by corruption. He heard it from an Irish senator whom money could not purchase—whom a title could not bribe—who gave his honest vote, and would have freely given his life, to save the perishing constitution of his country. That father recounted to my client what Plunket, Bushe, and Grattan spoke on the last memorable night of our national existence—how he had been persuaded by the gravity of their arguments, transported by their eloquence, and borne away by their patriotic ardour. His youthful imagination, fired by a sense of Ireland's wrongs, dwelt on the days when we had a gentry and a senate with intense constancy, and the passion grew that *he* might restore a parliament to the land he loved. His true offence is, that he courted for *you* what is England's glory, and blessing, and pride. Deeply he may have erred in pursuit of this darling object—will you avenge his misdirected patriotism by a dreadful death? You may do so, and no earthly inducement will tempt me to say, if you pronounce the awful sentence of guilty—that you have not given the verdict conscience commanded. If his countrymen condemn my client, he will be ready to meet his fate in the faith of a Christian, and with the firmness of a man. The last accents of his lips will breathe a prayer for Ireland's happiness, Ireland's constitutional freedom. The dread moment that shall precede his mortal agonies will be consoled, if, through his sufferings and his sacrifice, some system of government shall arise—such as I aver has never here existed—wise, comprehensive, impartial, and, above all, consistent, which may conduct to wealth, prosperity, and greatness, the country he has loved, not wisely, perhaps, but too well. Would to God Mr. Smith O'Brien were my only client. The future happiness of an honourable, ancient, loyal family, is here at stake. The church, the bar, the senate, furnish relatives near and dear to this unhappy gentleman, who, although they differ with him in political opinion, have hastened to give to him brotherly consolation this melancholy day. Ireland has been the scene of their benevolent exertions—the source of their joy, their pride; her misery has been their affliction, her gleams of prosperity their delight. With broken hearts, should you consign the prisoner to the scaffold, they must henceforth struggle on through a cheerless existence, labouring in sorrow for the land they love. A venerable lady, who has dwelt amidst an affectionate tenantry, spending her income where it was raised, diffusing her charities and her blessings around, awaits now, with trembling heart, your verdict. If a verdict consigning her beloved son to death, that heart will quickly beat no more. Alas! more dreadful still—six innocent children will hear from your lips whether they are to be stripped of an inheritance which has descended in this family for ages—whether they are to be driven, fatherless and beggared, upon the world, by the rigour of a barbarous and cruel law—whether they are to be restored to peace and joy, or plunged into the uttermost depths of black despair. There is another who clings to hope—hope, may it be blessed in you! Her life's blood would be gladly shed to save the object of

her youthful affection—you will not consign her to an untimely grave! In a case of doubt, at the very worst, let a father's pity be awakened—a husband's love be moved. Let justice be administered—but justice in mercy. In no pitiful straits do I seek compassion for my client, even in this case of blood. I ask it solemnly, in the spirit of our free constitution—in accordance with the rooted principles of our common law. In this great cause between the subject and the crown, those great principles ought to shine out in glorious perfection. A verdict of acquittal, in accordance with those divine doctrines, will not be a triumph over the law, but the triumph of the law. When the sovereign seals, by her coronation oath, the great compact between the people and the crown, she swears to execute, in all her judgments, justice in mercy. That same justice you administer—no rigorous, remorseless, sanguinary code—but justice in mercy. Where, as here, the crime consists in the intent of the heart, and you can believe that intent not treasonable, or even doubtful, then, by the solemn obligation even of coldest duty, you should yield to mercy. In nothing, though at an immeasurable distance still, do men on earth so nearly approach the attributes of the Almighty as in the administration of justice. Divine justice will be tempered with mercy, or dismal will be our fate. As you hope for mercy from the great Judge, grant it this day. The awful issues of life and death are in your hands—do justice in mercy. The last faint murmur on your quivering lips will be for mercy, ere the immortal spirit will take its flight to, I trust, a better and a brighter world."

We must now bring to a close our sketch of this distinguished advocate, who has recalled to the memory of their surviving contemporaries the palmy days of Irish eloquence. Those great men, whose names reflect such lustre upon our history, have passed away from the scene of their labours and their triumphs—they have perished; but the genius which inspired them has lived. Flood, and Grattan, and Curran, and Bushe (who spoke with the lips of an angel)—all, all are gone, but their memory is enshrined in the country of their affections; with the land which gave them birth, it is linked in imperishable association:—

"These patriots through a general doom,
Have swept the column from their tomb;
A mightier monument command
The mountains of their native land;
There points the muse to stranger's eye,
The graves of those who cannot die."

Like the prophet of old, the mantle of their genius has descended; and if from that dim and unknown shore, which lies far away beyond the range of mortal ken, we could imagine these departed spirits looking down upon this distracted land—the country of their birth, their passion, and their glory—how great would be their joy to see that it has fallen upon a successor not unworthy of their fame. How much greater could they know that his heart is animated by the pure and lofty patriotism which inspired their own.

We must now take our leave of Mr. Whiteside. In the prime of his years and the full flush of fame, it is not likely he will be left much longer labouring in the ranks of that profession of which he is so distinguished an ornament. He will soon be called upon to enter a higher sphere than any he has yet occupied. His step may be even now on the threshold. Will he, when surrounded by "the fascinations of the imperial senate," maintain in august assemblies those great truths of which in the forum he has been the intrepid advocate? Will he pass unscathed through the perilous ordeal of political life, or will the impetuous enthusiasm of his ardent nature wither under the smiles or quail before the frowns of power? Will he remain great, brave, and true, in her varying fortunes to that country whose storms have lifted him to fame, identifying himself with her interests, and assisting in her regeneration? When these storms have passed away, when the cloud which has lowered above her fortunes shall have been succeeded by a serener sky, will he defend her character, and shield her fame, in high places, with the same triumphant eloquence with which he has vindicated innocence and baffled oppression; or will the intrepid advocate subside into the adroit politician? A new page in the history of his country has opened before him: in what characters shall some future historian inscribe his name there? The past is illuminated with the names of those great men who have preceded him: shall the future derive lustre from his? Gifted with their powers, will he follow in their footsteps? Fawning not upon power, nor yielding to faction, nor dismayed by clamour, shall that fame be his, which shall endure when bronze has mouldered, and when marble has crumbled into dust?

THE POOR LAWS, POTATO DISEASE, AND FREE TRADE.

THERE can be no question that from the beginning of the year 1848 the state of this country has assumed a very disastrous aspect. A renewed and extensive failure of the potato crop has added greatly to the sufferings of the poor, and increased the perplexities which have involved all other classes of society. The burthen of poor rates has become intolerable to a people who have been themselves the principal sufferers from the loss of their crops; and the prospect of the aggravation of the pressure during the ensuing year from the continued and increasing distress and destitution in the country, has paralysed the energies even of the most sanguine and the most resolute. The peculiar evils of the present system of poor laws in Ireland, and their great inaptitude for such a country, has also naturally tended to check all exertion to prevent an increase of the rates, as the most active and well-disposed proprietor finds that all the employment he can give to his poor is of little avail without an extensive co-operation among his neighbours, which it is, from various causes, impracticable to attain, while the ill effects of a system by which such vast numbers are fed upon public doles have, it is too plain, only increased their indolence and indisposition to earn their bread by manly exertion. This system, continued in one shape or other since the Labour-rate Act was passed, while it is fast swallowing up all private property, has, at the same time, produced incalculable evils, in rendering the mass of the population listless and dead to every feeling of independence, an effect peculiarly disastrous in the case of the Irish peasantry. Altogether the prospects of the country are most gloomy, the very opposite to those which a well-ordered state should exhibit.

Various attempts have been made to arrest our downward progress, and to correct the system of legislation that has been inflicted upon us. With this view, and with the very desirable ob-

ject of raising a national spirit in the country, the Irish Council was, in the summer of 1847, founded by a few men of great talents and of sincere and patriotic intentions. It failed, however—from what causes it would now be useless to inquire. The Council of National Distress and Safety, composed of such of the Irish members of parliament of all political parties as chose to attend, was not productive of any better results. All the principal grievances of the time were in both these societies enlarged upon, and formed the theme, with many, of eloquent declamation. The vast sums expended under the Labour-rate Act upon useless works—the increasing burthen of poor rates—the decay of manufactures and of productive industry in general, and the blundering legislation of the Whig government were not forgotten, but, we are constrained to believe, with a secret determination on the part of many who held this language to take no step that would effect the removal of that government.

While these fruitless attempts were made to bring some relief to the pressing evils of the country, the distress of the people, combined with the astounding political events on the continent of Europe, emboldened the leaders of disaffection to excite rebellion, and, as a mode of remedying the grievances of the people, to introduce confusion and a total prostration of the rights of property, which could have ended in nothing but massacre and bloodshed. We certainly give the present government full credit for their activity in preventing an actual outbreak; but we must, at the same time, express our deep conviction that their general policy and legislation towards this country could only have the effect of adding fuel to the flame of discontent and disaffection. Where there is a country in which landlords are without rents, tenants overburthened and crippled by taxation, and a people demoralised, and at the same time in distress and penury, is it to be wondered that they

should become the prey of traitors and of agitators who are only wanting in courage to become traitors.

Whilst we are writing, a new association has sprung up, the object of which is to procure a periodical session of the Imperial Parliament in Dublin. This scheme has also had its origin in the disgust generated in the public mind by the mischievous course of recent legislation; but we cannot conceal our fears that it will be found only a delusion, calculated to distract attention from the real source of our misery, while it will serve the purposes of corrupt men, who will endeavour to maintain their popularity by a noisy agitation for a project which they know is not likely to meet the support of any English party in the imperial parliament, and will, therefore, never bring them into any real collision with the ministry. Like the Irish Council, this society consists of men of every political hue; and we greatly lament that in, perhaps, the necessary constitution of this body there should be found an opening through which fraud and imposture may rear its deformed head, while all the crying evils of the land are still left undressed.

While we thus pass in review the various abortive attempts that have been made to raise us from our wretched condition, it is far from our intention to engender a feeling of apathy or despair in the public mind. On the contrary, our great object is to direct public attention to the real source of the disastrous legislation that has been pursued to meet the calamity with which we have been afflicted. It is time for the country to look the question boldly in the face. It is now become abundantly manifest to all who do not wilfully shut their eyes, that the occurrence of the potato disease was made the pretext only for an entire change of the commercial system from one of protection to free trade. Instead of the adoption of efficient measures of an extraordinary character, to meet an extraordinary emergency, Ireland and its calamity only served the objects of those who had long contemplated the entire overthrow of protection to domestic industry in all its branches; and, in fact, occupied but a subordinate place in the thoughts of statesmen. In any

respect this mode of dealing with our calamity has been mischievous in its consequences to us. It was a very invidious position for Ireland to be placed in, that the whole of the protected classes in England should attribute to us their defeat in the struggle, and the very prominent and marked part which the great majority of the Irish members took in the total destruction of the protective system has only recoiled on themselves and their constituents, and been the fruitful source of all the injurious legislation under which we have since groaned. Mr. O'Connell had for some years seceded from parliament, under the allegation that Irish members could effect no good for their country in an Imperial Parliament; but the moment the repeal of the corn-laws and the other measures of free trade were proposed in 1846, he went over to London, and arrayed all the Irish members over whom he had influence, the representatives of an entirely agricultural country, in direct hostility to the English agricultural party, and thus, with strange inconsistency, the corn-laws were destroyed by a man who never ceased to attribute the wretchedness and poverty of Ireland to the loss of protection to her industry, as resulting from the Act of Union. It is in vain to pretend that there was any opposition from any quarter to the most effective measures to meet Irish famine, even to the temporary suspension of the corn-laws; but there was the strongest opposition to an entire permanent change of policy, and to the laws that were carried for the abolition of protection. So far from free trade and political economy being a remedy for the famine, it is now generally allowed, that the most effective measures for its relief were those adopted in 1845, by the formation of depôts of food throughout the country, by the agency of government; but this mode of relief was in violation of the principles of political economy, and was abandoned by the Whig government on that ground, in 1846, and this abandonment was one principal ground of their having recourse to the new poor-law, as the only alternative, when they refused any longer to use extraordinary means of providing food for the people. Political economy was also an obstacle to the

employment of money on railways, or any other productive investment which would have given to the people bread, without their being a burthen upon the poor rates.

Thus almost all the remedies provided by the legislature to meet an abnormal state of things, arising from a sudden calamity, were founded upon principles applicable only to the ordinary state of society, and accordingly they were greatly deficient. There was great loss of life from famine and pestilence; and although the relief afforded was far from being effectual, the expense entailed upon an impoverished country was vastly increased by the refusal of government to interfere with the course of private trade, and the necessity thus arising to purchase food from the private importers who, in defiance of all the theory of free trade, were the real monopolists during the year of famine. The Labour-rate Act, which has also saddled us with such crushing burthens, was likewise supported upon a principle ready cut from Adam Smith, and that science which now excludes every other idea from the minds of our ruling statesmen. This was plainly avowed by the prime Minister himself, in a late debate on a motion introduced into the House of Commons, with the view of enforcing the application of any future relief loans for Ireland to reproductive works. On that occasion the waste of money expended under the Labour-rate Act was strongly urged, but every argument was met by Lord John Russell by the notable dogma, that government could not go into the labour market and employ the destitute on useful works. Breaking stones and filling ditches were the only works that do not interfere with the private employment of labour, and to carry out this principle of abstract science, Ireland is mulcted in overwhelming taxation.

The repeal of the corn-laws, at the dictation of the Anti Corn-Law League, was the first strong manifestation of the absolute sway of the new principles of political economy. A most plausible picture was then drawn of its advantages to Ireland even, and a great parade was made of the removal of the police tax from the county cess to the consolidated fund, to enable the farmers the better to

encounter foreign competition. How grossly has the expectation of reduced taxation been falsified. A poor rate, amounting, in most cases, to a fourth of the annual value of the land—in many, to one-half—in not a few, to the whole value, and a greatly increased county cess, are pretty sensible evidence of the folly of all such expectations. The great majority of the Irish members, led on by the late Mr. O'Connell, turned the scale in the House of Commons in favour of the destruction of the corn-laws: he was influenced by the feeling often avowed by him—a desire to break down the English aristocracy; but Ireland, perhaps, has only met with a just retribution, in being itself reduced to misery and desolation. Instead of uniting firmly with the English agricultural party to resist the encroachments of the Manchester school, Ireland led the van in an assault upon the landed interest; and any party in the House of Commons to guard the interests of that extensive portion of the population, which derives its subsistence from agriculture, was completely broken up, and through that breach entered the New Poor-law, the Labour-rate Act, the Temporary Relief Act, and all that train of destructive enactments which, while they completely impoverish and cripple the landlord and farmers, must necessarily disable them from employing the artisan and the labourer, and thus leave him to destitution and starvation. Often has the principle been asserted in Ireland, that the famine was an imperial calamity, and should be borne by the whole state. If this principle, contended for by men of all parties at the great Rotundo meeting of peers and commoners in 1847, had been admitted by the legislature, it would have gone a great way towards alleviating our distresses; but, after the conduct of the Irish members on the corn-law question, was there any prospect of the English agricultural members or their constituents enduring taxation to relieve a country which had left them to struggle in future, unprotected, against foreign competition? No other conduct could naturally have been expected from them, than that they should join in the outcry raised in England against the endless burthen of Irish poverty, and vote for the new

poor-law, and all the catalogue of confiscating legislation; and thus is the failure of the Rotundo meeting to produce [any effect, though so influential from its numbers and respectability, easily accounted for. It is true that Lord Stanley succeeded in carrying several important amendments in the Poor-law Bill in the House of Lords, which would have greatly mitigated its pressure; but the fatal effects of the conduct of the Irish members on the question of the corn-laws rendered it impossible for any of his political friends in the lower house to join in the attempt, and Ireland was left to bear the full severity of the ministerial bill; no English member would undertake the unpopular task of opposing a measure which was held forth as, in future, relieving England from the burthen of Irish poverty. We would call upon our readers to consider the effect of the conduct of our own representatives, the majority of whom, we boldly say, have brought upon us all the evils of recent legislation. They have sacrificed the interests of Ireland to aggrandise the great capitalists of Manchester, and this they did with the view of enjoying the smiles and favour of the Whig ministry; they have completely abandoned and disgusted the representatives of the landed interest in England; they have suicidally thrown the whole weight of their influence into the scale in favour of Cobden and Bright, who merely used the potato famine as a pretext to carry their own views, and the consequence has been not merely the repeal of the corn-laws, but what every man of common sense, who is acquainted with the workings of party in the House of Commons, must have foreseen, the total disruption of any party in that house to protect the landed interest, both in England and Ireland, from injurious legislation. It is one of the most absurd assertions that ever was attempted to be pawned on a besotted people, that the 105 Irish members have no influence in the legislature. This is every day in the mouths of the repeal members, and instilled by their press; and it is well calculated to serve the designs of corrupt men, who wish to combine the two objects of keeping up agitation and at the same time of withdrawing public attention from their parliamen-

tary conduct, as being not worthy of regard, from the alleged inability to effect any good for Ireland. Behind the dust thus raised by agitation, there is scarcely a repeal member that does not drive a profitable trade with ministers for his vote, since the day that his vote on the corn-laws brought them into power, and they are become completely indifferent to the ruin which the principles and policy of the government have brought on the country, whose interests they were elected to represent. A feeble opposition made by them on a few isolated points, is but a wretched compensation for all the mischief which their general support enables them to effect, while it has greatly increased the indignation and contempt which their utter abandonment of the agricultural and Protectionist party in parliament has given rise to. What independent English member would feel any heart to propose any measure to benefit Ireland or its impoverished people, when he reflects on the treatment which Lord George Bentinck's Railway Bill received from the Irish members?—who unanimously approved of it one day, but after a visit to the minister, two-thirds of them either voted against it, or absented themselves at the division, and those the very members who clamour loudest on the fertile topic of Irish poverty and starvation. Who would not feel disgust, when he sees the Irish representatives make such a barefaced sacrifice of the public good to their own private views, and for the future discontinue all attempts to serve her?

But it really seems to be the settled purpose of the majority of our representatives to excite the animosity of the English members, and particularly of that party among them with whom our common interest should induce them to make common cause, and to provoke them to hostile votes against Ireland. In the last session, the same system of conduct was pursued, which could only have the effect of preventing the formation of any party to protect the interests of the agricultural population. If we examine their votes, they would only increase the irritation which they had in previous sessions raised. The period for which the income-tax was imposed on England was about to expire, and its renewal was

opposed by the agricultural party in England as very onerous upon the farmers who had now lost all protection. In this opposition they were joined by the urban population; but the Irish members, whose constituents are not subject to the tax, came down to the house in a body, and were the principal means of imposing an unpopular tax upon England. It may be said that the revenue could not bear so large a loss: but the question really raised was between direct taxation and the indirect taxation of customs and excise; and the income-tax was supported as essential to a free-trade policy. Were free-trade and political economy such boons to Ireland, that her representatives for them should excite a prejudice against their country in the breasts of Englishmen, by imposing an unpopular tax upon them? Could there be a worse method devised of obtaining a mitigation of the pressure of the poor-law in Ireland? It is very well if it does not procure us the blessings of the income-tax, in addition to other taxation.

The votes of the majority of the Irish members for the repeal of the Navigation Laws, is also calculated to inflict irreparable injury upon Ireland, by exciting the hostility of a most influential class, the shipping interest in England, in addition to the agricultural body which we have already alienated. What benefit have Cobden and the Manchester capitalists conferred upon us that we should alienate every other class by supporting their favorite theories? But the most marked instance of the disastrous conduct of our members occurred when the scheme of ministers for the relief of the West Indies was in agitation. Their whole plan was very distasteful to all parties in the House of Commons, was strongly objected to by the West Indian interest, and was only carried by a small majority of fifteen; but a part of the scheme, which went to admit rum at a greatly diminished duty, was greatly objected to by the Irish distillers and farmers, and a deputation was sent to London, to organise an opposition against it. They did their utmost to obtain the support of the Irish members, a meeting of whom was held in London, and they appeared to be unanimous in their opposition to the scheme. The plain and only ef-

fectual course open to them was to join in the general opposition to the whole measure, and thus to turn the ministerial majority of fifteen into a minority; but this course would not have suited the views of those who find their account in supporting ministers, and accordingly, the greater part of the Irish members either absented themselves or voted with the majority, and contented themselves with an ineffectual opposition to that part which related to the rum duties, when they must have known that they would be thoroughly beaten; and thus they have contrived at once to sacrifice the interests of Ireland, and to excite the hostility of the powerful West Indian interest. And these are the representatives who shortly before in Dublin ostentatiously vowed to prefer Ireland to the support of any ministry.

We have now gone through a wearisome detail, but we have thought it necessary to bring in review before our readers the whole conduct and proceedings of the majority of the Irish members, because it is highly important that the public should see to whom is due the miseries which legislation has brought upon us. The course of proceeding of the Irish members has been such, from first to last, as not only to render impossible the existence in the House of Commons of any party capable of protecting the interests of the agricultural population of the empire, but they have gone the length of provoking the hostility of the landed interest in England—an absurd extravagance of folly, which nothing but the frantic hatred to England, so disastrous to this country, but so long and sedulously instilled by agitators, could have produced.

The repeal of these laws which protected the Irish farmer in the growth of his wheat and oats, and other grain crops, was very little alleviation of the famine, even at its height; while the principles of political economy on which that repeal was founded, and which forbid any interference with the course of private trade, was absolutely a most serious aggravation of the public distress. At the height to which prices rose during the year of famine corn would have been admitted at the nominal duty of one shilling under the old sliding-scale; whereas under the scale which ceased only on the first

of last month, the lowest duty was four shillings for wheat, and so ill adapted was the scale for famine prices that it was suspended for a period of some months, the very session after its enactment. The experience of the last three years shows, that the main substitute for the lost potatoes is Indian meal; and the only funds the country has to purchase this food, either for the pauper population or the rest of the population, are derived from the sale of their corn and stock, from which the people must not only buy food but pay their rents, poor-rates, and taxes, now so grievously burthensome. It is useless at present to discuss the question, how it is the people of Ireland cannot generally eat the corn of their own country; the fact is so, and there is no prospect of any change for years to come. It is certainly an advantage to the poor to have Indian corn cheap, but quite the reverse as to other grain. Under the pressure of taxation, and the loss of the potato crop, the country has nothing to fall back on as revenue to its inhabitants, but a high price for corn and cattle. The inhabitants of the large cities and towns are altogether dependent on the rural population, and it is impossible for the merchant, the shopkeeper, or the tradesman to thrive, unless the farmer, the rural laborer, and the landlords are well supplied with money. All the expenses and burthens of the famine must be borne by the funds produced by the sale of the native produce of Ireland, and we must contend that it is a total delusion to suppose that a low price for that produce is an advantage in meeting those expenses and burthens, or in enabling the country to feed its pauper population. Let us contrast our present wretched pauperized condition with the period of the war, when wheat reached the extraordinary price of £4 per barrel. The farmers and landlords were able to employ the labourers, and were good customers to the inhabitants of the towns; and, as far as Ireland was concerned, it never was so prosperous, or its people better fed, although during that period there were sometimes rather extensive failures of the potato. We are aware that such high prices are not now attainable, nor desirable, for the whole empire, and that complaints are now generally directed,

not against low prices, but against the overwhelming burthen of taxes; but really the practical question is, are prices remunerative, or is there any probability of succeeding in an attempt directed against taxation *alone*? We are convinced that any such attempt will be a great waste of the nation's exertions.

In a mere endeavour to get rid of or lessen the burthen of poor rates, all parties in England will only see a desire to throw our pauperism upon them, and all their prejudices will be awakened. The Queen's speech has no doubt intimated the probable intention of granting a committee to inquire into the Irish poor-laws; but this has always been found a convenient method of getting rid of a disagreeable subject, and at the best is not likely to lead to any relief for some years to come, as the whole of the session would be consumed in the inquiry. Most of the plans also that we have heard of for modifying the poor-law system, are surrounded with great and perhaps insuperable difficulties. It has been proposed to equalise the burthen, by rendering all other kinds of property, in addition to land, liable to rates; but it is not likely that the heavy incumbrances upon Irish estates will bear with patience such an alteration of the Irish poor-law, which has never yet been attempted in England, and which would subject them to a burthen never anticipated. It would greatly increase the objections to the investment of capital in Ireland, and would even lead to the foreclosure of mortgages, and a pressure for the payment of debts, so that the Irish proprietors might find such an alteration of the law but a very questionable anchorage. We cannot but see that the present government are in no position to grant any substantial relief: their principal supporters, the representatives of the large towns in England, have been the foremost to fasten the new poor-law upon Ireland, and after the conduct of the Irish members upon the corn-laws, the Protectionists will never join in any mere struggle against the abuses or defects of the poor-laws. The only effectual course open to the Irish people is to join their forces to the Protectionist body in the House of Commons, and then the greatest results will follow.

Instead of the Irish members being viewed as the enemies of every interest in the empire, and particularly of the agricultural body, a strong, united party would be formed, capable of protecting the agricultural population from mischievous legislation; and is there not every motive that can influence men for doing so? Will the landed interest of Ireland, including both landlords and tenants, allow themselves to be crushed? Prices are clearly not remunerative, for they cannot possibly enable the farmer to pay the burthens to which they are subjected. It is perfectly monstrous that every expectation of a reduction of taxation, held out to the agriculturist at the time of the repeal of the corn-laws, should be signally, nay, outrageously falsified, and yet that all protection should be withdrawn. On every side we hear of farmers sinking under the pressure of the times—unable to meet their engagements, and surrendering their farms; and thus the only means of support of the mass of the population is failing them.

We have given every attention to the doctrines of Adam Smith, and endeavoured to become reconciled to his views on the subject of the corn-laws. His leading argument against protective duties, appears to be their interference with the freedom of trade, and that if a nation be unable to compete, unprotected, with other nations in the department to which its industry has been turned, it is better it should turn to some other employment in which it has a natural or acquired advantage.

We are, however, wholly at a loss to conceive to what other employment the bulk of the Irish people is to turn. If we allow ourselves to be victimized by the theories of any philosopher, however exalted, we deserve our fate.

We have often heard it announced that we were a nation of eight millions, and were too great to be neglected, or our interests sacrificed; but after all our boasted importance, if we allow ourselves to be ruined by the votes of our own representatives, we deserve the contempt of the whole world. If we permit them quietly to abandon our interests for the sake of their own private profit, we will richly earn the derision of mankind. Hitherto their votes have escaped attention amidst the distractions of trai-

torous conspiracies, which have so diverted public attention from the proceedings of parliament. The prevailing tendency among the Irish to undervalue the influence of their members in parliament, although it is notorious that their votes have turned the scale on the most important questions of public policy, during the last quarter of a century, has also greatly contributed to withdraw the public mind from the proceedings of our representatives. Added to this is the constant propensity of the people to have their heads so filled with visionary schemes of nationality, that they never turn their attention to anything practicable or attainable; and the advocacy of any of those visionary plans of Repeal and of Rotatory Parliaments, and the thousand and one bubbles that fill the air, cover a multitude of political sins. While our population are thus stargazing, they neglect their own private business, as well as their most important public interest, and they are now little better than a nation of paupers.

As an instance of the continued proneness of our countrymen to indulge in impracticable speculation, we are tempted to refer to a proposal which we lately saw made in a letter in the public press, coming from a gentleman of station, namely, that the Irish members should combine to restore Sir Robert Peel to office. We do not pretend to pronounce whether that statesman shall ever again hold the reins of government; but we are sorely puzzled to understand how, in the present state of parties in the House of Commons, the Irish members could effect his restoration. Sir Robert Peel has not more than one hundred followers in that house; and we are wholly at a loss to conceive by what process of arithmetic the combination of the Irish members with them could give him a majority, so as to enable him to resume office. The Whigs are not likely to join in a vote for their own expulsion; they were never very quick to take a hint, even from their adversaries, to abandon office, least of all did any one hear of their volunteering to resign. Neither have we seen the slightest disposition in Sir Robert Peel's former supporters, the Protectionists, to restore him to office; on the contrary, it is quite plain that they much prefer the continuance of the

present ministry in place, and will join in no vote which has for its object or effect his return to power. But while such a project seems wholly out of the power of our representatives, the visionaries and enthusiasts, who are the bane of our unfortunate country, never once contemplate a junction of the Irish members with the Protectionists—a union which, from their numbers, would be effectual. Many of the Irish proprietors are still horrified at the idea of protection, so contrary to all their notions of theoretical perfection. The thought of our Irish farmers, so ground down and ruined by taxation, having any protection, seems quite to shock their nerves; and any union with a party who still feel favourably disposed to such a policy, and who, if necessary, would restore it, is quite distasteful to our Irish political doctors, who seem only to follow the prescriptions of the famous physician, Sangrado, and to think that nothing is wanting to us but a steady perseverance in a plan of copious depletion. Poor-rates and county-cess accumulate, and although there is but a light crop of corn, and an extensive loss of the potato crop; under the new free-trade policy, prices are likely to be lower than they have been for years back, and the patient is absolutely sinking from exhaustion, farmers, landlords, and labourers pauperised; and yet still the cry with many of our landed proprietors is free-trade, a little more bleeding and hot water, and all will be well.

It is time for us to descend to the regions of common-sense: we address ourselves especially to the gentry, and

to those who have any property to lose. The time is propitious for them to exert themselves. Agitation, which had ripened into rebellion, is for the present prostrate; and the influence of property will be more felt and respected by our representatives in parliament, than heretofore. While every other class is depressed and impoverished, the landed proprietors are chiefly marked out for destruction; surely, at such a time they will not lie down in indolence and apathy. If in every county they exert themselves to force their representatives into a faithful discharge of their duty, a party may yet be formed in the House of Commons, capable of protecting the landed interest of the empire. This is the great point to be looked to: unless a strong and united party of this description be formed without delay, we see nothing for the landed proprietors of Ireland but utter confiscation and ruin. Let all their energies be directed to this end, and they may be saved. They have plenty of opportunities on grand juries, and at public meetings, of causing their opinions to be heard; and if there be anything like the unanimity which the crisis demands, our Irish members will see the necessity of altering their course, or else forfeiting the confidence of their constituents for ever. But we hope our gentry will take warning; no half measures will now do; no mere petitions against the labour-rate act and poor-laws: these are mere symptoms of our malady. What is wanting is a strong agricultural party, which will deliver us from the thralldom of Manchester politicians.

THE SEAMEN OF THE CYCLADES.

CHAPTER I.—HYDRA AND THE HYDRIOTES.

It was sunset in the Egean, and volumes might vainly be written in the attempt to convey to the mind all the teeming beauties pervading earth, and sea, and sky which are embodied in those few words. It is a spectacle never to be forgotten if once beheld, and still less, is it to be imagined, even faintly, from a mere description. Perhaps those only who have watched in wonder the unspeakable beauty which the last mournful smile of fading life imparts to the face of the dying, may form some idea of the indescribable loveliness of that scene, when gliding over the pure waters of the soft, blue sea—the expiring sunbeam passes on from isle to isle, lingering on each one as with a farewell kiss, and growing fainter, like a living thing that fades and dies for very sorrow.

But it was over—this glorious pageant had passed from earth—already the night wind had arisen sad and low, and went its way, singing the dirge of the departed day, over the still, mirror-like ocean, whose reposing waves seemed to tremble as it approached. As the darkness closed in, an imaginative mind might have discerned a strange, yet beautiful, analogy between the earthly landscape and the heavenly scene, for sea and sky were both alike, but oceans of intensest blue; and while above in the ethereal lake, the stars were floating like golden islets, below the fair expanse was studded with those fairy islands of the Cyclades, each one most lovely, and yet most unlike, and which cluster so near to one another that you may pass on, reading, as it were, those pages in Nature's book of beauty, and behold one sparkling in the morning sun, and the next bathed in the flood of noon-tide light, and a third radiant with the tender hues of even. But the starry isles became brighter and more glorious in proportion as the scenes of earthly beauty faded and grew dim, like the brightening of celestial hopes for man in the evening of his days,

when the shadows darken round this mortal life.

For some time the whole scene was buried in the most profound repose and solitude; the heavens, wrapt in a silence intense and unbroken, seemed to hang in contemplation over the beautiful world, and no living sight or sound disturbed the solemn triumph of the deepening night. Suddenly, just as the rising moon shed a long streak of light across the waters, like a shining track, to link the sea and sky, a small and slender bark shot, like an arrow, from the darkness, lingered one second on that silver path, the moonbeams glancing on its sails, and on the glittering arms of the crew, and then, vanishing away into the shadows beyond, sped onward in the direction of the nearest island. At a distance one might have fancied it was but a sea bird that had sprung over the sparkling waters to sport with the moonshine, so rapid and graceful were its movements; but it was, in fact, one of those strange-looking little vessels called *misticos*, whose name is to this day connected in the eastern seas with deeds of darkness and of mystery. They are long, sharp boats, drawing little water, with two large lateen sails, and they skim the wave with incredible swiftness, although always carrying two or more guns, according to their dimensions, with a considerable number of men. They are in every respect admirably adapted for the purposes of piracy, and are not only invariably manned by regular and established corsairs, but are continually made use of by the most lawless adventurers for all purposes of rapine and murder, whenever a hidden plot has to be carried on, or blood to be shed in secret.

The crew of the light-winged *mistico* that now flew through the darkness over the calm breast of the Egean sea, were evidently of this latter class. Their dress was that much worn by the seamen in all parts of Asia Minor; the loose jacket and wide trowsers, confin-

ed at the waist by a scarf, and the red cap, round which was twisted a handkerchief of gay colours, whence their long black hair escaped, and streamed on the wind. Their faces, bronzed by continual exposure to that tremendous sun, were darkened till they seemed almost to have a claim to African blood; but they were, in fact, of a class which belongs to no country in particular, or rather, which appertains to all; for in every nation we find men, belonging as to a race set apart, outlaws from the common humanity, who, by a fatal familiarity with crime in every shape, from the very first stage of their neglected infancy to the full fruition of vice in their reckless manhood, have become utterly dead to all the better impulses of our nature, and governed solely by their riotous passions, their souls branded with stains indelible and dark, hurry through a mad career to a violent death, causing their steps on earth to be tracked in bloodshed and desolation.

These were all armed with cutlasses, pistols, and the long Turkish dagger, which does such deadly execution, and in this respect only was there any resemblance between them and a person of totally different appearance, who was evidently only a passenger on board of their suspicious-looking vessel. He was a man of about forty, handsomely clad in the full Greek costume; there was even a scrupulous nicety in the details of the dress, which was the more remarkable, as he had by no means the Grecian cast of countenance, but possessed, even to a singular degree, the physical characteristics of the Tartar race, while the expression of his features seemed to intimate fully that he shared in the various qualities attributed to that wild people.

We should have to enter on an interminable metaphysical discussion, if we opened the question, by what law certain peculiarities of countenance seem linked to certain moral features in the character; and whether the child born with a particular caste of face, is of necessity condemned to the evil dispositions which are invariably found to correspond to it; but it is an undeniable fact, that the small eyes drooping inwards, and the flat nose of the Tartar are never to be found separate from a degree of low moral depravity, which no other expression of counte-

nance seems so well calculated to represent. Even the dark faces of the lawless crew, lit up with fierce and stormy passions—whose lips opened not but with a volley of imprecations, whose wild eyes continually glared on each other with suspicious hate—even they were less repugnant to the eye than the sneering face, full of malice and cunning, of the stranger.

Yet, even on that countenance, so expressive of cold-blooded cruelty, and all things most abhorrent to the mind, a benign and soft expression could pass, like a sunbeam over a sterile rock, when he looked down on a child that was laid on a carpet at his feet. It was a young boy, small and fragile, wearing a splendid Turkish dress, and with a countenance which is frequently seen among the Eastern children, where the solemnity of premature thought has given additional beauty to the symmetrical perfection of feature they so often display. Unlike as they were, the one as evidently all guilelessness as the other was full of meanness and depravity, none but a father could have cast that look of love on the young child, whose fair head was pillowed on his knees, and to whom, from time to time, he murmured a few words of passionate endearment, which were as little in accordance with his cold and bitter expression, as the Turkish language in which they were spoken, with the dress which he wore.

Meanwhile the dark island, towards which the *mistico* was rapidly steering its course, began to detach itself from the surrounding darkness, and soon rose up before them abruptly, like one single gigantic rock. In a moment they were gliding stealthily beneath the vast shadow which it cast on the waters, and veering round a rapid turning in its precipitous cliffs, passed through a small opening, which a practised eye could perhaps alone have detected in that faint light; in an instant the great rocks, so dark and rugged, closed in behind them, and they seemed to have entered on another world altogether. A moment before, and the *mistico* had been gliding, as we have said, over the moonlit sea, whose far expanse lay beneath the sky as a mirror, wherein the young moon might look upon her own fair face, broken only here and there by the soft outline of the distant hills, while

the light waves, rippling against the rock-girt island, broke into a thousand fragments, glittering with phosphoric light—and now the boat lay, its sails idly flapping, without one breath of the fresh breeze which had borne it hither, on the still, black, waveless bosom of a vast circular basin, which was encircled by huge rugged cliffs of a dull grey stone, so barren and sterile, that no trace of vegetation was anywhere visible. Not a ray of light could find access to the dark waters, where the shadows of those great rocks mingled in one deep blackness; but directly facing the entrance the moonbeams fell on a fantastic pile of buildings, rendered conspicuous from their whiteness, and which seemed to cling, in the most singular manner, to the bare face of the cliff, spreading over the rocks in all directions. Below these might be distinguished a considerable extent of shipping, which sufficiently indicated that the pirate bark had entered into the harbour of Hydra, the little, rugged, sterile island, which at that period (the year 1822) was, as it is now, the centre of the maritime power of Greece.

It may, indeed, be truly said, that to Hydra the Hellenic people owe their freedom; for nothing but the determined courage, and singular nautical skill, with which the hardy natives of this isolated rock opposed the common enemy by sea, could have saved their country, at the crisis which was impending at this stage of the revolution. Certainly the astonishment of the Turks is not to be wondered at, when they first discovered that it was from this barren rock alone that had issued those swarms of dauntless, resolute foes, whom they vainly had opposed with all their stately fleets; but this singular island is far more thickly peopled than at first sight could be supposed possible: and the male inhabitants are, it may be said, exclusively seamen; indeed it was by no means an inapt expression of Ibrahim Pasha's, when he saw Hydra from a distance, and, shaking his hand towards it, exclaimed:—"Ah, little England, how long wilt thou escape me!"

The crew of the *mistico* had now taken to their oars, by which means these accommodating barks are often propelled as by their sails, and were creeping stealthily along in the shadow,

close to the shore; they made for the town, but long before they reached it, at a sign from the Greek, they ran into a little dark creek, and drew the boat up beneath a projecting rock, where it lay entirely concealed. As soon as they touched the land, the stranger sprung to his feet, and began to hide the arms which he wore in various parts of his dress; he then turned to the child, and lifting him in his arms, he held him closely embraced for a few minutes, and the dark, stern face was once more lit up by a smile of tenderness, as he looked into those clear eyes, and pressed his lips to the pure unruffled forehead.

"My lord and father," said the child, still speaking in Turkish, "I pray you let me go with you."

"Not to-night, light of my eyes," answered the father, and those gentle words sounded strange in his harsh discordant voice.

"Oh, when will you return?" continued the boy, clasping his little hands round the strong, nervous arm.

"When there shall be light on the summit of that huge rock, you will know that it is sunset once again," said the Greek, "and then will I come to you, my bird." Again embracing the child, he replaced him gently on the cushions, and was preparing to spring from the boat; but the young boy shuddered violently, and grasped his dress as he passed.

"Father, stay!" he exclaimed. "Why do you thus go forth in the dark still night, when all men sleep?"

"Child! what mean these prying questions?" said the stranger, with a frown which rendered his face almost hideous. The child met the stern, angry look with a mournful expression in his dark eyes, and, without speaking, passed his hand over the hilt of the dagger which his father had hid in his breast, and then fixed a steady inquiring gaze on his face. The Greek smiled, but it was a smile to which his fiercest frown was preferable, and he answered at once—

"No, child! not to-night; at least I have no such purpose now."

"Ah, then," said the boy, with a sigh of relief, "to-morrow I shall again be able to kiss this hand without horror."

He pressed his lips to his father's hand as he spoke, and, releasing him,

sank back on the carpet. The Greek turned round, and stretching out his arm towards the crew, said, in a voice of thunder—

“Pethia (children), you know what shall be the reward of this child’s safety, but you also know the price of his blood!”

“We know it,” shouted the men, as with one voice; and the Greek, apparently well satisfied, leaped on shore, and in a moment more was lost to their sight among the rocks. Treading his way over the stones with some difficulty, he soon entered the town, and, appearing at once to throw off all design of concealment, he walked boldly on through the streets. It is, however, only by courtesy that the streets of Hydra can be termed such, for they are in reality but rough and precipitous staircases, hewn out of the rock, and conducting with the most intricate turnings and windings, to the houses, that rise one over the other, more like the unsteady erections which a child produces with a pack of cards, than the habitations of ordinary mortals.

It seems, indeed, incredible that this extraordinary spot should ever have been chosen as a residence by any portion of the human race, for it lies sterile and solitary, exposed to the full glare of the burning sun, which everywhere has baked the scanty soil to the consistency of stone. There is not an inch of level ground in the whole island. The power of vegetation is almost extinct; while the scarcity of water is so great that the requisite supply is obtained from a neighbouring island; yet nowhere is there to be found a race more cheerful, hardy, and contented, than the natives of Hydra. They rank high among the islanders (whose distinctive peculiarities differ as much as the outward appearance of the various islands) for courage, honesty, and truth—this last most precious quality being so extremely rare among the inhabitants of the Cyclades, that it may be doubted whether they even consider it a desirable virtue.

The Hydriotes are a fine, bold, sturdy race, more stout in limb than handsome in feature; and any deficiency in their personal appearance is by no means improved by the frightful costume it has been their pleasure to adopt. The dress of the men consists principally of a huge garment of

dark blue cloth, which, it seems, was originally destined to form a wide petticoat, but having seceded from that more feminine class of robe, is now tied in at the knee, and has become as uncouth and unseemly a portion of attire as can well be conceived. The costume of the women is nearly as ungraceful, especially the head-dress, which consists of a great cushion fastened down by several handkerchiefs wrapped round the head.

The stranger continued rapidly to ascend to the upper part of the town, guiding his steps by the light of the moon, which in that bright clime sheds a radiance scarce less clear than the beams of day. He paused at length, when he had reached the gate of one of the largest and handsomest houses in the town. The Hydriotes, who are a wealthy people, are necessarily forced to assemble their best resources for comfort within doors, as it is scarcely possible even to walk out in their stony little isle, and they often render the interior of their dwellings quite luxurious. These are all built on the same plan, consisting of one story, with a flat roof; and some of the richer inhabitants are at the trouble of conveying a quantity of soil from Poros, which they spread on these terraces, so as to form a little garden on the house-top, which has a very singular effect within. The principal apartment, and that always inhabited by the family, is a vast hall, furnished with long divans and Persian carpets; and when it has been duly watered, so that the stone floor exhales a refreshing coolness, and draws out the odour of the orange trees, which are ranged round it in large vases, it would not be easy to find a more pleasant drawing-room. The door which opens to the street is never closed; so that the family may have the amusement of watching the passers-by, while themselves are equally exposed to the gaze of all without.

The house before which the stranger now stood was that of Athanasi Lucas, who had the double reputation of being one of the richest and most powerful men of the island, and possessor, at the same time, of a more beautiful wife than it had fallen to the lot of any other to obtain in their usual system of matrimonial negotiations. Such a man could not fail to be a very important personage just at

this juncture; for in the various phases of the Greek revolution, the nature of the conflict changed with the shifting scene, and one or two scattered islands of the Egean were now the point to which was turned, not only the exclusive attention of the Ottoman empire, but the eyes of all Europe.

The year 1821, which had been ushered in with the first wild din of the clashing chains, as the Greeks, at length starting from their long sleep of lethargy, sprung up with one accord to shake them off, had now closed, leaving the Turks as much astonished as exasperated at the small progress they had made in quelling the universal revolt, which they expected to crush in the bud with the most perfect ease. In the spring of the year 1822, they began to find it necessary to adopt some decisive measure for stemming the tide of this fierce rebellion, which raged higher and higher with every unexpected success of the conquering slaves. The death of Ali Pasha had thrown the country into a state of confusion, which completely paralysed their efforts in the provinces, and they were so continually harassed on the coast by the pertinacious attacks of the Hydriote vessels, that they finally determined on commencing operations by sea, for they were well aware that if they could succeed in their intended attempt at the destruction of the three naval islands, Hydra, Psarra, and Spigia, they would so utterly have cut off the resources of the Greeks, that they need strike no other blow to reduce them at once to their former submission and slavery.

The sultan had, therefore, appointed Kara Ali to the command of the fleet, as Capitan Bey, a man of undoubted courage and talent, whose proceedings at this period will sufficiently illustrate his character, without pausing further to describe it. His force as yet was comparatively small, but he expected almost immediately to be reinforced by a powerful squadron from Alexandria. Meanwhile, the inhabitants of the three devoted islands were no less active in preparing for a noble defence. It was evident that nothing would ward off the approaching struggle. The resolute and noble heroism of the Islanders, who had sold all they pos-

sessed, in order to assist in fitting out their vessels, and were now equally determined on devoting their lives to the cause of freedom, was of a nature to be destroyed with their existence only; whilst the imperturbable obstinacy of the Turks is most amusingly displayed in the answer which was given by the Divan to some attempt on the part of the foreign powers to conciliate matters:—"My positive, absolute, definite, unchangeable, answer," said Pesteff Effendi, "is, that the Sublime Porte does not accept any proposition concerning the Greeks, and will persist in its own will for ever and ever, even to the day of the last judgment!" After this stubborn announcement there was no alternative but to fight, and the combined forces of the various islands, amounting to a fleet of some sixty sail, were now rapidly preparing for speedy action, under the command of Andreas Miaulis, whom they had appointed admiral.

There was another circumstance which had heightened the horror of the island Greeks against the enemy almost to madness, and confirmed them in the unlimited sacrifice of life, and, indeed, of every earthly hope, in the attempt to revenge themselves. At the time of which we speak, scarce yet had died away over the blue Egean, so smiling and so tranquil, that awful wail—that mighty cry—the mingled tones of one great agony, which awoke not only an undying echo in the heart of every Greek, but resounding far away, to every shore in Europe, had carried with it the dismal tidings of an event not yet forgotten there, as an atrocity unprecedented in the annals of war. In the commencement of this ill-fated year, never had the glowing spring of Eastern climes found a richer or a fairer spot whereon to lavish all its wealth of beauty—its sunshine and its perfumes—than the bright green isle of Scio! but long before that spring had brightened into summer, that sweet, luxuriant garden, the beautiful home of a happy, tranquil people, lay blood-stained, blackened, and defiled—one vast ungainly heap of thousands of corrupting dead; and a deed, never to be forgotten or forgiven, had awakened the dread spirit of revenge in every heart that revolted against the tortures their countrymen

had endured. Notwithstanding the desire of the Greeks, since the massacre of Scio, to come to an encounter with the enemy, before the arrival of the squadron from Egypt rendered the destruction of their islands nearly inevitable, their movements had been greatly retarded by the critical position of seventy Sciote hostages, whom Kara Ali had retained on board of his magnificent flag-ship, because they included in their number the bishop and heads of the clergy, whom he forced to negotiate by letter, for the capitulation of various towns whose central position in the unhappy island placed them nearly out of his reach.

The devotion of the islanders, as we have said, had extended both to life and property, and Athanasi Ducas, amongst the number, had nobly devoted the whole of his fortune to the manning and equipping of three large vessels, which now lay nearly ready for service in the port.

The stranger had paused before the door, and remained concealed in the shadow, attentively examining the party assembled in the hall. Athanasi himself, a fine, bold-looking Hydriote, sat, with somewhat of a lordly air, in the centre of the room, seemingly buried in profound thought, from the assiduity with which he used his perfumed combologi—a long string of beads, which the Greeks consider an indispensable aid to reflection, and which they are to be seen continually rattling through their fingers, although they are in no way connected with their devotional exercises. The vacant cushions on the floor around him showed that he had been holding a sort of levee in the course of the evening; but the lateness of the hour had dispersed the guests, and there was no one with him now but his wife and her attendants, who were occupied, seated on the floor, in stripping of their leaves an enormous quantity of roses scattered on the carpet beside them, and which were destined to form the delightful “confiture de roses,” that is considered so necessary a delicacy in every house.

Soultauitza, the rich Hydriote's wife, well deserved the reputation of beauty she had acquired. She was indisputably beautiful, not only from her perfection of form and feature, but from the unequivocal evidence in her speaking eyes

and expansive forehead, of a higher order of intellect and a nobler mind than it is generally given to a Greek woman to possess. The peculiarity of her costume showed that, contrary to all rule, Athanasi had actually married her from a due appreciation of her personal value; for she wore the dress of the women of Naxos, and nothing but some very rare quality on the part of the lady, or a disinterested affection, still more rare, on the side of the husband, can induce a Hydriote to choose a wife from among the natives of any other island.

Two beautiful children slumbered tranquilly on the knees of an old withered woman, whose countenance was remarkable from the permanent wretchedness which it displayed. Theophani had long been the attendant of the noble Phanariote family of C——; and when they, at Constantinople, had fallen one by one, as victims to an inexorable power, she had returned to this island, of which she was a native, to resume a life of servitude, and wonder how she, the aged, helpless creature, should have lived on through her misery, when the beautiful nursing she had loved so well, whose brief existence was now but as a dream in her own long life, had flown to her rest from the very first shock of the mortal tempest that assails us all—the universal and unconquerable human sorrow!

When the stranger Greek had minutely examined these several persons, he emerged from his concealment, and, advancing to the door, asked if this were the house of Athanasi Ducas. Soultauitza rose, and, answering in the affirmative, invited him to enter. He did so with the usual salutations, and Athanasi, perceiving that he was a total stranger, examined him keenly, while he desired him to be seated, and prepared to entrench himself in the impenetrable reserve which the suspicious character of the Greeks has taught them so readily to assume. There was a silence until the lady of the house had herself served the guest with coffee and sweetmeats, followed by two young girls, one of whom poured rose-water over his hands, while the other bent towards him, offering for his use a napkin embroidered with gold, which she carried on her shoulder. The attendants then

retired, and Soultanitzza resumed her occupation, seated with all deference behind her husband, while Athanasi patiently waited till his guest should speak, as he could not, without violating the laws of Eastern politeness, ask the purpose of his visit till he thought proper to communicate it. The stranger seemed much less at his ease than it is customary for a Greek to be at all times, and in all circumstances; for no people are certainly so perfectly exempt from the embarrassments of modesty. At last, however, he spoke—

"I bring you news from Psarra, Kyrio Athanasi."

"An order from the admiral!" exclaimed the Hydriote. "I know he is cruising about in that direction; do you bring me a message from him?"

"Precisely," said the stranger, with a lurking smile; "I bring you both an order from him and a message, announcing strange tidings. The Capitan Bey, with all his fleet, is at this moment steering direct for Hydra!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Athanasi, starting from his seat. "Why, only two days since, Isolani, the Naxiote, was here from Scio itself, to announce that Kara Ali lay with his vessels moored in the harbour, having determined to attempt no attack on the islands till the fleet from Egypt should join him; and yet more, that as the Ramazan commences to-morrow, all action was to be suspended till their impious fast be concluded. Surely you are mistaken, Adelphe; the Capitan Bey—accursed be his name, and may his father have no rest in his grave!—thinks of nothing else just now but torturing the Sciote hostages, to make traitors of them if he can!"

"Such may have been his amusement two days since," said the stranger, softly; "yet is there no mistake, *phile mou* (my friend). The hostages are still on board of the flag-ship; but I tell you Kara Ali and his men-of-war are even now bearing down upon this isle: were it not for contrary winds, perhaps, your own eyes even now might have convinced you of the truth."

"This is most strange," said the Hydriote. "What do they think of it at Psarra?—what are Miaulis' orders to me?"

"It is, indeed, strange, and you will

be yet more surprised, when you hear what they think of it at Psarra," said the Greek, evading the last question. "We shall not be overheard?" he continued, glancing round suspiciously.

"Assuredly not," exclaimed Athanasi, bending eagerly towards him; "there is only my wife here; but speak low—what is it?"

The stranger fixed his small, black, wily eyes, whose piercing brightness gave them an expression like those of a snake, with a keen, scrutinizing gaze on the face of the Hydriote, and speaking very slowly, he seemed attentively to mark the changes on his countenance, which his words produced.

"There is a rumour at Psarra," he said, "how far true I know not, that the natives of some of the islands, Hydriotes and others, had become so convinced of the folly of attempting to combat the Turkish admiral (whose fleet, though now incomplete, already comprises various men-of-war, each one three times larger than any of our vessels), that they have determined on coming to a sort of compromise."

The stranger paused, continuing to look anxiously in the face of his listener. Athanasi did not move a muscle of his countenance.

"Kai istera (and then)," he said, inquiringly.

"And then," continued the visitor, "this report says, but doubtless it is all false, that these islanders, feeling that their destruction would also ensure that of Greece, had thought they would, in the end, better serve their country, our beloved country, by receiving from the Ottoman Porte an enormous sum of money, of which the harassed land stands greatly in need, and in return agreeing quietly, not communicating with our brethren on the mainland, to—to deliver up these islands, without bloodshed, to the Capitan Bey, who is now steering hither to become thus easily possessed of Hydra."

The stranger had uttered all this with marked hesitation and caution, as though perfectly uncertain of the effect of his words, and at the same time intensely anxious to penetrate the feelings of his companion on the subject. The brave and honest Hydriote gave him no room to doubt his sentiments no moment; he had listened

"patiently and silently to the subtle speech of the stranger; but when he concluded, springing angrily to his feet, he exclaimed, his eye flashing and his cheek glowing with indignation—

"You said that, doubtless, this most vile report was false! I tell you it is so, because I would stake my life that there breathes not in all Hydra—no, nor in all Greece—ono, traitor base enough to connive at a plot so infamous; and if there were, I tell you, though the coward were my own soul's brother, I would slay him as I would a venomous snake! I speak as I know that every Hydriote would feel. It is not true. Some other lure brings Kara Ali hither; these islands harbour no perjured traitor; but let him come, and he shall learn, when his neck is crushed beneath the feet of Greeks, that they were made to triumph over every foe, and not to bow before the slippered Moslem!"

"Kalo, kalo (good, good)," said the stranger, speaking for the first time without reserve or hesitation; "let us say no more, it matters little why the admiral comes here, if you are so ready to oppose and conquer him." And a glance of deadly hate seemed to shoot from his eyes as he spoke, which, though unperceived by Athanasi, did not escape the quick eye of his wife. "Doubtless, it is all false, as you say," he continued; "but listen now to Miaulis' orders; you have three ships preparing for service—are they nearly completed? You see there can be no more delay."

"Give me two days," said the Hydriote, "and all under my command shall be as ready for the struggle as now my hand and heart."

"It is well," said the Greek; "this, then, is Miaulis' command—as soon as they are equipped, you are to sail out to meet him and the remainder of the fleet, in order thus, with your full force, to oppose the entrance of the Capitan Bey among the Cyclades. Our course is simple; you are to steer direct for Scio from this island, so as to meet Miaulis before you encounter the Turks, who come from thence."

"What! am I not to join him at Psarra?"

"No! He will, ere this, have sailed to strike across the path of Kara Ali; with a fair wind, you will meet him in a few hours."

"It is a dangerous plan," said Athanasi, musingly. "I am as likely to meet the enemy as to join the fleet; but it is enough, these are our admiral's orders, you say, and the brave Miaulis shall not be more ready to call his follower to danger or to death than I to obey the summons."

"He will rejoice to hear of such a willing obedience and noble disregard of peril," said the Greek, with the same covert smile; "and now I must embark without delay, to carry back your answer; but doubtless we shall meet again, Kyrio Athanasi, in the battle—it may be, in the thickest of the strife, where I know your courage and your zeal will lead you."

"The Panagia will it so," said the Hydriote; "and then, phile mou, side by side, shall we deal a speedy death on our abhorred foes. Brave Greek, I see how you grasp your dagger at the thought! But stay—how comes it you bring me no token from Miaulis? I cannot take orders from a stranger."

"Will not this suffice?" said the Greek, as he whispered low the watchword of the Heteria, or Sacred Alliance, which was known only to the initiated.

"Enough, enough, my brother—say no more," exclaimed the Hydriote.

"I go, then," said the stranger; "for the boat lies waiting, and the wind is fair for Psarra. May your years be many! May you hold your children's children on your knees!" And this, the customary form of farewell in Greece, was uttered with a certain irony which the Hydriote was now too much blinded to perceive. Not so his wife, however. In the East her sex have not the privilege of joining in the conferences of men, or even of hazarding an opinion on matters which are not within the range of their domestic duties, a custom which might certainly be advantageously adopted in more civilised countries, where women, by an undue interference in affairs which are beyond their province, too often paralyse their sources of real usefulness in the retirement of their allotted sphere. She had, therefore, listened in profound silence to this conversation; but no small part of the stranger's evident embarrassment had been caused by the intense gaze of her large black eyes, which she had held immovably

fixed on his face, and from whose penetrating look he vainly endeavoured to escape. She had noted every change on his countenance, and especially the glance of hate with which he glared for one moment on her husband, as the open-hearted Hydriote incautiously denounced vengeance on the Turkish admiral; and, as the dialogue proceeded, her eyes seemed to dilate, her cheek grew deadly pale, whilst the flowers fell unheeded from her hands. When the parting salutations were over, and the Greek had left the hall, she sprung with one bound to her husband's side, and exclaimed almost incoherent in her terror—

"The Panagia keep you, my Athanasi! you are betrayed—follow this man! arrest him! he is a Turk!"

"A Turk! trelathakes (you are mad)!" replied the Hydriote, "did you not hear him use the watchword of the Ilterists?"

"His spies have taught it to him! Oh, husband, be persuaded or you are lost! Yes, lost to Soultanitzza and to Greece for ever! I knew him! I have seen him long since at Naxos, with his blood-stained hands! Oh, even now I seem to hear the shrieks of those he tortured—it is Diamantis, the Moslem captain!"

"Diamantis, do you say! the craftiest, the cruellest —"

"Yes; and this plot of which he spoke himself has doubtless planned, and soon will execute!"

"Right, right," exclaimed Athanasi; "if this indeed be Diamantis it must be so."

"It is he! He came to win you over and betray you," shrieked the wife.

"May our children live! but I will yet arrest the perjured villain," cried the Hydriote; "he shall yield his secrets to me—Hydra shall be saved—and, by my father's head, this sword shall render powerless the hand, the traitor hand I clasped in mine!"

These broken sentences had been uttered so rapidly that when Athanasi

flew to the door in pursuit of the disguised Turk, he could still perceive him standing in the street, and seemingly uncertain as to what course he should take.

"Soultanitzza, look," exclaimed the Hydriote; "it must be a spy indeed; he lied in saying he would sail for Psarro; he turns towards the mountains! but I will follow him! my thrice beloved, farewell!"

As Athanasi sprung into the street Soultanitzza suddenly uttered a faint cry, and grasping his hand, exclaimed, imploringly—

"Oh, Athanasi mou, you would go to peril and to death—I know, I feel it—must you leave me?"

"What words do you utter," said the Hydriote, pushing her ruckly from him; "is this an hour for woman's weakness; whose wife are you, to weep such coward tears when your husband gives his life with pride and joy for Greece!"

"But you know not where you go," said Soultanitzza; "how shall I bring you aid if you should not return."

"At the hour of noon to-morrow, if you have heard no tidings of me, collect our friends, and seek me."

He darted from her as he spoke, for the traitor Turk had already disappeared, and he now followed him on a narrow pathway, which led out of the town into the interior of the island. Soultanitzza watched him till his figure was lost in the darkness; then she bowed her head on her hands and wept, for there is a peculiar instinct allied to a strong affection, which seems ever to give warning of the suffering or danger of those we love; but in a few minutes she dashed away her tears, and lifting up her eyes, which were full of a holy and beautiful expression, rarely to be seen in the face of an Eastern woman, she gazed for a moment on the sky, sublime in its unspeakable repose and purity, and then slowly making the sign of the cross, she re-entered the house.

CHAPTER II.—THE LIGHT OF THE BLIND MAN'S LIFE.

THE beautiful wife of Athanasi, the Hydriote,* was a singular combination of great natural timidity, and of that calm and lofty moral courage which

* This noble woman is no imaginary character, and the details of her eventful life which follow are, with little variation, strictly true, but too many of her relations yet live to admit of the real name being given.

is the offspring of a resolute will—that high and noble quality, never born with us, and only to be obtained by severe mental discipline, which can enable the same frail being, who shrinks and trembles at the flashing lightnings and the growling tempests of an angry nature, to look up with steady eye and silent uncomplaining lips, to meet the terrors of those mortal tempests far more dreadful, whose shock can break the heart and blast the soul, whose dreary and portentous clouds can blot for ever from the horizon of existence the sunshine of joy and love, and the star of hope itself. There is more of bravery in the determinate endurance, the unassuming self-command, founded on a holy principle, which can nerve the weakest and the fondest, to start from the calm repose of prosperity and peace, when the growl of *that* storm is heard afar, and make ready for the grapple with their destiny, than in the recklessness of animal courage, which rushes to a death of violence on the battle-field.

Soultanitzta knew not how perilous a thing it is to love any human being so intensely as she loved her husband. Such an affection makes the pathway of life one of peril and of dread, where pitfalls yawn on every side, and pitfalls are beneath the flowers, and serpents in the grass; for the sleepless eye of such a love detects the shadow of a danger round the being they cannot shield, though vainly the powerless hands may wound themselves in the endeavour, and a moment which may bring sorrow or sickness to that dearer self, can hurl them down to an abyss of misery! It would seem as though each one had enough to bear in the heavy load, that birthright of humanity, which, more or less, is laid on all who are partakers of this mortal life, without so mingling their existence with that of another, that they must needs carry their burdens also!

But Soultanitzta was one of those beings rarely to be met with anywhere, and still more rarely among the sensual and egotistical nations of the East, who receive with life itself the fatal gift of an uncontrollable sympathy with suffering, wherever it is to be found, and who, though no pain or sorrow purely personal can move them for one moment, are, by this means, marked and

sealed from infancy for the endurance of continual misery, when viewing that misery in others; inasmuch as the very air of this our world is impregnated with sighs, and the dews of heaven themselves have scarce fallen bright and pure on earth before they are mingled with repining tears! Such a disposition, combined with the profound and devoted affection which Soultanitzta bore to her husband, might have tended to destroy the happiness of both, had it not been for the calm and systematic resolution of which we have already spoken, and which enabled her with steady gaze to watch the advancing billows when they threatened to overwhelm her in the ocean of life, and ever with steady hand to probe the wounds of her own spirit.

Soultanitzta would have been surprised, perhaps, had any one told her that such a character was hers, for though unconsciously more enlightened and cultivated than most of her countrywomen, the young Naxiote lady had not enjoyed greater intellectual advantages than those which, in the Isles of Greece, are supposed sufficient for the education of her sex—an amount of instruction which scarce would place her on a level with a well-educated peasant of our own country.

She now sat down, calmly to view the position of matters, involving, perhaps, the life of one so dear; that the disguised stranger was the celebrated Captain Diamantis, she had not a doubt, for there are circumstances by which a face, once seen, may be for ever impressed on the mind. She remembered him when quite a child, at Naxos, at a period when he had been sent to quell a disturbance there, arising from causes of which we shall have occasion to speak hereafter; and never could the image of the ferocious Turk, with his blood-stained hands, as she herself had said, depart from her memory, when, exulting in his horrible task, he had trodden down the people beneath his iron foot, as men crush a helpless worm. Years had gone by since then, and his name had become linked with images of anguish and dismay to every Greek. Throughout the revolution, the Greeks were, alas! by no means guiltless of deeds of needless cruelty towards an unprotected enemy, which but too often woke a spirit of the direst vengeance, in addition to the natural anti-

pathy which the Moslems felt towards them. Some such occurrence had inspired Diamantis with a deadly hatred to the whole Hellenic people, which he failed not to exercise on every individual whom the fortunes of war could place within his power. Throughout the Levant he was known and detested; the echo to his voice was ever a cry of agony, and the singular craftiness and cunning of his character rendered him, yet more than his cruelty and heartlessness, a most dangerous foe.

Soultanitza now endeavoured to recall the details of his conversation with her unsuspecting husband, in order that she might separate the truth from the falsehood, which her woman's wit had discovered in the speeches of the treacherous enemy. That there did exist a perfidious plot to betray Hydra into the hands of the Turks, was evident; and that Diamantis had at first sought to ascertain the possibility of enlisting Athanasi in the ranks of the traitors, equally so. The obvious conclusion was that he had also spoken the truth in stating that the Capitan Bey was even then approaching the devoted island to receive it from the base hands that would sell it to him; but she saw clearly through the wily attempts of the Turk, when he perceived that the honour of Athanasi was invulnerable, to inveigle him into an inevitable destruction, by delivering a pretended order from Miaulis, which, if obeyed, would infallibly conduct him, with his three unprotected vessels, into the very clutches of the enemy.

The panic of instinctive fear which had seized Soultanitza when her husband left her, now became a well-grounded terror, when these reflections led her to perceive the undoubted danger he was even then incurring. Diamantis, instead of turning to the sea-coast, had taken the path which led to the mountain; doubtless he was hurrying to some hiding-place, the nest of the conspirators, to join their infamous consultations. Athanasi had followed him, and if he were discovered! She shuddered at the almost certain doom to which he must infallibly fall a victim, and her first impulse was to fly for help, and follow on his track; but she remembered his command to await the noon of the following day, and not till then to take measures for his rescue, an order which he had probably given

in his uncertainty as to how many of the Hydriotes were engaged in this base conspiracy, since their number might include even those he believed his friends. But at all events the wife of the Hydriote would never have dreamt of disobeying his commands: she made no attempt to escape the terrible suspense of the next few hours, but, slowly rising, she drew the carpet on which she sat out on the open terrace, and placed herself there that she might watch with sleepless eyes the solemn march of the purple-robed night across that glorious sky, and count, by the rising and setting of each star, the hours of her agony.

Long and dreary was the vigil of the patient wife. She was not philosophical enough to find, as many have done, relief from her bitter misery in the reflection that alike in our deepest sorrow as in our most reckless joy, slowly and surely the inexorable hours are leading us on, unheeding, to that mansion where the smile of gladness shall expire beneath the coffin-lid, as certainly as the beating heart, when crumbling into dust, shall cease to ache! But Soultanitza, as she sat watching the flashing of the falling stars upon the opaque blue of the cloudless heaven, beguiled the weary time by indulging in an Eastern superstition, which asserts that if a wish can be uttered aloud in the brief moment of the meteor's flight, it must infallibly be fulfilled; and again and again, during that sudden, inexplicable radiance, which would seem to be the sole existence of these wandering stars, she breathed out her fervent entreaties for her husband's welfare.

They passed at length the soft, silent hours of that long, sad night—they had accomplished their mission of mercy, bringing to the guiltless the sweet sleep of innocence—to the weary and the broken-hearted a passing oblivion of their sorrow, and to the spirit struggling in a mortal's agony, but sustained by an immortal hope, the intense repose of a brief separation from all things earthly. They had unlocked the treasury of the past, and called upon the grave to give up her prey till the visions of departed joys, and the spirits, it may be, of the dead themselves had come stealing round the haunted pillows of those who still loved and still remembered! They passed those soft, mild hours, and as the gor-

geous day ascended from the quivering bosom of the sea, in a moment the darkness was lifted from the fair earth, like the veil from a beautiful face, and once more the sunbeams, sweeping on from isle to isle, awoke each one to sunshine and loveliness, like those far holier rays of a more glorious sun, bringing the light of life to a benighted world.

It seems a strange, unnatural feeling, the first time that we are tempted to shrink from the sweet light of day, when some unexpected and heavy load of sorrow has taught us a lesson which all must learn at length, that fair as in this world, and bright as may be the sunshine, which is the smile of nature, still from out of the gloom of our own soul, deep shadows can steal to desolate and darken all. Never had Soultanitza cast so mournful a glance towards the glowing east, the golden cradle of the dawn, as on this fatal day. It was morning, and her worst fears were realized. Some great evil must have befallen her husband, or he would long since have returned to tranquillize her; but she was faithful still to his commands, and patiently she sat, while the scorching sun rose higher and higher, and the burning rays fell unheeded on her defenceless head. At last she perceived by the shadows that in an hour more it would be noon, and rising instantly, she re-entered the house. First she took from under her husband's pillow a bag, containing a considerable sum in drachmes, for in this primitive hiding-place he kept the greater part of his money, and then she proceeded into the room where her two young children were playing at the feet of their aged nurse Theophani. As Soultanitza drew near, the old woman looked up into her pale, mournful face, and exclaimed in a querulous tone, "Ach distichia (woe is me)—more sorrow, more tears, more blood!" "Yes, Theophani, these darlings," she said, bending over the little child that had nestled in her bosom—"these darlings, perhaps, even now, are fatherless, and I go to make them, it may be, orphans altogether!—to you do I entrust them—oh, watch over them!—to you do I consign them!"

"And why to me?" exclaimed Theophani, almost fiercely; "can I save them?—could I save her, my foster-child, who was so lovely and so

good, that she was called the Pearl of the Bosphorus?—could I bring her back, when she went to lie down in her father's grave? Oh, Aghios Dimitris, why did Greeks ever seek to be free?—why could they not live and love, though with chains about their necks? Where are our young men and maidens that should so have lived and loved? Distichia, distichia, the young and brave have gone to find a bloody tomb, and the beautiful eyes, that only should have looked on sunbeams, are scaled up by the cold damp clay!"

"Your words are true, good Theophani; but we are helpless women, and we must submit. I go," continued Soultanitza, embracing her children almost frantically. "Athanasi is in danger: I must go, if not to save, at least to perish with him! Keep watch, in pity, over these, my treasures!"

"I have told you that I cannot save them," said the aged woman, on whom the memory of past misfortunes had left so profound an impression; "but I can give my life for them!"

"It is enough," said the devoted wife, perceiving that it was nearly noon, and rushing from the room, she endeavoured to redeem, by her energetic haste, the forced inactivity of the last few hours. From house to house of Athanasi's numerous friends she flew, telling all that had occurred, and imploring them to hurry with her in search of him. They rallied round her instantly, all the more readily agreeing to her request, that a messenger had arrived from Miaulis that very morning, to announce that, by the treachery of some of the conspirators, the whole plot—said to have been organised by no less than seven hundred persons—had been discovered, and rendered, of course, abortive, by the strong measures instantly taken by the admiral.

The details of this base confederation remain to this day shrouded in mystery; but the Capitan Pasha, who had, in truth, sailed for Hydra, had already altered his course on the failure of the intrigue, and had once more retired to Scio, to await the reinforcement of his fleet, before proceeding to the destruction of the islands. So completely, indeed, had the entire conspiracy been crushed, that nothing now remained for the friends of the Hydriote, but to seek

him, in the faint hope that he might not yet have fallen a victim to the vengeance of the disappointed plotters. Soultanitzza could do no more than to show them the path by which the disguised Turk had unwittingly led his pursuer, but this clue was a sufficient indication, as this sheep-track led directly to a rocky and mountainous part of the island, well known to be full of caverns and grottos, any one of which was well adapted to be the hiding-place of the conspirators.

They were aware that as Athanasi and his enemy had started on foot, the place of their concealment could not be very far distant; and as soon as they had left the town behind them, they dispersed in all directions, and commenced so vigorous and well-designed a search, that it could scarce fail to prove effectual. Night fell, however, before the slightest trace of the unfortunate Hydriote could be obtained. They visited various caves, and found in several of them the still warm ashes of great fires, which had evidently been lit the day before by persons lurking there. That these were the conspirators they had no doubt, and their prompt flight showed that they had become aware of the discovery of their perfidy; and as the dark hours wore on, without the appearance of any human being, the friends of the brave and devoted Athanasi could no longer conceal from each other, or even from the miserable wife, their conviction that he had too surely met the doom they dreaded, and that in all probability the base enemies had even carried their vengeance on the corpse itself, if they indeed had murdered him, by consuming it in the flames, as had already been the case in several instances.

But still Soultanitzza, tearless though despairing, implored of them to search with her yet a little longer, and she flew over the rocks, unconscious of fatigue, calling frantically on that beloved name, to which, perhaps, no living voice should ever more respond. In pity to her wretchedness, the Hydriotes spent the long night in this unavailing search; but when day dawned once more, after vainly trying to persuade her to accompany them home, they stole away, one by one, each thinking that the other would remain with her, till the unhappy wife was left, altogether alone with her

great misery. She looked up to heaven when she saw that all had deserted her, and implored that help which faith never; then weeping, exhausted, broken down, as though the burden and the woes of many years had passed over her since the day before, she resumed the search that seemed so hopeless.

It is not a sentimental fancy to say, as we before remarked, that there is a peculiar instinct allied to a powerful affection, and in this instance it did not fail the devoted wife. Twice had she explored a dark ravine that seemed particularly adapted for the purposes of concealment: the third time, as with the unconquerable constancy of her great love, she dragged her wearied feet over the sharp rocks, her ear caught the echo of a faint moan, which none could have detected from the sighing of the breeze, save her to whom that voice was sweeter than the music of the spheres. She turned, guided by the sound, which was repeated at intervals, and perceived that she had formerly passed, unobserved, the entrance to a natural cave, over which the shelving rock protruded so as to exclude the light. But Soultanitzza needed no other light but that of her own faithful love, to guide her steps to her husband, and no better witness than her own true heart, to tell her that the indistinct form, crouching down at the extremity of the cavern, was that of Athanasi, alive and alone.

He did not seem to perceive her approach; but in an instant she was on her knees beside him, grasping his hands, and kissing them again and again, whilst she poured forth her feelings in the impassioned and figurative phrases of her native Greek, which, more than any other language, seems to admit of reiterated and varied expressions of affection. At the sound of her voice, Athanasi started, and seemed about to clasp her in his arms, but suddenly pushing her from him, he hid his face in his hands, and moaned aloud.

"Athanasi," exclaimed Soultanitzza, "speak to me—what means this?"

He returned no answer, but dashing his head against the wall, remained uttering groan on groan. For a moment Soultanitzza became speechless with undefined terror; the despairing tones of her husband's voice wrung her heart with the conviction of some horrible, though unknown, evil. Still

clinging to his arm, she said imploringly—

"In the name of the Panagia, I entreat you, speak to me! Amaun amaun! you are wounded—dying!"

"Not dying—not dead! Oh that I were," he murmured, in a hollow, broken voice. "Leave me alone—why do you torment me?"

"Oh, husband, whom I bear upon my heart, how can it be that I should torment you? Do you not know me—do you not see me?—it is I, your wife! Look up, *zoi mou* (my life)—lift up your eyes, and you will see that it is Soultanitzza."

"Woman, do you mock me?" exclaimed Athanasi, fiercely, and at the same time shaking her off with a violence which caused her to fall back against the rock. She uttered a faint cry, as he threw her from him, and he instantly exclaimed, in a remorseful tone—

"Ah, *distichia*, what have I done?"

He held out his arms towards her, though still keeping his head averted.

"Athanasi," said Soultanitzza calmly, as she rose, "I entreat you to tell your wife what has happened: surely they have made you lie beneath the full moon, till the deadly light has bewildered your brain; or is it some terrible misfortune which has changed you thus?"

"You *will* know it, then, unhappy wife—my torture and your misery," cried Athanasi. "Come, then—come, and you shall see it all!"

He rose—he seized her by the hand, and dragged her from the cave; and even in the midst of her terror and deep anxiety, Soultanitzza wondered to see how strangely he stumbled over the stones, and seemed to fling himself against the walls, apparently unconsciously. They emerged from the cave; the full glare of the morning sun streamed down upon them both; but Soultanitzza turned her gaze in an agony of anxiety upon her husband. A handkerchief enveloped his whole head; he tore it off, and turned his face toward his wife. Her eyes uplifted, to catch the first glance of his, met, in their stead, the horrible vacancy of the dark cavities, hollow and sightless, which alone showed where they *once* had been! They had blinded him—his enemies had blinded him for ever! At sight of that dreadful face, distorted by pain, and the fearful

method to which they had resorted in the infliction of their cruelty, a cry wild and despairing burst from the lips of Soultanitzza, and rang over the mountain; then instantly falling at his feet, she clasped his knees, and laid down her head in the dust, as though she could not bear to look upon the light which he was never more to see, whilst Athanasi, lifting up his hands to the bright sky, that smiled in vain for him, exclaimed—

"Oh, sun, where are you?—I feel your heat, but cannot look upon your glory! Oh, wife, are you at my side, indeed? for I hear your voice, but never again shall gaze upon your beauty! Aghios Nicholas! they were enemies, indeed, who spared my life, and took the light thereof!—who threw me back into a world, to all others bright with the summer gladness, and to me, dark even now, and dismal as the grave, for which I well may barter it!"

Already had Soultanitzza felt that she was weakly failing in her duties as a wife, if, for one moment, she allowed her agony, at sight of her husband's sufferings, to render these more bitter. She rose, and driving back the gushing tears, which rendered her eyes dim, like his own, inasmuch as they were evidences of that tender sympathy which was henceforward to make this earth as dark to her as to the sightless man, she took his hand, and said, composedly—

"Athanasi mou, you often called me, in better days, the light of your eyes, and now shall you learn that these were not vain words! My soul is darkened for ever, because you no more can see the sun in heaven; but yours shall be bright and peaceful, because I can look upon it! You must take me now to be another self, and while I live, to guide, to soothe, to comfort you: our enemies shall rage in vain, to find how they have failed in their revenge! You are wearied and in pain, my thrice-beloved; come, let us go home." •

Then guiding gently by the hand the unhappy man, whom physical pain had now utterly subdued, Soultanitzza led him away, thus entering at once upon the heavy task of unwearied devotedness she had imposed upon herself, and which was to end with life alone.

It was not till after Athanasi had enjoyed a few hours' tranquil

slumber, his disfigured head reposing on the knees of his wife, to whom he clung, like a sick child to his mother, that he was able to give any account to her, or the friends who thronged to his house on hearing of his misfortune, of all that had befallen him. He had followed, he said, on the track of the disguised Turk, quite unperceived by him, till they reached the cavern in which Soultanitzá had discovered him: he had even entered the cave, which was in total darkness, behind his enemy, and there a long ray of light, streaming through another aperture, showed that there was an inner grotto, in which the conspirators were assembled round a blazing fire. Diamantis joined them, creeping through the opening on his hands and knees, while Athanasi, crouching down in the shadow, remained almost breathless, listening to the conversation which ensued.

He at once ascertained what we have already stated—that there did, in fact, exist a plot for delivering up Hydra and the other islands to the Turks, in which several hundred persons were implicated, many of whom—to their shame be it spoken—were Hydriotes and Psarriotes: but at the same time that he became aware of the existence of the conspiracy, he learned, also, that it had been rendered abortive by the discovery of their intentions, and that, terrified by the active measures which the primate of Hydra had taken for the punishment of the traitors, the greater part of them had already left the island, while these now present were but a remnant who had assembled to consult as to their future plans. This information, so unwittingly given to Athanasi, was for the benefit of Diamantis, who, but just arrived from Scio, was as yet in ignorance of the failure of the intrigue.

Athanasi sat greedily drinking in every word that was spoken, and became so intent, as he listened to the details of this vile conspiracy, that he was not aware of the entrance into the outer cave of two other members of the league, who had arrived later than the rest. Although well concealed from the party within, he was, of course, at once exposed to the observation of these, and before he had time even to attempt concealing himself, he was discovered, seized,

and dragged into the presence of the assembled traitors. Athanasi shuddered as he told of the yell of rage which followed the discovery of a spy, of the scores of daggers that in an instant gleamed bright in the fire-light, and menaced his unprotected breast; but he shuddered yet more, when he told of one whom he would not name, except to Soultanitzá, for in the traitor he had recognised the soul's brother to whom, by the sacred rite of the church, he had been bound in a fraternal tie, stronger far than that of blood, and who, throwing himself between him and his infuriated enemies, had pleaded for his life, with an energy which obtained at least a momentary delay. Several men held him down on the ground, whilst the others consulted as to what was to be done with him, and fiercely discussed the question of life or death. All, save this one, were for dispatching him instantly; but he, though a traitor to his country, would not perjure himself from this oath he had taken before the altar, at all times, and in all places, to defend the life of his adopted brother, even with his own; and as he was an influential member of the league, his opinion had considerable weight. They were, besides, obliged to admit the truth of his asseveration, that so far from gaining anything by the murder of the richest and most powerful of the Hydriote captains, they would, in fact, but draw down upon themselves a vengeance still more terrible than that which would, in all probability, be the fruit of their discovered treachery. At last, Diamantis, with the same soft voice and lurking sneer with which he had deluded the unfortunate Hydriote, proposed, as a happy medium between clemency and imprudence, that they should put out the eyes of the wretched man; so that, in giving him his life, they rendered it harmless to themselves, as he could thus never recognize or denounce them! This proposition was received with unanimous applause, and instantaneously carried into effect, notwithstanding the efforts of Athanasi's friend to save him. When the horrible deed was done, the conspirators flung their victim into the outer cave, where his wife had found him, and themselves dispersed to seek for safety, in a secret flight from Hydra before the dawn.

It is needless to dwell upon the rage and horror of the listeners at this recital, nor the deep vows of vengeance which rose from many lips, although Athanasi had no male relation who could claim the hereditary right to be the avenger of blood to his family. Nothing, however, could be done at present, for the messenger of the Greek admiral had announced, that as the Capitan Bey had retired with his fleet, and would not engage in action till the fast of the Ramazan was over, it was advisable that the Greeks should employ this interval in gathering together the miscellaneous vessels which were to compose their fleet, ready for a determined attack, as soon as their preparations should be

somewhat more advanced, and, above all, some treaty ratified by which the safety of the Sciote hostages might be ensured. One by one, therefore, the friends of the unfortunate Athanasi retired from his house, leaving that motionless group as they had found it when they entered—the blind man with his face buried on the knees of his wife, and Soultanitza gazing down upon him with a depth of tenderness which it is not well upon this earth to feel for any mortal being, whose hand may grow chill and damp with the dews of death, even while we clasp it in our own! or, more bitter still, whose heart may turn cold to us, even while the warm life-blood yet rushes through it!

CHAPTER III.—THE ANATHEMA OF THE MOURNERS OF SCIO.

THE night was far advanced—already for several hours that majestic queen of darkness sat enshrined within the lucid skies, veiled in transparent shadows, with the world sleeping at her feet, and each hour had served to deepen her solemnity—to render her repose more breathless and intense—to purify more utterly, as it were, the earth from the foul mists that exhale from it by day! Over that earth, bathed now in the soft ethereal beauty of her moon-lit hours, her fiat had gone forth, “Be thou still,” and it was still like an obedient child, hushed beneath the mild glance of the parent that broods over it in love. Scarce does it heave beneath its living load of human suffering and human crime, those two great spectres that stalk over its fair bosom, ravaging this home so beautiful of a race so wayward—desolating its green bowers and peopled vales, whence rise the murmur of its eternal wail, in which prayers and curses are so strangely mingled! But the moonbeams passing over its surface, like holy thoughts over a troubled soul, have lulled it into a semblance of rest, deep as the expression of a settled resignation on a mournful countenance.

There is more of living movement above than below; there the great moon rolls in lonely majesty through the flood of liquid blue, quenching the stars with her superior glory—all, save one that, pale and wan, follows in her wake, as though constrained by some fascination to mingle with the brightness that absorbs its own sweet light! And be-

neath the vivid radiance, clear and pure, of that soft moon, lies Scio—Scio! the green and flowery isle, so lovely once, with its rifled gardens and its ravished homes, beautiful in its desolation as a fair face in agony. Upon its undulating shore, alone perhaps unchanged, whose sands in the moonlight seem strewed with silver-dust, and whose light waves moan as though remembering how their waters had been tinged with blood, there is a sight which those still living who beheld it yet remember nightly in their dreams.

Upon that beach, each ghastly face up-turned as though in solemn appeal to the distant sky, lie seventy dead corpses and more!—they are linked together in bands of ten or twelve by the long silk scarfs which girded their waists, and their distorted arms show how they stiffened into death, bound to each other in a horrible, unwilling embrace, from which they never shall be released. On the breast of each one the self-same wound in the self-same place testifies of the slow, premeditated design which thus destroyed them; and the bodies, as though in mockery, are disposed in a circle round that of one who only had the privilege of perishing alone, and seeking his grave, man's last possession, undivided with another! He is an aged man—his face serene and pale as the moonbeams that gleam upon it—his priestly robes all soiled and stained—his mitre, fallen from his lifeless head, declare his rank—he is the bishop, and those who surround him

the hostages of Scio, whom, having obtained from their forced intervention the submission of the inland towns, Kara Ali, the Capitan Bey, had that day reconducted to their native shore, and there murdered in cold blood!

And there they now lay, seventy dead men, their corpses bleaching in the moon-light; whatever they had been—husbands, fathers, sons—the joy, the hope, the stay, of beings who yet lived—they now could be no more. The life which God had given, man had taken; the human enemy had linked himself with the corruption of the grave for the destruction of the Maker's handiwork—he had done his part, and now must the worms complete the task! So they lay upon the moonlit shore, those seventy corpses, sleeping their awful and mysterious sleep, while but a little distance from them the glancing lights show the stately Turkish fleet riding at anchor on the still bosom of the waters, where the princely murderer reposes on his silken cushions, soothed into rest by the sweet songs of his slaves; but it may be that he could have envied the dead men, whose slumber was visited by no such dreams as lured on his luxurious pillow! And now on that death-haunted shore a low muffled sound is heard which scarce disturbs the solemn silence—a dark mass detaches itself from the scattered ruins of the once gay city, and slowly, with noiseless tread, a great multitude descends from the hill to the scene of blood.

The women are all veiled, and walk like midnight phantoms, in their long white garments, silent and mournful; the men hold their heads bowed over their folded arms; and the weight of their one great sorrow lies so heavy upon each and all that it absorbs all evidence of individual misery. They advance—they draw near to their beloved dead, and that mournful crowd sways too and fro in its silent agony as though a strong wind swept over it—they approach and gather in a circle round the ghastly ring of corpses, and so gaze down upon them, pale and motionless as they; there is not a sound, not a sob, not a groan, though for each still cold heart amongst those dead, whose beating is for ever hushed, some one among the living there, was crushed and wrung, and yet they dared not lift up their voices to wail

for them, because of the dreaded enemy who lay so close at hand, whose slumbers were so light! Here and there, like snow-flakes falling round, white masses might be seen to sink convulsed upon the ground, but no hand was laid upon the cherished dead by those who so often had embraced them living—they stood aloof and looked upon them!

It was not to weep for their departed that the Sciote mourners had come hither in the cold, still night, or to sanctify, with the last offices of love, the forms that were so dear, and make ready their last couch. This they dared not do—not even the cold remains might be their own, whence their enemies had ravished the redeemless life! It was a part of the sentence of the wretched hostages, that the birds of prey should feast upon their flesh, and the withered skeletons crumble amongst the sand, still linked together, chained even in death! and the living slaves could not so much as shelter them from this last profanation; but they gathered round them, and that vast multitude moved as though with but one soul, uncovered their heads, raised one hand to heaven, and stretched out the other towards the stately vessel, where the Capitan Bey slept beneath his silken tent; and then lifting up their voice, low, deep, and firm, the Sciotes pronounced, with one consent, a dreadful, solemn anathema against the murderous Kara Ali. They cursed him "in the light and in the darkness—in sleeping and waking—in the strife of war, and in his tranquil home; they cursed him in his body, that the evils of mortality might lay hold on it—and in his soul, that eternal pains might seize it—in hope, that it might fail him—in joy, that it might shun—in love, that it might betray—in friendship, that it might deceive—in life that it might be his torturer—and in the grave, that he might find no rest." And when the dread sentence of their vengeance had gone forth, they shrouded their heads in their mantles once more; they turned, uttering no farewell to the dead, over whose faces, serene in the mysterious resignation of death, the cry for retributive justice had passed—they turned, silent and solemn as they had come. Again their muffled tread fell noiseless on the blood-stained sands—the dark mass mingled once

more with the dark ruins—and all was still.

It might have seemed that quiet night as though the bitter anathema had risen unheeded to the tranquil heaven, and died unheard over the moonlit waters. But it was not so. The doom of Kara Ali, then yet concealed among the secrets of the future, showed how the curse of the Sciote mourners had been registered above! A few hours more, and the dawn came forth from the east in its chariot of fire, as it sped over the heavens, chasing the shadows before it, the cannon of rejoicing resounding from the Turkish fleet, announced that the long fast of the Ramazan was over, and the day of their great festival arrived. On board of the flagship there were to be two-fold rejoicings; for during the long period of the Mahomedan Lent, all active proceedings against the rebel Greeks had been suspended, and now they were about to compensate their unwilling inaction by the speedy destruction of the three devoted islands. Kara Ali had ascertained that Miaulis, with his fleet, was about to sail towards Scio, in order to encounter him, as the Greek admiral was anxious to bring on the engagement before the arrival of the Egyptian squadron. To-day, therefore, had been chosen by the Capitan Bey for the consecration of a new banner, which he believed was to be borne before him to successes yet greater than those which had hitherto attended his military career.

The ceremony was about to commence. Kara Ali, dressed in the most gorgeous robes, his head bound with a cachmere shawl, which was fastened by one single enormous diamond, sat beneath his canopy of state on the quarter-deck. His tent was formed of the most costly Eastern stuffs, surmounted by a golden ball. The richest Persian carpets lined the interior, and every luxury that Oriental voluptuousness could devise was gathered together within that little space. The vessel was a fine three-decker, and the crews from the surrounding fleet had assembled round it in boats, and crowded on the deck, as the sun rose and bathed in its splendour the whole glittering scene, so singular a contrast to that which the pale beams of the moon had lightened. Conspicuous amongst those who surrounded the Capitan Bey

was the traitor Diamantis, with his young child by his side. He had thrown off his disguise, and resumed the Turkish dress, and now stood at his place as secretary (in other words, as chief spy) of Kara Ali.

The stately Imaum, with his sombre robes and solemn step, wearing the green turban, which proved his descent from the prophet, now advanced in front of the admiral, leading in one hand a snow-white sheep destined as a sacrifice, and holding in the other the sacrificial knife. Then he bowed himself seven times before the rising sun, and the thousands all around bowed down like him, and the haughty Capitan Bey bent his jewelled forehead in the dust. When they arose, the next in command to Kara Ali, at a sign from him, unrolled the heavy silken folds of the gorgeous banner, emblazoned with the silver crescent, and inscribed with a verse from the Koran. Then the Imaum, turning again to the east, uttered the solemn "Allah Il Allah," which, in Turkey, seems the very cry of nature itself, proclaiming that God is God, so strangely does the simultaneous voice rise up at dawn from every quarter.

The Imaum next poured forth a long extempore prayer, which included a recapitulation of the admiral's past successes, and a brilliant prophecy for those which were to come. When he had concluded, an astrologer, who had been engaged in taking an observation, came forward, and announced, that, by a singular coincidence, this hour, which had been fixed on for the ceremony, was precisely the most propitious that could have been chosen. Nothing could exceed the solemn stupidity that reigned in the countenance of this functionary; and as soon as he had terminated his oration, the Imaum proceeded to sacrifice the sheep, plunging his hand into the warm stream that gushed from its throat, he imprinted on the splendid banner a sanguinary mark, which was the fittest seal of its dedication to the purposes of war. He then lifted it high over his head, and waved it in the air; and instantly from the surrounding vessels the cannons pealed forth to announce the completion of the ceremony, and the sounds of rejoicing and of exultation echoed loudly over the peaceful shore, where but a few hours before had risen the solemn voice of that tremendous curse!

A FEW PLAIN WORDS TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND RESPECTING THE PRESENT
STATE OF NATIONAL EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

WE believe the British people to be lovers of truth and justice. We know them to be subject to great delusions. They have sometimes, at the instigation of evil counsellors, countenanced a course of policy alike unwise and inhuman; neither founded upon the fear of God, nor having respect to the best interests of men. But it is our deliberate opinion, that their errors, even when most fatal, have been those of ignorance and inadvertence, not of fixed design; that their intentions were good, when their measures were evil; and that it only required a fuller knowledge, and a juster appreciation of the bearing of facts, to produce in them such a reaction of opinion as must lead, in its results, to substantial justice.

It is under the influence of such a conviction we at present invite the attention of our readers to the present aspect of National Education in Ireland. We rely upon the honesty of the British public; we believe that they are open to conviction; and that nothing more than a plain statement of the facts of the case can be necessary to convince every impartial man amongst them, that the system at present in operation is not one calculated to produce any lasting benefit to the country; that in England, while the national system has the Scriptures for its basis, in Ireland such basis is rejected; and that while, in the former country, Dissenters of all denominations may partake of its benefits, in the latter the vast majority of the clergy of the Established Church are excluded from them.

In Ireland, the benighted condition of the community was first cared for by the Protestant portion of the people. To their spontaneous liberality and benevolence it was owing that schools were established, having for their object the inculcation of sound morality and useful knowledge—and this with as scrupulous a view to the avoidance of all peculiarities which could, by possibility, excite alarm or give offence, as was at all compatible

with the principle, that education, to be truly useful, should be based upon the word of God. This part of the case is thus stated by Mr. Napier, one of the members for the Dublin University, in his admirable speech upon Mr. Hamilton's motion in the House of Commons, on the 21st of August last year:—

“Now, what was the course which was adopted in Ireland before the establishment of the National Board? The practice was, that in every school in Ireland there was a Bible class, and all the children capable of reading with advantage took their places in this Bible class—so soon as their proficiency in reading qualified them to read with profit, they were advanced to this Bible class, in which the Scriptures were daily read. The rule was, that the Scriptures should be read, but everything of a controversial character was carefully excluded, and all catechetical instruction; nor were either the Roman Catholics or Dissenters required to be taught in the formularies of the church; but that a Bible class should exist, that was required. There exists in this country a very large society, and a very noble one—the British and Foreign School Society, presided over by the noble lord at the head of her Majesty's government. The noble lord, the Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, in stating the principle of that society, on a recent occasion, said, it was a principle which he held dear and sacred, that ‘this principle was founded on the entire sufficiency and the universal use of the Word of God.’ And, I think, I cannot give a better statement of the nature of the principle of the education that existed in Ireland up to the establishment of the National Board in Ireland. The principle is also stated by Lord Stanley in these words—‘The determination to enforce in all their schools the reading of the Holy Scriptures, without note or comment, was undoubtedly taken with the purest motives—with the wish at once to connect RELIGIOUS with moral and literary education; and, at the same time, not to run the risk of wounding the peculiar feelings of any sect by catechetical instruction or comments, which might tend to subjects of polemical controversy.’ There is the principle of the

whole system that had been adopted previous to that time."—pp. 21, 22.

That the Roman Catholic portion of the Irish people had no objection to an education which had the Holy Scriptures for its foundation, the following extract, from a separate report presented by two out of five Education Commissioners, in 1827, will, we think, satisfy most of our readers :—

" ' We feel strongly that the unexampled improvement which has taken place within a short period in the education of the peasantry of Ireland, ought duly to be apprehended, before any of the means by which it has been produced shall be destroyed or endangered. In our second report there appears 11,823 schools, a greater number than there is to be found in any other country, considering the population. About twenty years ago, the Scriptures were not read in 600 schools ; at the time of our second report they were read in 6,058 daily schools, and 1,954 Sunday schools. It is further very worthy of remark, that of the 6,058 daily schools in which the Scriptures are now read, only 1,879 are connected with any societies whatever, whether those aided by the government, or those supported by individual contributions. In the remaining 4,179 schools the Scriptures have, of late years, been adopted by the voluntary choice of the conductors and teachers, the latter of whom are generally dependent for their livelihood upon the pleasure of the parents of their pupils, a signal proof that there is no repugnance to scriptural instruction among the people, and not less an illustration of the effects silently produced by the example and competition of better institutions upon the common schools of the country ; any experiment ought to be considered as an accompaniment to those means which experience had proved to be useful, and not as leading to the suppression of any tried instrument of good.' "—pp. 23, 24.

This Mr. Napier calls a very important statement, and one which cannot fail to make a deep impression upon every well-constituted mind. The system which had, until then, been in operation, although in many respects defective, was still producing most beneficial results. It was superintended by men of the highest respectability, from motives of the purest benevolence, who had gone, *at least*, to the extreme verge of liberality, in compliance with the prejudices of the Ro-

man Catholic population. And that it was acceptable to that class generally, appears from the admitted fact, that, at the time when the present National Board was established, *three hundred thousand* Roman Catholic children were in attendance upon scriptural schools.

It may, perhaps, be admitted, that of the children thus educated, many departed from the Church of Rome. The scriptural light which was thus let in upon them may have, in many instances, told against their Romanist convictions. Perplexing questions may have been propounded to their priests, such as may have caused these worthies to tremble for their future domination. And, accordingly, it is not at all surprising, that, at this period, a strenuous opposition was raised by the Romish priesthood against the scriptural schools, and every engine of priestcraft employed, for the purpose of intimidating the government into a compliance with their demands, and rousing and exasperating the passions of the people.

Hence the origin of the National Board. It was a concession of principle to clamour the most outrageous, and a sacrifice of truth to expediency the most unwise. Contrary to notorious facts, it was assumed that an united education could not have a scriptural basis ; that in Ireland there must be a certain accommodation to the prejudices of the Romanists, in order to secure their attendance upon the National Schools ; and the result very speedily demonstrated that, as far as the object thus aimed at was concerned, this sinful compromise was vain and delusive.

It is now universally admitted, nay, triumphantly proclaimed, that National Schools, in the hands of Roman Catholics, are conducted strictly upon Romanist principles, and made subservient to Romanist objects. The following extract from *The Tablet*, adduced by Mr. Hamilton, in the debate of the 21st of August, already referred to, is decisive upon this point :—

" In corroboration of this opinion, and, indeed, as the best commentary upon the working of the National System, he would ask permission to read a short extract from the *Tablet* newspaper. It appeared some time ago, but it seemed

so much to the point that he had it laid by. The writer states, 'the apparent or outward success of the National Board is referred to as a precedent for the mixed education of the Provincial Colleges. It is difficult to imagine how any one who is tolerably acquainted with the facts, and is even slightly imbued with the elements of reasoning, can use such an argument as this. It was only the other day that one of the most intelligent supporters of the Board said to us, "I approve of the National System, because in fact, it gives us Catholic schools, this is the real truth." In every parish in Ireland, any number of individuals, and the priest among the rest, can establish a school, appoint their own masters and teachers, call it a school, say the *Ave Maria* whenever the clock strikes, and get aid from the National Board. We have seen this state of things in the south of Ireland with our own eyes—we have seen it in Dublin under the nose of the government, and we have witnessed, with much edification, the smile of serene contempt which often accompanies the utterance of these words, 'Oh, we pay no attention to the rules of the Board.'"—p. 10.

The same may be said of schools in the hands of the Presbyterians; 'the advocates of the system who belong to that body justifying their adherence to it, because, as they contend, it enables them to impart to their children what they call an excellent Presbyterian education.

And why cannot the clergy of the Church of England avail themselves of it, when, by so doing, they might be enabled to use it for their purposes, even as the Romanists and the Presbyterians use it for their own?

Simply, because by subscribing to the conditions of the Board, they would be consenting to a principle which authorises, nay, commands, a disparagement of the Holy Scriptures. This they conscientiously feel that they could not do unblamed. When Holy Scripture is put into the category of prohibited books, the Romanist is not offended. Because he maintains that, in its interpretation, it is to be over-ruled by tradition, and by the decisions of the Church; and that it is to be received only so far as it is conformable to the opinions of all the early fathers. This disparaging view of the word of eternal life, the creed of Pope Pius IV., which every Ro-

manist is bound to receive, and which every Roman Catholic priest, upon his induction into a benefice, swears that he fully believes, renders it with them a matter of no difficulty, if, indeed, it does not make it a point of conscience, to regard the insult thus offered to the Holy Scriptures with indifference, if not with satisfaction. But not so the clergymen of the Church of England; and, until the adhesion of the Synod of Ulster took place, we had thought not so the ministers of any Protestant communion. However, we leave others to answer for themselves. We content ourselves with saying that the vast majority, we might say almost all, the worth and the piety of the Church of England in Ireland unite in repudiating the principle which would place the Word of God upon the same level with Milner's "End of Controversy," and impose the same restrictions and the same qualifications upon the admission of the one, as it would be only right and proper to place upon the admission of the other.

It is because the clergy of the Established Church conceive, that in consenting to receive aid from the Board, they would be impliedly subscribing to such a principle, they are voluntarily excluded from its benefits, and prefer rather to tax their own poverty for the education of their poor children, than become responsible for the observance of a regulation, which thus reduces to the level of a mere human composition the great title-deed of their salvation.

Let that rule be rescinded—let the Holy Scriptures be struck out of the list of prohibited books, and, objectionable as the present system is in other particulars, the vast majority of the Church of England dissentients would no longer refuse to avail themselves of its advantages.

They say to the government, "You respected the erring conscience of the Romanists, when you refused to make the Holy Scriptures the basis of your system of national education; still more did you show respect and favour to that body when you allowed their objections to the Scriptural extracts agreed upon by the commissioners, and intended for use in all the schools. Only show some respect to our conscientious convictions, by not insisting

upon our subscribing to a principle which we abjure—that it is expedient to exclude, by a positive regulation, the Holy Scriptures as the basis of all sound knowledge. We ask you not to adopt them as such basis; that would be to give Roman Catholics offence; but why ask us to reject them as such basis, when by so doing we must be equally offended? Why not deal equally with both? Why not say to each, we will neither adopt the Protestant principle to please the one, nor the Romanist principle to please the other? Let the Roman Catholic, if he please, reject the Scriptures in the schools of which he is the patron, and let the Protestant adopt them in his own. Let the Board expunge the obnoxious regulation which sanctions the rejection of the one, while it censures the adoption of the other; and then, whatever objection we may have to the system in general as, in many and important particulars, greatly defective and erroneous, we can have no objection, as individuals, to receive an aid by which our principles would not be compromised so long as our children were not debarred the benefit of a sound religious education."

The Presbyterian minister says that under the Board, as at present constituted, he can give his children a good Presbyterian education; and he does so while he swallows the rule which puts the Bible into the list of prohibited books, and regards it in the same class with any work of controversy. The Church of England clergyman says he cannot do that; if he accept of a system at all, he must accept it in good faith; and, if he consent to receive aid under it, his tacit approval of its printed regulations must be taken for granted; and therefore it is that he declines to avail himself of educational funds, when he could only do so by tacitly consenting to a rule which would compromise his fidelity to his Divine Master. Let the Board, as we have stated, rescind that rule, and leave all who apply for aid to adopt or reject just as much of it as his conscience allows; that is, *let them give a triumph to neither party*, and we promise them a rapid subsidence of the hostility with which a vast proportion of the established clergy at present regards their system.

This view of the case has been put

so very well by Mr. Hamilton in the speech before referred to, that we cannot withhold his words from our readers:—

"But then it may be said, if the rules of the Board admit of the Roman Catholic clergy establishing schools, in which their own peculiar tenets are taught, why cannot the Protestant clergy do the same? Of course that argument would abandon the principle of united education altogether, in which case it could scarcely be denied that it would be better to have a confessedly separate system, than one which, being really separate, professed to be united; but the case of the clergy of the Established Church and of the Roman Catholic Church was different. There was no principle which stood between the Roman Catholic clergy and their acquiescence in the rules of the National Board. It was not one of their principles that the right to use and read the Scriptures was inalienable on the part of every human being; and that to seek to abridge or to countenance the abridgment of that right was sinful. Though they required a religious, they did not require a scriptural basis; and there was nothing to offend their conscience in sending away a Protestant child, when about to teach the Roman Catholic children their own peculiar tenets. But the position of the Protestant clergyman is different. He holds that the education of all children should be based altogether on the scriptural principle—that it should not be supplementary or ancillary to moral and literary instruction—but that it should be the predominant feature, and pervade the whole system of education. Holding as he does the Protestant principle of the supremacy and sufficiency of the Holy Scripture, he holds that it is the right of every human being to make it his study at all times and in all circumstances; and that it is his duty, as a Christian minister, at all times to uphold and enforce that right. He, therefore, cannot, without violating his principles, be a party, directly or indirectly, to excluding any child from Scriptural instruction. Thus is their objection to the system, that it compromises the Protestant principle, and that in connecting themselves with it, they would be themselves compromising that principle in a country, and under circumstances, in which it is peculiarly their duty to uphold it."—pp. 10, 11.

If, however, the government are resolved to maintain the system as it at

present stands, and not to remove this offensive rule, we ask for a separate grant for educational purposes, by which the Church Education Society in Ireland may be sustained. What is the objection to this? Why, that it would interfere with the great experiment now going on for the purpose of establishing a system of united education in Ireland! Was ever such mockery? United education! A system which is at present, in its practical working, as many-coloured as are the parties who are partaking of its advantages! United education! Where the Presbyterian in the north contrives to give a good Presbyterian education to his children; while the Romanist in the south gives a good Romish education to *his* children!—Where the monk in his convent, the nun in her cloister, are furnished with funds which they employ to indoctrinate their pupils in all the dogmas of the Romish faith; and nothing is authoritatively excluded but the free use of the unadulterated word of God! An united education! Why, it is patent to the whole world that this system has been an apple of discord, not a rallying point of unity, and, so far from having produced union where there was before division, it has produced division where before was union! Let not, therefore, such idle mockery be any longer made an excuse for insult and injustice. If any proposition was ever yet clearly proved to demonstration, it is that this system has utterly failed as a system of *united* education. Let its advocates, if they please, denounce the Established Church as a nuisance or a grievance which should be abated, but let them no longer, upon false pretences, deny to its members educational advantages, which to every other sect or faction, no matter how erroneous their faith or how unscrupulous their practice, are freely and even abundantly accorded.

Our attitude is sufficiently humble, our petition is sufficiently moderate, when we ask for the Established Clergy in Ireland no more than the same amount of consideration which has been already conceded by government to Roman Catholic ecclesiastics in England. *They* objected to the English national system, as the clergy of the Established Church in this country do to the Irish; and their objections

have been allowed. They now *obtain a separate grant upon their own terms*. And we put it to every man of common candour and common honesty, can there be any justification of a course, which respects the erroneous objections of Romanists in England, while it spurns, with insult and contumely, the well-founded objections of Church of England Protestants in Ireland, which says to the one, you shall have what you want, although the Scriptures are to be excluded; and to the other, you shall *not* have what *you* want, because the Scriptures are to be received? Well has Mr. Napier put the case, in the following pithy words:—

“But the petitioners say, *we object to this system*. The reply, however, is—‘No matter; if you concur with us—if you go against your conscience, you will get help; if you do not, you will have no assistance—you will get nothing; if you violate what you know to be your conscientious opinion and paramount duty, you may then look forward to the certainty of aid and the prospect of government preferment; you may then reckon on having a full share in the public grant; but if you obey the dictates of your conscience—if you act according to your judgment—if you concur in opinion with some of the wisest and the best of men, you shall have no assistance from us; but, on the contrary, you will be abused or ridiculed as bigots by certain liberal members of this house—that will be the reward of your conscientious scruples.’ And such is the manifest result to every Irish clergyman and to every Protestant layman who opposes this system of national education; so that, while we see the Roman Catholic clergy permitted to carry out their conscientious views, and dissenters allowed to carry out their views—we see the clergy of the Established Church stand before us in the anomalous position which I have described. I put this to the house—I put it to every Roman Catholic—I put it to every dissenter—I put it on the principle of common sense—I put it on the principle of common equity and of common justice—are you to have several sects in Ireland to all of whom you give what they require, and you give to all these on the principle of allowance for conscientious objections, while there is one body of men who have also their conscientious objections, but which you refuse to recognise. There are certain parties, all of whom profess to have conscientious views, and you protect them

in those views; but there is one party who are to remain behind, and they are to be disregarded; and, in alluding to that party, I need not now dwell on their faithful loyalty and manly moderation at the present crisis in Ireland—I speak of the loyalty of the Protestants of Ireland—that faithful body, of whose value and importance in Ireland to England and British connexion, the noble lord at the head of the government cannot but be conscious—is that body of men which comprehends so many of the bishops, the clergy, and the laity of the Established Church in Ireland—are they to be neglected? Are their conscientious scruples, are their views to be disregarded? are their claims to be disregarded?”

But another ground of objection to a separate grant has been taken, upon which we shall say a few words. By such a grant, it is said, such churchmen as have already signified their adhesion to the National Board would be offended! Indeed! Offended, that the conscientious objections of their brethren have not been overruled! The very avowal of such an objection is in itself a startling fact, and may well admonish us of the times in which we live, and of our “perils amongst false brethren.” Oh, but, it is said, the government have already been at considerable pains to establish the present, as a system of *united* education; and if a separate grant were made to the Church Education Society, churchmen would no longer connect themselves with the board, and even of those few who have already done so, many might fall off when they found that they could obtain aid for their schools under the auspices of a more congenial institution. That is to deny the grant upon false pretences; for never was any pretence more false than that the present system is, or ever can be, a system of united education; and to admit, moreover, that unless a pressure be placed upon the consciences of Church of England Protestants, they never will, generally speaking, give in their adhesion to the National system. Now can this be otherwise described than as a mode of tampering with their principles, and corrupting their integrity? Is it not saying, we will do everything in our power to wring an assent from them to our views? If it be not accorded by their will, it shall be extorted by their poverty. It is true, we place no such

pressure upon Romanists in England, but we may, with perfect impunity, trample under foot the conscientious scruples of Protestants in Ireland. Is this, we ask the people of England, in whom alone, under God, our hope now is, an attitude which any government, fairly representing them, ought to take towards the Church of England Protestants in Ireland?

But still more; not only is the boon of a separate grant to be denied upon such grounds, but the patronage of the Church in the hands of government is to be so administered as to exclude from any participation in its benefits the overwhelming majority of Churchmen who are opposed in principle to the present National Board. Let the following case, adduced by Mr. Hamilton in his place in parliament, on the 21st of August last, speak for itself—

“He was constrained to say that not only was no encouragement given to the cause of Scriptural education in Ireland—not only were the Protestants and clergy of the Established Church—the only class of her Majesty’s subjects to whose conscientious opinions, with regard to education, no consideration was paid—not only were they the only class to whom toleration in respect of those scruples was not extended, but the clergy of the Established Church who entertained those conscientious objections, were excluded from all government favour and patronage. This was a serious charge, and one that he would be sorry to make lightly, especially after an answer he had recollected hearing from the noble lord at the head of the government, in reply to a question from Lord John Manners in the last parliament. But he (Mr. Hamilton) had seen letters written by the private secretary of the lord lieutenant to clergymen, in which their opinions were asked on the subject of the National System—and an intimation given that preferment would be conferred only upon those who supported that system. The correspondence between Mr. Villiers Stuart and the private secretary, in reference to Mr. Thacker, had been before the public. The case was altogether a very peculiar one. There is a vicarage in the county of Kilkenny with hardly any income, and a rectory with a small income. They had usually been held together, and constituted a benefice of about £160 a-year. The vicarage was in the gift of the bishop, the rectory of the crown. It was considered desirable

that the vicarage and rectory should be united by act of council, and permanently be made one benefice. In order to unite them it was necessary that the person having the vicarage should resign it, that both being vacant, they might legally be formed into a union; and then the crown having the patronage of the rectory, would have the presentation to the united benefice. Mr. Thacker, therefore, to facilitate this arrangement, resigned the vicarage, and it was united with the rectory. Mr. Villiers Stuart, a supporter of government, and then member for the county, applied to the lord lieutenant to appoint Mr. Thacker to the benefice. He afterwards writes thus to Mr. Thacker:—‘I have received a note from the private secretary of the lord lieutenant, in which he asks me to ascertain your opinion respecting the National System of education, the lord lieutenant considering it his duty in all his nominations to Church preferments to require an unequivocal support of that system.’ Mr. Thacker returned for answer that he was conscientiously opposed to it. The private secretary of the lord lieutenant thereupon writes as follows to Mr. Villiers Stuart:—‘His Excellency most sincerely regrets that he is unable to comply with your desire to have Mr. Thacker appointed to the Union of Whitechurch; but that gentleman having so unequivocally and conscientiously declared his opposition to the system of National education, it would be a violation of the principle by which the lord lieutenant has been guided, if he were to relax. I add, by desire of the lord lieutenant, his request that it may be conveyed to Mr. Thacker, that he entertains no objection to him individually, as from all he has heard, and from his conscientious avowal of his opinions, he considers that gentleman to be entitled to the highest respect.’ Mr. Villiers Stuart adds for himself—‘I cannot express the deep disappointment the whole parish feels at the loss of such a pastor.’ He (Mr. Hamilton) had a high respect for the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he felt that to his ability and firmness the safety of the country might in a great degree be attributed; but he would appeal to the noble lord—he would appeal to the House, and to the justice of the English public, is this tolerable? In England, continued Mr. Hamilton, you extend toleration to all classes of dissenters in matters of education. You depart even from a Scriptural basis and principle in favour of Roman Catholics. In Ireland if a clergyman upholds the principle which every clergyman from one end of England to the

other maintains, however highly recommended, however efficient, however pious, however beloved by his parishioners, he is proscribed by the government because of his conscientious opinions, and the Protestants deprived of the services of such a pastor. Is this doing justice to the Church in Ireland?”

Now, we ask the intelligent people of England, is this to be any longer endured? We ask them, will they aid in promoting a miscalled system of united education in Ireland, by the corruption of the worst, and the proscription of the best, of the Irish clergy? We know it is in vain to address any such language to those by whom the Church is hated, and to whom the government education project may be recommended, because by its means the establishment may be destroyed. But such are not a majority of the honest and truth-loving people of England; and we call upon the friends of scriptural education to persevere in reiterating their reasonable demands, until their case, in its truth and in its fulness, is known through the length and breadth of the land; and we have no more doubt that the day of their triumph will come, than we have that the reflecting people of England are lovers of truth and justice.

In conclusion, we would briefly observe, that the Irish education question has been, from the first, a sad bungle. It was undertaken by Lord Stanley, with a *bona fide* intention of securing for all classes of her Majesty's Irish subjects a good moral and religious education. But he did not then sufficiently comprehend the entire subject, or estimate, in all their magnitude, the difficulties by which his projects were surrounded; and, accordingly, the scheme, in its early stages, was a compromise, which sometimes assumed the character of a juggle; and, to use a phrase of his own, the aim of the commissioners would seem to have been, how they might best “thimble-ripg” the Holy Scriptures; how they might say to the Protestant “See! it is here!” and *presto*, in the same breath, to the Roman Catholic, “See! it is not there!” And the end was, that the one was to be cheated with the shadow, while the other was possessed of the substance. It was first to have a colour of religion, without the reality,

which colour was gradually to become evanescent, until it now has no colour at all; and every patron of every school may stamp whatever colour he pleases upon his own fractional portion of the system.

Our intelligent readers do not require to be told that as are the patrons, such must be the schools. If the patrons are haters of British rule, or open or secret fomenters of sedition, the schools (no matter what the system professed, or the rules enjoined) may be easily turned into seminaries of treason. The following shows in what proportion the patrons are to be found amongst the different denominations of professing Christians:—

“The appendix to the fourteenth report of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland, contains two returns, commencing p. 173, of the number of schools in each county, and the names of the patrons, distinguishing the vested from the non-vested schools. The names of the patrons having been compared with the lists of the clergy of the different denominations, the following is the result:—

	No Patron	Pat. Diss.	Cler. Patron.				Tot.
			Lay Patrons	Church of England.	Presbyter.	Roman Cathol.	
Vested	7	12	361	11	23	960	1371
Non vested	101	620	85	361	1545	2714	
Total	108	632	986	372	1568	4074	4088

“About 2 per cent. are under the clergy of the Established Church; 9 under that of the Presbyterian Church; 61 under those of the Roman Catholic Church, and 24 under the patronage of laymen.

“The appendix (p. 21) contains also a return, from which it appears that the religious denominations of teachers during the year 1847, were as follows:—

Established Church	9
Presbyterian	37
Other Dissenters	3
Roman Catholics	175

—p. 9.

Here we have 2,505 schools under the patronage of Roman Catholic priests, and in the immediate management of schoolmasters entirely in their confidence. Have recent events thrown no light upon the animus of that body so as to leave no excuse even for blindness itself to mistake their real character? And can any sane man doubt how such a state of things must operate in such a country as Ireland?

The system has now been in operation for nearly twenty years, a time amply sufficient to judge of it by its fruits. Have the results corresponded with the expectations of its framers? Has any good been done anywhere by the erection of national, commensurate with the evil which has been done everywhere by the discountenance shown to Scriptural schools? Let this test be fairly applied, and if a favourable verdict be given, we are content that our objections should be regarded as ill-founded.

We do trust that our excellent University members will again, and speedily, bring this subject under the consideration of the House of Commons. Let them not be dispirited by defeat; although outnumbered, they are not overcome. Already they have both most admirably done their duty. By many in the house, and by multitudes out of the house, the question was never understood until they caused it to be known in all its bearings; and they have only to persevere as they have commenced, to secure a final victory. Their adversaries have succeeded but too well, by persevering and unscrupulous hardihood of assertion, in representing them as antiquated and narrow-minded bigots. Let them only evince a similar zeal in a better cause, and the day is not far distant when they will have their reward, in the triumph of the only principle which can ever ensure the moral progress, the social amelioration, and the progressive prosperity of Ireland.

THE CLOSING YEARS OF DEAN SWIFT'S LIFE.*

THIS is a volume of no ordinary interest. To the medical inquirer it gives such details as can be now recovered of cerebral disease, extending over a period of fifty-five years—the particular symptoms described by the sufferer himself—for the most part, in confidential letters to intimate friends—that sufferer the most accurate observer of whatever came within his reach, of any man gifted with the same degree of genius that has ever used the English language as a medium of communication, and the man of all others who has, on most subjects, expressed himself with such distinctness, that we do not remember, in any case, a doubt as to the precise meaning of a sentence in his works, although those works are on subjects which actuate and influence the passions, and although he has often written in a dictatorial tone of authority, which of itself provokes resistance, and therefore forces readers into something more than the unquestioning indolence in which we are satisfied to look over most books. Mr. Wilde has given us Swift's own account of Swift's distemper. But the interest of this volume is not to the medical inquirer alone. The relation of intimate friendship in which Swift and Stella lived for some five-and-twenty years, and the mystery thrown over it by a number of idle guesses which have found their way into the biographies of Swift, have led Mr. Wilde to other inquiries, in themselves not unamusing. He has brought together, from obscure and forgotten sources, some of the explanations which were given of parts of Swift's conduct, by persons who had peculiar means of information as to some of the circumstances of the case. Mr. Wilde has given us two portraits of Stella, neither of which had been before engraved; and the volume is closed by a number of poems, found in the hand-

writing of Swift, and some of which are probably of his composition, in an interleaved copy of an old almanack, lent to Mr. Wilde for the purposes of this essay.

The history of this volume is this:—Dr. Mackenzie, of Glasgow, writes to Mr. Wilde to learn whether there is any record of Swift's disease known, either to Mr. Wilde or to the readers of the *Dublin Medical Journal*, a work edited by Mr. Wilde. It occurred to Mr. Mackenzie that there might be something preserved on the subject either in the deanery or in Trinity College. The first part of Mr. Wilde's book is a reply to this question, and was originally published in Mr. Wilde's journal.

Of the disease itself, Mr. Wilde gives us Swift's own description:—

"Swift, writing to Mrs. Howard, in 1727, thus describes the commencement of his complaint: 'About two hours before you were born'—consequently in 1690—"I got my giddiness by eating a hundred golden pippins at a time, at Richmond; and when you were four years and a quarter old, bating two days, having made a fine seat, about twenty miles farther in Surrey, where I used to read—and, there I got my deafness; and these two friends have visited me, one or other, every year since; and, being old acquaintances, have now thought fit to come together.' Overloading the stomach, in the manner described, and catching cold by sitting on a damp, exposed seat, were very apt to produce both these complaints—neither of which, when once established, was likely to be easily removed from a system so nervous, and with a temper so irritable, and a mind so excessively active, as that of Swift's. From this period, a disease which, in all its symptoms and by its fatal termination, plainly appears to have been (in its commencement at least) *cerebral congestion*, set in, and exhibited itself in well-marked periodic attacks which,

* "The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life; with an Appendix, containing several of his Poems hitherto unpublished, and some remarks on Stella." By W. R. Wilde, M.R.I.A., F.R.C.S. 8vo. Dublin: Hodges & Smith, Grafton-street. 1849

year after year, increased in intensity and duration."—pp. 8, 9.

While living in the country, and with his mind comparatively at ease, he made but few complaints. It is probable that his disease gave him but little trouble while at Laracor; but whether it did or not, we have little opportunity of any knowledge, as few of his letters are dated from his parsonage. He had not formed at that time his acquaintanceships and friendships with the great persons, in passages of his letters to whom we find these occasional notices of his health; and Stella and Mrs. Dingley were living in his immediate vicinity, so that there are no letters to them of that date. Swift was a shrewd observer of human nature, and dwelling on his deafness and giddiness to those who suffered from similar ailments, seems to have been a piece of skillful flattery. We have not time to look over the correspondence for the purpose of proving this; but the reader, who turns to his letters to Mrs. Howard, will find instances illustrative of what we mean. In the journal to Stella, we find the following entry:—"I have no fits of giddiness, but only some little disorders towards it, and I walk as much as I can. Lady Kerry is just as I am, only a deal worse. I dined today at Lord Shelburn's, where she is, and we con ailments, *which makes us very fond of each other.*" In another note in the same journal, we find this—"Did I ever tell you that the Lord Treasurer hears ill with the left ear, just as I do? He always turns the right, and his servants whisper to him in that only. I dare not tell him that I am so too, *for fear that he should think that I counterfeited to make my court.*" In one of Swift's letters to Archbishop King, we find him saying—"I have been so extremely ill with an old disorder in my head that I was unable to write to your grace." And in a letter of King's to him, inadvertently quoted by Mr. Wilde as a letter from Swift to King, we find King complaining, in Swift's temper, of very much the same symptoms as Swift is perpetually describing. In the journal to Stella, we find Swift again recurring to the effect of cordiality being created by identity of suffering—"I was this morning with

poor Lady Kerry, who is much worse in her head than I. She sends me bottles of her bitter, and we are so fond of one another, because our ailments are the same. Do you know that Madam Stell? Have I not seen you conning ailments with Joe's wife and some others, sirrah?" Mr. Wilde must have looked back almost with envy on the golden harvest of blighted ears that presented itself to the physicians of that auspicious time.

"It is remarkable that several of Swift's friends suffered from symptoms somewhat similar to his own. Thus Harley, Gay, Mrs. Barber, Pope, Mrs. Howard, Lady Germain, Arbuthnot, and others, all suffered from what is popularly termed a 'fulness of blood to the head.'"—p. 37.

Swift's deafness was of the left ear. Towards the close of life, at one time his left eye was fearfully affected. "About six weeks ago, in one night's time, his left eye swelled as large as an egg, and the left Mr. Nichols thought would mortify. * * * Five persons could scarce hold him for a week from tearing out his eyes." This is Mrs. Whiteway's language, who adds—"He is now free from torture; his eye almost well," thus showing that but one eye suffered. In many passages, where he speaks of tottering, we find nothing to fix the fact of whether the one side was affected more than the other; but this, too, is established by a passage which Mr. Wilde quotes from the journal to Stella—"My left hand is *very weak and trembles*, but my right side has not been touched." It seems plain, then, that there was paralysis of the left side.

It would seem, from several passages, that Swift took too much wine and that he poisoned himself with snuff—"By Dr. Radcliffe's advice, he left off bohea tea, which he had observed to disagree with him frequently before." We suspect, therefore, that in this luxury he had indulged too much.

Mr. Wilde does not think there is any evidence of Swift's being subject to epileptic fits, as is stated by many of his biographers. The mistake, if it be such, he thinks, arises from the frequent recurrence in his letters of

"fits of giddiness," &c. The language is equivocal, and we think there is something to be said for the interpretation put upon it by non-medical readers. Take this sentence, for instance:—"I dined with the secretary, and found my head very much out of order, but no absolute fit; and I have not been well all this day. It has shook me a little."

We wish we had room for extracts from this most interesting volume. It is really a wonderful thing to see, after an interval of a century, a scientific man inferring the true character of a disease, that baffled the eminent men of Swift's own day:—

"In answer to a recommendation of Mr. Pulteney's on the subject of physicians, the Dean, in his answer of the 7th of March, 1737, writes: 'I have esteemed many of them as learned and ingenious men; but I never received the least benefit from their advice or prescriptions. And poor Dr. Arbuthnot was the only man of the faculty who seemed to understand my case, but could not remedy it. But to conquer five physicians,* all eminent in their way, was a victory that Alexander and Cæsar could never pretend to. I desire that my prescription of living may be published (which you design to follow), for the benefit of mankind; which, however, I do not value a rush, nor the animal itself, as it now acts; neither will I ever value myself as a Philanthropus, because it is now a creature (taking a vast majority) that I hate more than a toad, a viper, a wasp, a stork, a fox, or any other that you will please to add.'—p. 40.

Nothing can be more affecting than the exhibition of the gradual decay and deterioration of the instruments by which the mind acts. Insanity, in the proper sense of the word, Mr. Wilde does not regard as having existed in Swift's case. There was the weakness of old age, and the childishness that accompanies it. He would, at times, utter incoherent words and syllables. "But," says

Mr. Deane Swift, writing to Lord Orrery, "he never yet, as far as I could hear, talked nonsense, or said a foolish thing." There was a long period, we believe of more than a year, in which he was wholly silent, with but one or two recorded interruptions. A negligent servant girl blew out a candle in his chamber, and the smell offended him; she was told by him she was "*a nasty slut*." A servant man was breaking a large, stubborn coal, and he told him, "*That's a stone, you blackguard*." On another occasion, not finding words to express something he wished, he exhibited much uneasiness, and said, "*I am a fool*." When insanity is spoken of, it is not possible to be very accurate, and we suppose that in denying the existence of insanity in this case, Mr. Wilde does not, in reality, mean very much more than Hawkesworth had long ago expressed. "Some intervals of sensibility and reason, after his madness, seemed to prove that his disorder, whatever it was, had not destroyed, but only suspended, the powers of his mind." The question is, after all, but one of language. Mr. Wilde has shown, almost to demonstration, that Swift's was organic disease of the brain; and many writers—we believe, among others, Dr. Conolly—would say that in this consisted *insanity*, calling mere functional disease "*mental derangement*." In Swift's life and conduct—in his caprice—in his violent passions—in his oddities—even in his vindictive patriotism—in his misanthropy, whether it be regarded as a pretence or a reality—in the morbid delight with which he dwells on disgusting images, we see very distinct traces of incipient disease. We exclude from our consideration, in coming to this conclusion, the language of his epitaph in St. Patrick's Cathedral, breathing resentment—"Hic depositum est corpus Jonathan Swift, ubi *sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare neguit*." We exclude the strange humour exhibited in the half-serious bequests in his will.

* "We know of at least eight medical men who attended Swift at different times, viz., Sir Patrick Dun, Drs. Arbuthnot, Radcliffe, Cockburn, Helsham, and Gratten, and Surgeons Nichols and Whiteway." We doubt the fact of Swift's having been attended by Sir Patrick Dun; and do not know on what authority Mr. Wilde's statement of the fact rests.

We exclude a hundred well-authenticated extravagancies of conduct, some of them accompanied with circumstances which could not but be felt as intolerably insulting to his best friends, because all these things are consistent with states of mind, which no one calls by the name of insanity except in metaphorical language, but when conduct, unintelligible on any ordinary principle, exists, and when we have the additional fact of organic disease of the brain, we think it is hypercriticism in Mr. Wilde to fall out with the application of the term insanity, to a case so circumstanced.

An interesting part of Mr. Wilde's book is an account of the examination of the head of Swift, in 1835, by Surgeons Houston and Hamilton. About the middle of the last century, frequent floods of the Poddle river, and the insufficiency of sewers to carry off the superabundant water, occasioned much injury to St. Patrick's Cathedral.* One of the last acts of the Dean was an effort to remedy this; and when he directed that he should be buried in Ireland, he requested that his body should be deposited in any *dry* part of the cathedral. "It is remarkable," says Mr. Wilde, "that the continuance of damp and inundations, in the year 1835, was the cause of his remains being disturbed."

It would be altogether out of the province of this journal to follow Dr. Wilde in his account of the details of the examination. Dr. Houston, describing the head, says—"The bones cannot be regarded as free from indications of previous chronic disease. There are certainly no marks of caries or of fungus growth on any part of the head, but the condition of the cerebral surface of the whole frontal region, is evidently of a character indicating the presence, during lifetime, of diseased action in the adjacent membranes of the brain." Some doubt was for a while entertained of the remains examined by Dr. Houston being those of Swift at all. The phrenologists did not like the head—it did not accord with any of the then theories; but that the head was Swift's, there could be no doubt.

Among other proofs is this, that it exhibited the marks of a *post mortem* examination made immediately after his death:—

"What the exact recent appearances were we have not been enabled to discover. If they were known to, they have not been handed down by any of Swift's many biographers. We have made diligent search among the newspapers and periodicals of the day, but have not been able to discover anything further than that which is already known, viz., that his head was opened after death, when it was found that his brain was 'loaded with water.' To this may be added the tradition of old Brennan, his servant, who, according to Dr. Houston, on the authority of Mr. Maguire, boasted, 'that he himself had been present at the operation, and that he even held the basin in which the brain was placed after its removal from the skull. He told, moreover, that there was brain mixed with water to such an amount as to fill the basin, and by their quantity to call forth expressions of astonishment from the medical gentlemen engaged in the examination.'"—pp. 60, 61.

Wilde gives a profile view of Swift's cranium from a drawing by Mr. Hamilton, and then tells us—

"In its great length, in the antero-posterior diameter, its low anterior development, prominent frontal sinuses, comparative lowness at the vertex, projecting nasal bones, and large posterior projection, it resembles, in a most extraordinary manner, those skulls of the so-called Celtic aborigines of Northern Europe, of which we have elsewhere given a description, and which are found in the early tumuli of this people throughout Ireland."—p. 62.

The way in which Mr. Wilde, from concurring pieces of evidence, has elicited some of the details of this remarkable case, can scarcely be exhibited without quoting his own language. The following passage remarkably exemplifies his sagacity:—

"After the Dean's death, and subsequently to the *post mortem* examination,

* Mason's "History of St. Patrick's."

a plaster mask was taken from his face, and from this a bust was made, which is now in the Museum of the University, and which, notwithstanding its possessing much of the cadaverous appearance, is, we are strongly inclined to believe, the best likeness of Swift—during, at least, the last few years of his life—now in existence. The annexed engraving accurately and faithfully represents a profile view of the right side of this bust, the history of which it is here necessary to relate. This old bust, which has remained in the Museum of Trinity College from a period beyond the memory of living man, has been generally believed to be the bust of Swift; but as there was no positive proof of its being so, it has been passed over by all his biographers, except Scott and Monck Mason, the former of whom thus describes it: ‘In the museum of Trinity College, Dublin, there is a dark plaster bust or cast of Dean Swift. It is an impression taken from the mask applied to the face after death. The expression of countenance is most unequivocally maniacal, and one side of the mouth (the left) horribly contorted downwards, as if convulsed by pain.’ He further adds: ‘It is engraved for Mr. Barrett’s essay;’ but if it was, it never appeared, and has never before been published either with or without Barrett’s essay.* Sir Walter has greatly exaggerated the amount of contortion which the face exhibits; on the contrary, the expression is remarkably placid, but there is an evident drag in the left side of the mouth, exhibiting a paralysis of the facial muscles of the right side, which, we have reason to believe, existed for some years previous to his death, for we find the same appearance (though much glossed over by the artist), together with a greater fulness, or plumpness, of the right cheek, shewn in a very admirable marble bust of Swift (probably the last ever taken), in the possession of Mr. Watkins, the picture-dealer, of this city. Here, then, we have another and a very important and well-marked fea-

ture in this very interesting case, brought to light above a hundred years after death. But before we proceed with the evidence adduced by the bust, it becomes necessary to prove its identity, which, until now, could not be done satisfactorily. Upon the back of this cast, and running nearly from ear to ear, we find two lines of writing, greatly defaced, and a part of the upper and middle lines completely obliterated.† This much, however, can still be read:

“*Dean Swift, taken off his . . . the night of his burial, and the f . . . one side larger than the other in nature. . . . Opened before. . . . The mould is in pieces.*”‡

“Still this proof was inconclusive; but a deep indentation running nearly parallel with the brow, shews us where the calvarium had been sawn, and the pericranium drawn over it subsequently, and this indentation accurately corresponds with the division of the skull found in Swift’s coffin, in 1835, thus proving incontrovertibly the identity of both: they also correspond in the breadth, height, and general outline and measurements of the forehead, allowing about three-sixteenths of an inch for the thickness of the integuments. Posteriorly, however, the bust and skull do not correspond; nevertheless this fact does not in any way militate against our argument, but rather tends to strengthen it, for upon a careful examination of the bust, it is at once manifest that all the posterior part is fictitious, and evidently finished out, and modelled in clay, and afterwards the plaster rasped down according to the eye of the artist, as may be seen in the annexed engraving. It was made in two parts, and the difference in surface between the hinder part and the smooth, polished, anterior portion, at once stamps it as fictitious. There is no ear upon the left side, and that upon the right was evidently taken off the body separately, and afterwards fitted into the bust. That it was a cast from the ear of Swift, the reader has only to

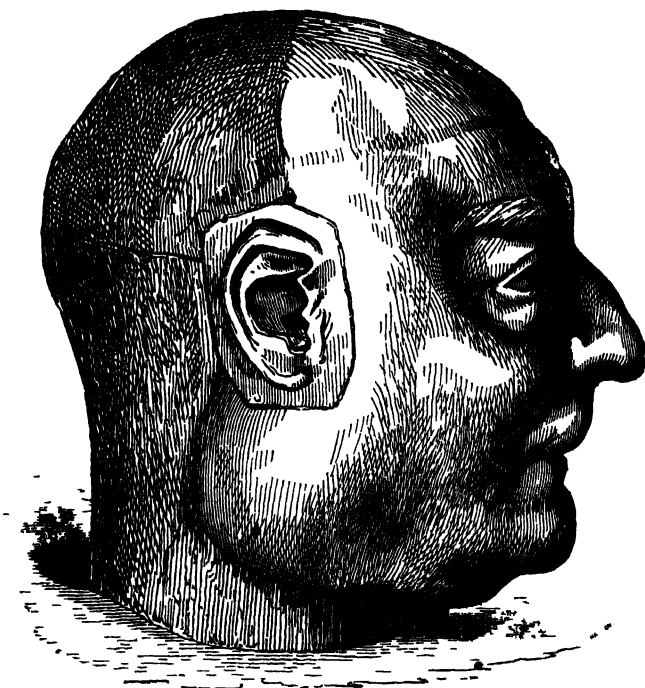
* “In Nicholl’s edition of Sheridan’s Life and Writings of Swift, we find a full-face portrait of the Dean, said to have been taken the night after his death. It was this, perhaps, led Sir Walter into the error we have alluded to. Mr. M. Mason supposed, but without adducing any evidence to support his assertion, that the engraving in Sheridan’s Life of Swift was taken from this bust. We are inclined to believe Mr. Nicholl’s statement that the engraving was made from a picture taken after death.”

† “We are indebted to Mr. Ball, the able director of the museum of the University, for permission to publish this drawing which was made by Mr. G. Du Noyer, and cut by Mr. Hanlon.”

‡ “The original mask remained in the Museum, T.C.D., till within a few years ago, when it was accidentally destroyed.”

look at Lord Orrery's portrait, or any of the busts of the Dean, to be convinced,

for Swift's ear was of a very peculiar formation.



"This bust, like the skull, is quite edentulous, the nose slightly turned to the left side, and the *left eye* much less full and prominent than the right: in fact it is comparatively *sunken and collapsed* within the orbit. It is well known that Swift had *remarkably large, full, and prominent blue eyes*. We may, perhaps, account for the hinder portion of the bust being constructed in the manner I have described, *by* the fact of the Dean having a quantity of long, white hair on the back of his head, which his attendants would not permit to be either removed or injured by taking the mould."—pp. 63-67.

We find Mr. Wilde expressing surprise "that Swift did not become derailed years previously. . . . But that Swift was either mad in middle life, or mad or imbecile in late years, as tried and tested by the meaning and definition of these terms, as laid down by the most esteemed authors, has not been proved." In all this we differ from Mr. Wilde. We think it would be difficult to frame any definition of insanity which would exclude such a

case as Swift's. The mere fact of the logical powers still existing in unimpaired vigour, is little to the purpose; for we are not quite sure that one of the characteristics of insanity is not the self-willed and disputative temper that disregards every consideration of time, and place, and circumstance. When there is conduct such as Swift's, and with it organic disease of the brain, we think it approaches to certainty that the two are connected; and from a very early period, we think Swift had ground enough to predict, as he did predict, the melancholy termination of a disease which we cannot call by any other name than that of insanity. This is, however, after all, a mere question of words. We agree in Mr. Wilde's description of Swift's case, and if the existence of some morbid delusion, irresistibly overbearing reason, be necessary to constitute the notion of insanity, we do not think that any such delusion existed.

Mr. Wilde tells us that there is a general belief that Swift was the first patient in his own hospital, "al-

though," as he adds, "it was not erected for several years after his death." Mr. Wilde refers this popular belief to a careless expression of Lord Orrery's. Speaking of Swift's state after 1742, he says—"His rage increased absolutely to a degree of madness; in this miserable state, he seemed to be appointed as the first proper inhabitant of his own hospital, especially as from an outrageous lunatic he sank afterwards into a quiet speechless idiot, and dragged out the remainder of his life in that helpless situation."

We think the fact of Swift's marriage with Stella has been too easily believed. It was first published by Lord Orrery, many years after Swift's death. The evidence on which the report rests has been examined by Mr. Mason in his "History of St. Patrick's," and we cannot but agree in his conclusion that the balance of probabilities is greatly against any ceremony of marriage having ever taken place. Mr. Wilde believes the fact of a marriage, and that on the day of its celebration it was communicated to Swift that both he and Stella were children of Sir William Temple. The circumstances of Swift's birth render the fact of his being Temple's son impossible;* and if there were any object in examining the evidence as to Stella, when the case as to Swift is disposed of, as to her too it is, above measure, unlikely. She and her mother were both brought from Lady Giffard's house to Temple's, and Stella was educated under Lady Temple's care—a fact in itself, perhaps, not inconsistent with the supposition which Mr. Wilde countenances; but assuming her mother, were the story of her being Temple's mistress true, would not be allowed to reside in the same house with Lady Temple in any capacity whatever. We think if there was any deeper mystery in Swift's not marrying than the absorbing passion of saving money, and the fear of the expenses that marriage would bring with it, it most probably was his consciousness of lurking insanity, which he feared to transmit to children. His uncle, Godwin Swift, had died in a state not very different from that in which the last

years of Swift's life were passed; and as Mr. Mason reasonably suggests, Swift might have known in his family other instances of the same malady, of which we have now no record.

An interesting document, for the first time published in Mr. Wilde's book, is Stella's will. It is in her maiden name—on our theory, she had no other—but this incident has been laid hold of by Swift's biographers as a proof that she felt impatiently towards him. So far from this, we agree with Mr. Wilde that the will must have been drawn up by Swift himself, or under his immediate directions. In both Swift's will and hers, certain of the bequests are given only during the continuance of the present Established Episcopal Church as the national religion of the kingdom. This alone would, as Mr. Wilde says, point to one author of both wills.

It is quite impossible in a notice of this kind to bring forward all that is new in Mr. Wilde's remarkable book. A very interesting part of it is his criticism on the portraits of Stella. The picture in Mr. Berwick's possession, which Scott believed to be genuine, is disproved by its having brown, not black hair. Mr. Wilde himself gives us two, which have not been before engraved—one a medallion painted on one of the walls at Delville—Delany's residence—which tradition calls a portrait of Stella; another—and this manifestly the picture of a very beautiful woman—engraved as the frontispiece to Mr. Wilde's book, answers every description of Stella, and is confirmed (as far as there can be confirmation of such a kind) by the skull of Stella, as exhibited in 1835. It was in the possession of the Fords of Woodpark, where Stella had been some months in 1723, "where," says Mr. Wilde, "it was probably painted."

"It remained, along with an original picture of Swift, at Woodpark for many years, with an unbroken thread of tradition attached to it, till it came, with the property and effects of the Ford family, into the possession of the Preston family. It now belongs to Mr. Preston of Bellincher, through whose kindness we have been permitted to engrave it.

* "Swift's parents resided in Ireland from before 1665 until his birth in 1667; and Temple was residing as ambassador in Holland, from April, 1666, to January, 1668."—*Scott*.

The hair is jet black, the eyes dark to match, the forehead high and expansive, the nose rather prominent, and the features generally regular and well-marked. Notwithstanding that it has not been highly worked by the artist, there is a 'pale cast of thought' and an indescribable expression about this picture, which heighten the interest its historic recollections awaken. She is attired in a plain white dress, with a blue scarf; and around her bust a blue ribbon, to which a locket appears to be attached; and she wears a white and red rose. It is a very good full-sized oil painting, and matches one of the Dean, which is likewise preserved in the same family. It may have been painted by Jervas, who was a particular friend of Swift's." —p. 120.

Mr. Wilde's volume closes with a number of political poems, some of them very spirited, which have been found in Swift's handwriting; but as among them are some transcripts from well-known poems of others, it is impossible, from the single circumstance of their being in Swift's handwriting, to infer anything as to the authorship. Many of them are, however, very cu-

rious, and some of them may be, and probably are, Swift's.

To the future biographer of Swift this volume will be truly valuable. There is not a page of it that does not supply much that is new. Its great value is, no doubt, the accurate examination of a very singular case of disease, exhibited with such perspicuity of detail, as even to be interesting to readers who would, in ordinary circumstances, lay aside what would seem at first to be a mere professional essay. But in addition to this its great merit, there is the illustration which it throws on every part of Swift's life, and the refutation which it contains of many popular errors. Scott's life of Swift is an exceedingly amusing romance, weaving together whatever he found related of his hero by any one and every one. We, however, agree with Mr. Wilde in thinking Mr. Mason's "Life of Swift" the best that we have. Mr. Wilde's own volume in every point of view in which we can consider it, is a most valuable addition to the literature of his country.

A.

CEYLON AND THE CINGALESE.

BY ONESIPHORUS,

AUTHOR OF "CHINA AND THE CHINESE," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

PLAYING CRICKET ON THE GALLEFACE—GOVERNMENT SERVANTS FORBIDDEN TO ENGAGE IN AGRICULTURAL PURSUITS—APPOINTMENT OF NON-LEGAL MEN AS DISTRICT JUDGES—OPINION OF THREE—SLAVE ISLAND—DINNER AT THE QUEEN'S HOUSE—DESCRIPTION OF GUESTS' COLONY FAMILIARITY AND MANNERS.

"Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit."

"THE idea of men in a tropical climate playing at cricket; the bare idea causes me to dissolve. What would become of me, were I to perpetrate the reality?"

"Don't be so lazy, Otwyn; you a soldier, and complain of fatigue; remember that exercise is good for the health, and if we mean to enjoy that great earthly blessing, we must take some trouble to obtain and retain it."

"All very true, Whalmer, I am a soldier, but my business is to stand the fire of balls from guns, not to run after them on a cricket-ground; or to storm *batteries*, if required, but not necessarily to be a *batter*. It is my duty to attend to a soldier's work; I am bound to endure fatigue, in the fulfilment of my duty, and to wield a sword; but it is neither my duty, nor pleasure, to scamper from wicket to wicket with an unwieldy weapon in my grasp, which is denominated a cricket-bat; and if health be only obtainable and retainable through these violent measures, in my humble estimation the remedy is worse than the disease."

"Bad logic, Otwyn; however, let us go a little nearer to the players. I see Dighton on the ground; we will join him, and he will tell us who the players are. How are you, Dighton? I want you to tell me the names of the players. Otwyn is in a state of excitement at the idea of men playing at cricket out here."

"No wonder; it really appears a monomania in those who consent to perform such an operation, with the thermometer at eighty-eight."

"That's right, Dighton, I am glad that you coincide with me; the corporeal exertion required to play cricket is great at all times, but out here it would be, to me, unbearable."

"Who is that large man, rather *embonpoint*, who is bowling so lustily and vehemently?"

"That is A. B., the queen's advocate; he is a famous fellow at cricket; and ill-natured folks say that he attends more to that game than he does to crown business."

"I must confess that, at this moment, his costume is not very legal, nor his manner very sedate; no waistcoat, jacket, or braces, a broad-brimmed pith hat, covered with white cotton, and he is hitching up his trowsers every instant, to prevent their falling quite down; that is not very dignified—ah! but there gleamed forth the lawyer's spirit. Did you see the advantage he endeavoured to take of the batter?"

"No, I did not observe; but as the batter is J. S., the merchant, who is a knowing one himself, they are very fairly matched; so with them it is regularly diamond cut diamond."

"With what force the ball has struck that man—he seems hurt, I fear—who is he?"

"That is the manager of the bank, a decent sort of a fellow enough, and a very good cricketer. I don't think he can be much hurt, though, as he continues his game."

"I am glad of it; but what pleasure can you two fellows take in looking at men tearing about, streaming with perspiration, after a ball. For my part, I think those mad who voluntarily undergo such exertion, and those next mad who stand to look at them."

"If you wish it, Otwyn, we will take a stroll—shall we? for I confess that I begin to weary of gazing at their energetic movements."

"Ha, my boy, if you tire of doing

the looking-on part of the affair, why should you have bullied me for declining to perform the operative. I say those men ought to be pronounced *non compos mentis*, incapable of managing their own affairs; their property should be made over to the non-cricketing portion of the community, and they should be placed in a lunatic asylum for the remainder of their natural lives, the inmates of which asylum should be supported by voluntary contributions."

"You are very hard upon them, Otwyn, but in my humble opinion the only objection to be urged against the cricketing is, that it is played upon the race-course in public, and it does not seem very consistent for the Queen's advocate to be doing his best in court at four o'clock to hang a man, and to be playing cricket at five o'clock, before the greater part of the population of Colombo; it derogates from his position to be seen playing like an overgrown boy. Cricketing is a manly game, and very conducive to health, and no objection could exist, if the game were indulged in on their own premises; and as A. B., J. S., and several other members of the cricket club, have large compounds belonging to their houses, they might play there for ever and a day, without drawing upon themselves unpleasant animadversions."

"I admit the objection you urge is, in the main, a correct one, and cricket had better be played in their own grounds, if it be necessary to be played for the sake of health; but a man needs some relaxation, after being in a crowded, heated court all day, and the mind naturally endeavours to shake off that which has occupied and wearied the mental powers. We are so constituted, that we seek in a novel course of excitement rest from the preceding; for, as all thinking men allow, change of employment is rest."

"Agreed; only let the relaxation be in conformity with a man's age and position in society; and though *totus mundus agit histrionem*, I do not like to witness the characters, assumed by the actors in life's drama, unduly sustained."

"You are very right, Dighton," said Otwyn; "but what I complain of out here is, that few appear to know their real position, for the most of them

want to play the principal parts, whilst those who have a right to these characters, by some strange caprice, will place themselves upon a level with the subordinate personators."

"I believe, Otwyn, from what I have heard, that in all colonies the same faults will be found to exist—namely, too close an amalgamation of the different grades of society, and this proves most distasteful to men of education and refined habits."

"I cannot tell what it may be in other colonies, but all I know is, that here it is unpalatable enough to me. Take, for instance, my regiment, the Ceylon Rifles. Some of the fellows are half-castes, nearly as dingy as that croaking crow, who call themselves Dutch and Portuguese descendants, are brother-officers of mine, and these fellows give themselves airs of importance, as they are my senior officers, try to assume and presume over me, as their junior and inferior officer. These animals, who have never been out of the island, are half educated men, with most contracted ideas. What congeniality can subsist between them and myself? None in the world. I do not mean to assert that there are no educated, gentlemanly men in the regiment; there are many, but they are Englishmen. Mind, I speak of the Burghers or half-castes, Dutch and Portuguese descendants, as they call themselves. I should like you, Whalmer, to see Vanderstrutz swaggering about. Don't you remember the old Burgher at Galle, who shaved so close in changing the sovereigns? Well, Captain Vanderstrutz is his son. Is he not grand? It is perfectly ridiculous to see this hectoring, broad-shouldered, stuffed brute, swaggering about, talking of being in the Queen's service, &c.; and remember that he is the son of the man who changed our gold at Galle, and who will retail out two yards of calico, or a bottle of beer; but this fellow is my senior brother-officer, whom I must obey, and to a certain extent associate with. I am so disgusted with the whole thing, that I have written to my father to see if some exchange can be effected, and I have no doubt, with his interest, it will be arranged; at all events, if this arrangement cannot be effected, I have made up my mind to send in my

papers, and return home, as I would rather sweep the streets in England than be under the control of, or be compelled to associate with, these Burghers."

"I feared, Otwyn, that you would not like a colonial regiment for many reasons; but your father will be able to effect some arrangement as to an exchange. I believe none of us like, or are calculated for, a colony; nevertheless, I must stop and work my way up; but had I known, before leaving England, what a colony was, nothing could have induced me to enter one; but as I am here, here I must remain. Dighton and Tom are the best off—one is a merchant, the other meaning to turn coffee or sugar planter; consequently they are their own masters, and independent."

"That's true, Whalmer, but even to a merchant a colony is not always agreeable. The mode of doing business is quite different from the method adopted at home; there is less honesty of purpose evinced from one to the other, or, as a lawyer would say, a good deal of *sharp practice* going on. Then look at many of the mere adventurers who have come out here, got goods consigned to them, term themselves merchants, and consider themselves upon an equality with the oldest and most respectable firms. No, no; I, as an English merchant, and honorable, straightforward man, state distinctly, that a colony is a very pleasant residence for the upstart trader; but to the merchant, who takes his own position in the mother country, as a gentleman and honorable man, it is not a peculiarly agreeable place of abode."

"We have the opinions of a military man, civil servant, and merchant—what says the agriculturist?"

"That you all know I abominate the place, and I have some doubts about settling here, more particularly since I find that land is put up at one pound per acre; and when an estate can be formed where there is a facility for land or water carriage, they tell me it will fetch a much higher price even than that."

"The time to have bought land was when it was sold at five shillings per acre, before this governor's time. Did not the government servants enrich themselves by buying the land, and

forming estates? My partner told me that these gentry used to agree amongst themselves not to give a higher price, or bid against each other. There was some gross jobbing before Sir Colin Campbell's time; the government people used to neglect the crown business, for which they were handsomely paid, to attend to their estates? Then a bother used to arise for the *ready* to work the estates with, and these gentry were compelled to borrow money at a high rate of interest, giving a mortgage on the property. Perhaps the estate did not turn out well under their management, the interest of the borrowed money could not be paid, the mortgage would be foreclosed, and the estate would pass into the merchant's hands, under whose judicious direction it would become most lucrative."

"But this governor very properly has caused all this to be done away with, as the government employes are forbidden to engage in agricultural pursuits, and are required to devote their whole time to the duties of their several offices. Although I regret, for your sake, Tom, that land cannot be purchased at five shillings per acre, I think the governor is to be commended for setting a high price upon crown lands. In fact, this colony has now a surplus revenue; and when Sir Colin Campbell came here, he found it a burthen to the mother country."

"My partner has mentioned to me the determined resistance which every member of the colonial government here offered to the governor, in carrying out and enforcing the requisite reformation necessary for the well-doing of the colony, as the civil servants were compelled either to give up their appointments, or their estates; and if they retained the former, they were obliged to do the work attached to each peculiar office. This did not suit these gentlemen, and Sir Colin was abused through thick and thin; but as the home government supported the governor's views, these gentlemen were eventually necessitated to knock under, and sing small."

"Quite right that they should be compelled to do the work they are paid for; but there is one reform I am absolutely astonished that Sir Colin Campbell has not wrought, namely,

the appointment of legal men to the benches of district courts and courts of requests: this is a crying evil, and ought to be remedied."

"Indeed this is very bad; and suitors suffer severely from men holding these appointments who have not made the law their study or profession. When this objection has been urged, the reply has been, that if suitors are dissatisfied with the decision of these judges, they have the power to appeal to the supreme court, which consists of the chief justice and two puisne judges, who are legal men. But then the unnecessary delay and expense entailed by this mode of procedure is very great, which many of the suitors are totally unable to incur, and are, therefore, compelled to abide by the decision of a judge who knows nothing either of law or equity."

"These are the most outrageous appointments that ever were heard of. Surely, where the interests of the community are concerned, and so large an amount of property is at stake, it should be the care of the government to appoint none but efficient legal men. Many, very many, barristers of talent and long standing, both at the equity and common-law bars in England, would be glad to accept these district judgeships; for the profession is overstocked at home, and would bear thinning. Thus the mother country, as well as the colony, would be benefited by the appointment of men educated for the legal profession; for, as Lord Brougham most justly remarked, the practice of the bar, to the many, does not offer the riches of Goleonda, so as to induce talented, qualified men to refuse employment under the crown, for the uncertain practice of the bar, where few only obtain great practice or fame."

"There are more than two thousand barristers in England—how few of their names are ever before the public; and many men of brilliant minds, who are well versed in the intricacies of their profession, never have an opportunity of displaying their talents, knowledge, or eloquence, in a court. It is clear that no barrister can hope to succeed in his profession unless he has good connexion with solicitors. The solicitor can get employment without the barrister; but the latter requires the intervention of the

solicitors before he can hold a brief, or draw a pleading; and with the usual inconsistency of human affairs, it is considered *infra dig.* for a barrister to court a solicitor, or ask for business; in fact he would be cut by his brethren were he to seek employment from the class of men upon whom he is dependent. I speak thus feelingly," said Whalmer, "having a brother at the equity bar, as clever a fellow as ever put on wig and gown; but who never has held, and, I fear, never will hold, a brief, solely because he has no solicitor who will give him an opportunity of showing to the world what he can do."

"But surely, Dighton, there must be some English barrister, or legal man, on the district benches."

"Out of thirty-four district courts and courts of request, two only have legalmen, Europeans, on their benches (one is a barrister, and the other a writer to the signet), five of the other benches are filled by men who have received a legal education in the island, and several of these are half-castes, or Burghers, whilst the remaining courts have judges who never opened a law book until they had these appointments; consequently, they are totally unfitted for their position; and I believe the information that I have obtained on this subject to be as accurate as it can be, where changes are constantly taking place. The most efficient district judge has been Robert Langslow, a member of the common-law bar, who was sent out after the inhabitants had petitioned the home government that a legal man might be appointed to the district court of Colombo. Langslow performed his duty unflinchingly and sedulously, and administered the law to the satisfaction both of Europeans and natives. Somehow or other he incurred the displeasure of members of the colonial government, and Langslow was charged with slowness in the administration of justice, want of control of temper, and several other minor puerile misdemeanors, and he was suspended from the duties of his office, and eventually dismissed the government service, although English merchants of high standing in the colony, who had been suitors in his court, and numberless natives, stated their entire satisfaction at the mode in which Langslow had ad-

ministered the law, and that they had never seen any undue exhibition of temper on the bench, and petitioned that he might be reinstated in his office. Langslow returned to England to seek redress at the hands of the home government, but after lengthened delays, in the teeth of satisfactory evidence as to his capability and control of temper, the dismissal was confirmed, and Robert Langslow, no longer a young man, had to seek to regain his connexion and practice, which he had given up for this appointment. It is no easy task for a man to begin the world on the wrong side of forty—more particularly with energy and spirit crushed by disappointment."

"Poor fellow," said Otwyn, "I feel for him acutely, but I know too well that it is generally futile to attempt to get reinstated in an office by the home government, after a colonial one has dismissed a party, for the Home Government feel bound, if possible, to support the acts of the colonial government. Hulme, the chief-justice of Hong-Kong, is a rare and fortunate exception. The governor suspended him—Hulme came home, sought, and obtained redress, by being reinstated in his office. This was a fortunate thing both for him and the colony, for a better judge and more humane man never sat upon a bench."

"I don't like all this party spirit, or living among such a set; let's change the conversation; and, Dighton, as you seem to know everything, can you tell me why this is called Slave Island?"

"When the Dutch had possession of the island, the slaves belonging to the government used to reside here, a certain space being enclosed, round which their huts were built, and this was surrounded by a high wall, the gates of which were locked on the slaves at night."

"Did they make slaves of the natives of Ceylon?"

"Yes, of many belonging to the lower castes—then they also imported them—and that is how you find so many descendants of the Caffres and other nations in the island. We forbade the importation of slaves in 1799; the year after, we declared Ceylon a king's colony, and some years after, slavery was abolished throughout the island."

"Thank you, Dighton; you have acquired a great deal of information since you came here, and impart it most readily; but as we have to be at the Queen's House by half-past seven o'clock, it is time to return home, and make ready 'our august persons.'"

"It is hardly worth while to expend our breath in saying good-bye, as we shall so soon see each other again."

"Come, Gus, let you and I toddle this way, while Dighton and Otwyn walk the other."

Half-past seven arrived, and with it many of the invited, to the Queen's House at Colombo; while some who thought to prove their right to be considered *ultra* fashionable—these certainly were extremely impertinent—did not arrive until nearly eight o'clock. The governor entered the drawing-room of the Queen's House exactly at half past seven o'clock, and ought to have found the whole of the guests assembled. The *aids-de-camp* had been doing the honours before Sir Colin Campbell entered the room, and were talking to various groups dispersed about the room and verandah, which consisted of military men in uniform, civilians, and merchants, in the ordinary dinner dress of Europeans. The ladies present were the wives of the various gentlemen, and the toilettes of these fair dames were neither particularly fashionable nor *fraîche*; all their dresses had a *colony* look. Their hair was badly arranged, and those who wore caps or turbans looked as if they had taken a siesta in them, as they appeared crushed and *chiffonné*. In short, the women did not look either well dressed or elegant, and their appearance did not accord with the spacious, brilliantly-lighted rooms, or to the gay uniforms of the military men. The governor was in the full-dress uniform of a general officer, wearing several orders and medals, and was a remarkably handsome man, between sixty and seventy years of age, well-built, but not tall, with hair completely silvered by the hand of time, and his bearing was that of a perfect gentleman and soldier: his keen piercing eye glanced round the room, as he bowed to the ladies, and, addressing one of his *aids-de-camp*, inquired if the whole party had arrived. Being answered in the negative, a slight shade of dissatisfaction passed

over his brow, and he seated himself ~~among~~ a group of ladies, and entered into conversation with them. Our quartette were standing talking to an aid-de-camp, when Whalmer said—

"It seems to me rather cool for folks to keep the governor waiting for his dinner."

"Nothing, when you are used to it out here; sometimes they neither come nor send an apology, but constantly the last guest will not arrive before eight o'clock."

"By Jupiter!" said Atkins, "if I were governor, they should go without their dinner—at all events, by not getting it here, for not one moment would I wait after half-past seven: it is absolutely impertinent to be after time."

"Who is that pretty little woman the governor is now talking to?"

"That is Mrs. Codd; she is that surly-looking fellow's wife: he is a member of council."

"And a brother merchant of mine," said Dighton; "he came out here as an understrapper, or clerk, to the firm of which he is now the head—made himself useful—they raised his salary—partners died—he was taken into the firm as junior—the senior partners one by one dropped off, and he has stepped into their shoes."

"These are the chaps a colony suits. But I suppose all the guests are arrived, as the governor is giving his arm to Mrs. Codd, to lead her down to dinner. There are several military men here, surely their wives take precedence of a merchant's."

"Not if he is a member of council; there stands a lieutenant-colonel's wife, but she must follow in Mrs. Codd's steps."

"Rather galling that, I should think, to both the lieutenant-colonel and his lady."

"Indeed it is; but military men, and government servants, lose rank strangely in a colony, unless they are on the staff, or A.D.C.'s. Would you believe that I have heard of a merchant who said publicly that we fellows at seven-and-sixpence per diem were merely sent out here to protect them? Let us follow, now; there are no ladies for us to take down, so we will sit together at the bottom of the table. Just observe how awkwardly Mrs. Codd seats herself; she does not conduct herself as if she had been accustomed to

good society; neither has she. Her father was a captain of a vessel, of about one hundred and fifty, or two hundred tons, that came out here with some goods consigned to Codd and Craig; and I suppose the skipper thought that as he had a large family he would try to get one daughter off his hands at all events, and so he brings this Mrs. Codd, then Mary Burns, with him. Codd saw her, took a fancy to her pretty pink-and-white doll's face, offered himself, and, I need hardly say, was most readily accepted, both by father and daughter, who had never dreamed of so good a match falling in their way; and, behold, Mary Burns, who never expected to be mistress of more than one dirty drab of all works, now, as Mrs. Codd, has twenty servants at her beck and call, carriages, saddle-horses, &c., and, what is most gratifying to her feminine vanity, and most galling to the women, who would not condescend to visit in the same house she did in England, takes precedence of most of the ladies out here, as she is Mrs. Member of Council."

Now began the clatter of knives and forks, and the innumerable remarks invariably heard at a dinner: "Let me advise you to try this, it is very good"—"A glass of wine; champagne or hock"—"Thank you, I will take beer to your champagne"—"Did you get your letters by the last mails"—"Bad news, Ceylon coffee is falling—sugar is going down—some one in the house ought to take it up—slave-grown sugar should not be admitted; it is very prejudicial to our colonies," and such like; and as this sort of conversation would not interest any one, save residents in a colony, where the principal topics of conversation were the arrival of mails, prices of sugar and coffee, we will just glance round the room. The dining-room is exceedingly large, but the length is disproportionate to the width; punkahs, nearly the whole length of the room, are suspended from the ceiling; and as we have a vivid recollection of the astonishment with which we gazed on these singular machines, we will describe what a punkah is like. In the first place, a frame of wood, considerably longer than wide, is covered with white calico, to the bottom of which is attached a deep frill, flounce, we believe, is the correct feminine term; this is suspended from the ceiling

by strong ropes, while to the centre of the punkah is attached a very long rope, passing through a pulley, which is pulled by a man stationed outside the dining-room, by which means the punkah is kept in constant motion. The utility of the fril—frounce, we stand corrected—is to catch the air, as the punkah waves to and fro, over your head, and very necessary and pleasant is the artificial breeze thus created by the waving of the punkah, when the thermometer ranges from eighty-six to ninety-eight. There is the slight drawback, that your careless servants are quite sure never to look at the ropes by which the punkah is suspended, to see if they are not worn by the constant friction caused by the pulling of the punkah. It is very, very, very hot indeed—you call out to the punkah puller—"Pull the punkah strong, you lazy nigger"—he gives an energetic pull—one in right good earnest, as much as to say, does that please you; smash—squash—down will come the punkah on the dinner-table, destroying the glass and crockery, making most awful uproar, and, worse than all, utterly destroying your dinner. This assuredly does not please you; but even the downfall of a punkah causes different passions to take possession of the human breast. If it takes place in your own domicile, you rave at your head servant about his carelessness, laziness, and stupidity—vow that you will make him replace all that is broken—stamp, fret, fume, working yourself up into both fever and fury. But should this disaster occur at a friend's house, you view it with almost stoical indifference and tranquillity, the equanimity of your temper is not in the least degree ruffled; quietly rising from the table, taking your serviette to wipe off your waistcoat the contents of the curry-dish, which, with some chicken cotelletes, and a claret-jug, have been deposited by the fall of the aforesaid punkah, in your lap; you draw forth with great deliberation—"What—a—horrid—bore, but like these blacks, so insufferably indolent, neglecting their business in every way." Whilst the host is insanely profuse in his apologies for the mishap, you quietly slip away, and finish your dinner, where you can find one. But such a digression is unpardonable, and we absolutely must avoid such, as much as in our

power lies; therefore, we will at once return to the dining-room and dinner-table, at the Queen's House, Colombo. The dinner-table is most brilliantly and profusely lighted by numberless wax candles (by the way, light from wax candles is the most becoming light in the world, whilst gas is alike destructive to the sparkling of eyes and jewels); each candle enclosed in a cut-glass shade, the top of each shade being covered with a perforated tin, to exclude, as much as possible, from the candle, the draught caused by the punkah. On the table is an exceeding handsome service of silver dishes, vases, ornaments, &c. A magnificent epergne is in the centre, on which an inscription states that it was presented to Sir Colin Campbell by the inhabitants of a colony of which he had been "the beloved and respected governor;" and this is filled with many-coloured exotics of dazzling hue. The fare is fit to be served on these costly dishes, and monsieur-le-chef, the governor's Parisian artist, has condescended to bestow attention in the preparation of various appetising viands, spread on the table. The clatter of the knives and forks has ceased, and the dessert is placed upon the table; what a gorgeous pine-apple!—what delicious mangoes!—what magnificent bananas!—what luscious custard-apples, with numerous other tropical fruits, are spread in trim array on the table. The servants withdraw, and, to our surprise, scarcely a guest partakes of these tempting-looking, cooling fruits—and, may we ask the reason? Certainly; because fruit, eaten in the evening is apt to cause cholera. We see you push your plate from you with avidity, on which you had bisected that luscious custard-apple, and were preparing to devour the same with great gusto. You will not run any risk, will you? Quite right, too; wait until morning, and then you may indulge your gourmandise with impunity. But the governor speaks—

"Will you take any more wine, Mrs. Codd?"

"No, I'm obliged."

She bobs her head to another lady, and away they walk, as if they were half-asleep, or had a pound of lead tied to each heel. Having reached the drawing-room, they whisper in couples or trios. Let us count them: there

are nine womenkind; two are on that sofa, three on that couch, two standing talking in that corner, and the remaining two sitting close together on the ottoman, whispering. Each group or party, as they converse, look askance at the others, as if their conversation were of them, or suspected those they gazed at were abusing them, which, doubtless, they are. Leave women alone for making each other uncomfortable, when they choose, they give such spiteful glances from the corners of their eyes; then you hear a horrid little *snigger*—for it cannot be dignified with the name of a laugh, or grin—then a sneer, as the woman they are abusing looks towards them; and, if she attempt to sit on the same sofa with them, will rise, and sail off to another part of the room, tossing their heads to express their indignant surprise at the liberty taken; and you may hear, in a suppressed, snappish tone—"Very odd person, indeed;" "Do not know her;" "Not in our set;" "She is not at all *bien mise*, or *jolie*." "What can the men see to admire in her doll's face?" Dear reader, were we women, we assert that we would rather stand a broadside from a seventy-four, than pass through the ordeal of sneers and covert ill-nature to which some pretty creature is subjected, by those who are older and uglier than herself, between the time of the ladies' departure from the dining-room, and the gentlemen's arrival in the drawing-room. Presto! there is a change in the weather the moment the first creaking varnished boot is either seen or heard—the butter bringing in coffee will sometimes cause a change—but a young unmarried man's arrival produces an entire convulsion of nature. No more black looks—no whispering—in short, no *nothing that is disagreeable*—but smiles and cordiality usurp the place of black looks and sarcastic sniggers.

The change we have described was wrought, in a very modified degree, by the arrival of the governor from the dinner-table, who was followed by those menkind who had imbibed a sufficient quantity of wine. Coffee and tea were now handed round, and the ladies began conversing with less spite and venom, as the men came and joined in their conversation. An A.D.C. went across the verandah, and spoke to

Whalmer, who immediately walked to where the governor was seated.

"Young Otwyn has been telling me, Mr. Whalmer, that Captain Devereux, who is expected out with his regiment, is married to a cousin of your's, the daughter of my old friend and comrade in many a hard-fought battle, Colonel Whalmer; I shall be very glad to see her; she was a most lovely child, and I remember well the grief of her mother at her father's death, and the consolation little Constance was to her. It seems but yesterday, but it is—yes—quite twenty years ago since he died."

The governor's brow was thoughtful for a moment, as memory recalled the past. To all the human race, both high and low, the memory of the dead is sacred, and the mention of their name will cause a temporary gloom.

"Yes, sir, to my great surprise I have heard the — Regiment is ordered out here, and I am much obliged to your Excellency for the kind manner in which you speak of my cousin, Mrs. Devereux; but I fear that she will not like a residence in Ceylon, or find it agreeable."

"We must try, Mr. Whalmer, to make it as agreeable as possible to Mrs. Devereux, and I am sure that it will give my daughter great pleasure to contribute, in every way to the comfort of my old friend's child."

"I cannot express my thanks to your excellency for your extreme kindness, for which I am sure both my cousin and Captain Devereux will be exceedingly grateful."

"Mrs. Devereux was the loveliest child I ever saw, and Otwyn tells me she is as lovely a woman."

"Her presentation at court, sir, caused a sensation; for even the ladies admitted that my cousin was the loveliest bride who had been presented last season."

"Well, well, we shall see what our ladies out here will think of Mrs. Devereux. I hope the ship will arrive before the birth-day ball, as I know that young ladies, married or single, like dancing, and an opportunity of displaying their pretty dresses, and we have not many balls out here. I hope that Mrs. Devereux and yourself will like Ceylon; as for her husband, he *must*, for soldiers are bound

to like the station they are ordered to. Good evening, Mr. Whalmer."

And the governor held out his hand to Whalmer, who respectfully bowed, saying—

"I can only again thank your excellency for all your excessive kindness."

Sir Colin Campbell then spoke to several of the guests, and quitted the drawing-room at the usual hour of half-past ten o'clock; when the guests, who had remained till that time, took their departure, apparently in a great hurry to get away, although not so speedy in performing this operation as those well-bred folks who set all ordinary rules of society at defiance, by leaving the room before the governor quitted it.

"Come, you three fellows, to my room," said Otwyn to our friends, "and you two join us," looking at two A.D.C.'s, and the party filed off to Otwyn's dormitory, in the Queen's House. "There are not six chairs, so some of you must sit on the couch, whilst, as Dickens says, 'I will make the bed the chair, and I will be chair-man.'"

"You have got good quarters here, Otwyn, and you have all the sea breeze, that blows so freshly over the ramparts; so your room is delightfully cool."

"Not bad, my boy: more especially as Sir Colin Campbell has given me leave to remain as his visitor until I hear from my father, which is very kind of him, indeed."

"I do not know," said Whalmer, "a man who, apparently, has more kindness of disposition than Sir Colin Campbell; his appearance is so prepossessing, too; his style of conversation—in short, he is a thorough gentleman, every inch of him—and looks what he has proved himself to be—a brave soldier—just the sort of man fit for a governor."

"Not if you believe the local press, for they abuse the governor most furiously, and invectives are lavished upon all his acts; and I can assure you," said the A.D.C., "it is most painful to Sir Colin Campbell's personal friends to hear the undeserved, insolent abuse which is lavished on his venerable head."

"The insolent rascallions," said Dighton; "if I were his son, I would

make the writers of the abuse swallow the effusions of their venomous pens; but who minds what they say, or write either? Sir Colin's only fault is, that he is too kind and forbearing. To see the brutes here to-day; their mode of addressing the governor was insolent in the extreme; when speaking to him, never dreaming of saying sir, or your excellency. This familiarity is most unbecoming, when addressing a man of his rank—why his very age ought to ensure respect."

"I was much struck," said Whalmer, "at the total absence of all knowledge of etiquette, or *les convenances de société*, displayed by the guests: none rose when the governor entered the room—none save our party, and you A.D.C.'s, gave him any appellation when they addressed him, and several outraged good breeding, by quitting the room before Sir Colin Campbell left it."

"Colony manners, my boy," said the A.D.C. "You are fresh; but this is nothing when you are used to it. The English folks in a colony think they have a right to be asked to the table of the governor, and when in the Queen's House, to behave as they choose. Many men will sit guzzling, long after the governor has left the dinner-table, though all will allow Sir Colin gives good wine, and plenty of it. One of us A.D.C.'s is obliged to remain at table as long as a guest thinks fit to sit. Would you believe it, these animals will frequently leave the table, and walk out of the house, without going into the drawing-room at all."

"The ill-mannered pigs. If I were governor, I would soon bring such folks into proper order: if they could not behave like gentlemen, they should neither sit at my table, nor disgrace the Queen's House, by setting foot inside the door—at least as guests."

"I am afraid you would be very unpopular as Governor Atkins; but I wonder what sort of women are coming out in the Mary Bannaher?"

"I know there is one most elegant, highly-educated woman, my cousin, the wife of Captain Devereux; and I should hope, for her sake, the wives of the officers are nice women, or a three months' voyage must have been most unpleasant to Mrs. Devereux."

"Let's hope, for our own sake,

there are lots of nice women on board, but not all appropriated; for I know two or three chaps who are on the look-out for a nice wife: every officer who has a daughter worth having is regularly besieged by aspirants to her hand, and she gets married directly; if she is a nice girl, it is her own fault if she does not. We all run wild after a well-educated girl, for these colony born and bred women are not palatable to fellows fresh from England."

"The women out here do not seem either very pretty, very pleasant, or very intellectual."

"We have some few nice women out here," said an A.D.C., "but very few. Let a woman be as nice a creature as ever was born or educated, she is sure to fall into the habits of the rest of her sex, if she be out here two years, and her whole day is passed lolling on a sofa, *en dishabille*, being fanned by her ayah, hearing her gossip and lies; or else in receiving or paying morning visits, when more gossiping scandal is indulged in, or in reading some trashy novel. No intellectual employment is attempted, and in the evening she dresses herself as fine as she was slatternly in the morning, and drives round and round the Galliface, staring at every one, more particularly if it is a face she does not recognise, criticising the dresses and bonnets of her own sex, and wondering how their husbands can afford to supply them with all this finery out of their pay, and feels quite sure they are over head and ears in debt, most considerably forgetting her own delinquencies, and how she has assisted her husband to incur debts which preclude the possibility of his returning to England. These ladies occasionally ride, as almost all keep their saddle horses. You see them lolling on one side in their saddles, leaning on their stirrups, the hand resting on the crutch of their saddles, listless, and apparently almost too indolent to hold the reins or keep their seats: add to this flirtation, not always of the most innocent nature, and you may form some idea of the life of an English, Scotch, or Irish woman, in a colony or presidency, where the assumption of importance by the fair sex would be contemptible, were it not ridiculous."

"They can't beat the men at attempting to assume a position which does not belong to them; but the picture you draw, I believe, from the little I have seen, to be quite a true one."

"What will Constance do, Tom, with such women for companions? I am sure that she neither could, nor would, associate with such women; their habits and ideas would be perfectly repugnant to her, in every way. Is it not time for us to be wending our way homewards? it is nearly twelve o'clock. Dighton, my dear fellow, be sure to send me word at the Cutchery the moment the Mary Bannaher is in sight, for we must go on board to greet my cousin and her husband."

"Rely on it, Whalmer, that I will let you know, and you shall have our boat if you like."

"You are a good fellow, and I am much obliged to you for your kindness in offering the loan of your house to Devereux, until he can get one to suit him."

"Don't talk stuff, Whalmer, I shall be the gainer, as it will be very pleasant to see a lady presiding at my table."

"I hope Mrs. Devereux will arrive before the birth-day ball; she will eclipse all our colonial belles—won't they be envious, if she be as handsome as Otwyn describes her to be?"

"I do not know what his description of her may have been; but she is as clever as she is lovely, and as highly educated as she can be; few women can compare, either in person or mind, with Constance Devereux."

"And she sings and dresses so well, and dances so nicely, all the men admire and like her," said Otwyn.

"And the women, as a matter of course, hate her. How envious the darling creatures are of their own sex. We menkind ought to feel highly flattered, as it is *pour l'amour de nos beaux yeux*, that they thus clapper-claw mentally, and occasionally physically, each other, for our sakes."

"Come, Tom, we must go. What a funny fellow you are, and what strange words you do use. Dighton, don't forget the Mary Bannaher."

Good night, and good night—*exceunt omnes*.

MY UNCLE THE CURATE.*

"How shall my story open?" is the anxious inquiry of every novelist. A summer sunset—a winter storm—an extract from a letter, announcing some death or marriage that varies the relations of some half dozen members of one or two families, of whom the reader as yet knows nothing, for the best of all possible reasons, that they as yet have no existence, except as phantoms before the eye of the author—phantoms, too, whose evanescent being is of so very doubtful a character, that they are perpetually changing their shape and colour—mocking the imagination that creates them—fading away utterly into absolute nothingness, except when the mental eye is distinctly fixed on them; and yet, at times, possessing attributes of such intense reality, as to throw into shade everything we class with actual existences. Fiction has a truth of its own, and in its own world a reality which must not be violently or rudely disturbed. It has privileges which even we reviewers must endeavour to respect. The novelist, we must remember, is communicating to us a secret; he must be allowed to tell it in his own way. We are not to anticipate, or we are pretty sure to go wrong, and thus be punished for our rudeness. We are not to indulge in commentary; for he has the right to address every person who would interrupt him in the language of a privileged person—

"I am a blessed Glendoveer,
'Tis mine to speak, and yours to hear."

This being so, how is a novelist to be reviewed? Is he to escape altogether?—is the reviewer to be silent? We plainly have no right to tell his whole story; as plainly is it impossible to comment on it with any effect, except we suppose it already known to our readers. Thus narrative and comment being, in a great measure, excluded, we can do little more than give our readers some general notion

of the kind of entertainment which they are likely to meet; and with which they will, almost as soon as these pages can meet their eye, have the opportunity of being supplied by the thousand circulating libraries of the empire.

The story, of which, after all, we must tell more than we could wish, is one of Irish life and manners; the scene, for the most part, in one of the wildest districts of the north of Ireland; in a part of the county of Donegal, in which, from accidental causes, with which the novelist has no proper concern, Celtic manners and habits still linger. The fortunes of the family of an educated clergyman, who has a church-living in this wild and secluded region, are the subject of this domestic romance. His sister is married to the curate; and hence the title of the book. The curate, *Hercules Woodward*, is uncle-in-law to the young *Spencers*.

Mr. Spenser, the beneficed clergyman of our romance, is an Englishman, whose life is passed among his books; in his library are all his enjoyments. He has a sickly and troublesome wife, who, as most of her time is passed in her bedroom, is more heard of than seen. She is a second wife, with a family of young children, of whom, fortunately, we hear less than of their nursery maids and governess—the latter one of the most important characters in the book—not, indeed, the heroine, yet a heroine indeed. There are two daughters and a son, the children of a former marriage; the daughters marriageable, and the son of an age when it is fit to think of sending him to college.

The plain business, then, of the author is to get husbands for these young ladies, and provide a proper education for the young gentleman. The husbands are imported from England, and the heir eventually of this branch of the house of Spenser is sent to England for his education.

* "My Uncle the Curate;" a Novel. By the Author of "The Bachelor of the Albany," and "The Falcon Family." 3 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1849.

Mr. Spenser, the rector, is a Whig—an amiable, indolent man. His curate and brother-in-law is a Tory, somewhat of an ultra-conservative; both right-minded men, attached to each other—their political predilections not very strongly brought out. Mr. Spenser's indolence is contrasted with the jealous activity of the curate; but its effect is chiefly seen in the sort of life which goes on within his own house. His sickly wife, the victim of self-indulgence, is the natural prey of her waiting maid, and of a young lady, whose ostensible position is that of governess to a young brood of Spensers, who have not yet escaped from the nursery. Her real occupation is that of learning all the secrets of the house and the neighbourhood. She is a cunning, restless mischief-maker. With the group of which she is the governess we are wholly unconcerned, as she seems to be; for they scarcely make their appearance on the stage at all. We must allow the author himself to describe the residence of the Spensers:—

“There existed some twenty years ago, and probably still exists, a parsonage in the county of Donegal, and parish of Redeross, situated close to the water edge, on the shores of a small but beautiful arm of the sea, which resembled, just at that place, one of the many romantic lakes or pools which abound in the Welsh highlands. The parsonage (a comfortable house, containing accommodation for a large family, but with no great architectural pretensions) stood on the northern side of the creek, or *fiorde* (as such inlets are called in Norway), so that it enjoyed a southern exposure, beside being very well sheltered on the north and north-east by a lofty range of hills, whose steep rocky sides, strewed with patches of wild vegetation (delicious browsing for sheep), rose like a wall over it. In the westerly direction, where the hills were least precipitous, a copse of oak and birch crept from their base to the very summits; and towards the east, or to the left of the parsonage, a high point of rock, which stood boldly into the water, was erected in a very imposing manner with a group of pines, or trees of that species, whose tops were fired at midsummer with the sun's beams, long before their golden track was visible upon the bosom of the lake. A few acres of green sward—the natural turf improved by not much manual labour—filled up the space between the house and the

beach, consisting of a narrow strip of sand, which, not being itself often encroached on by the waves, manifested equal forbearance to the lawn, which it seemed to skirt with silver. From the front of the parsonage the view was exquisite, for it not only commanded the loch itself, with its picturesque banks, distinguished by their air of idle grandeur, but the additional prospect of a not very distant mountain range beyond, one of whose numerous peaks was nearly of a sugar-loaf form, and domineered superbly, with its fine dark-blue cone, over the less ambitious parts of the chain.”—Vol. i. pp. 43-45.

The rector, his son *Sydney*, and his daughters *Arabella* and *Elizabeth*, sate enjoying the scene. An excursion to a neighbouring island was planned for the next day. There was something ominous, however, in the sunset-clouds, which predicted the storms that seem perpetually lurking to interrupt our best-arranged parties of pleasure. There was something, too, of the kind of terror which an experienced novel-reader is apt to feel in the tone in which it was communicated by Sydney to his sisters, that he had asked his friend, Mr. Dawson, to be of the party. The sisters are both distressed by the communication. It, however, affects the second daughter, Elizabeth, who is described as a radiant brunette of eighteen, with peculiar alarm. While they are arranging the project for the next day, the proper hero of the book makes his appearance:—

“Hercules Woodward stood six feet three inches in his stocking feet, and he was broad and brawny in proportion. . . . He had the honestest though roughest set of features imaginable; a face as massive and strongly marked as those which sculptors assign to river-gods, a high bald forehead, bushy, reddish whiskers, and good-humoured but powerful eyes, over which a pair of enormous brows beetled, with an endeavour, not always unsuccessful, to give them a ferocious aspect.

“Such was his person. His dress was very much in keeping with it. He wore a short frock, or rather jacket, of dark-blue cloth, not much finer than frieze; it was something between a sailor's jacket and a shooting-coat. His trousers, very wide and very short, were of strong grey plaid, the coarsest of the kind that is called shepherd's, and his waistcoat was from the same piece; a black silk handkerchief loosely

encircled his hirsute throat; his feet were furnished with shoes such as men wear in snipe-shooting, and his head was provided with a low-crowned and broad-brimmed glazed hat. . . . It was difficult enough to believe that he was Mr. Spenser's brother-in-law, but it will be harder still to credit what is equally true—he was also his curate!"—Vol. i. pp. 55, 56.

It will save trouble if we transcribe the author's account of the young ladies of the parsonage:—

"Arabella was tall, fair-haired, with delicate and very handsome features; her figure was also very good, her carriage distinguished, but haughty; and the same expression, mixed with something of petulance and scorn, was visible in her eyes and on her lips. . . . She was a woman without passions and without a heart. Elizabeth Spenser was not so tall as her sister, but, though younger, she was even more mature in appearance; somewhat rounder, promising in a short time to be a robust as well as a beautiful woman. Her hair was a dark brown, and nature had been prodigal to her of that loveliest of female ornaments. Her eyes were dark also, only more grey than black. The nose was slightly aquiline; it made her countenance a commanding one; and the expression of her mouth, too, was a further indication of energy and self-reliance. Yet the best part of her loveliness was that with which her mind irradiated her person, as the beauty of a lamp is shown by the pure bright flame within it."—Vol. i. pp. 73 74.

It is pretty plain that Elizabeth is the author's favourite.

The curate's business at the parsonage is chiefly for the purpose of dissuading the party from their intended water excursion. He is rather wise. Virgil himself could not tell the signs of a coming storm with more unerring accuracy than Hercules Woodward; but never was prophet listened to with more of distrust and incredulity, than the curate was doomed to experience. The voyage was, however, interdicted absolutely by Mr. Spenser, to the great annoyance of his son.

The curate returned to his own home. "I trust," said Mr. Spenser to himself, as he walked back to the house, "that Lord Bonham's friends are not at sea, or that they will get into port before the gale rises."

Who is Lord Bonham?—who are Lord Bonham's friends? Lord Bonham is an Irish absentee—the owner of a large estate in the neighbourhood of the parsonage, and the patron of the living, which is worth about eight hundred a-year. The friends about whom the parson's anxiety is at the moment awake, are two Cambridge students, who are making a vacation visit to the north of Ireland. Of these, Vivyan has accidentally some connexion with the particular district in which the Spensers are located, as he has a small estate there, the rents of which are received for him by a respectable person, with whom we are destined to form an intimate acquaintance, as he is also Mr. Spenser's tithe-proctor.

The Mr. Dawson, whose name our readers may remember as a friend of Sydney Spenser's, was a dissolute young man of broken fortunes, who lived in a sort of Castle Rackrent on the coast. Castle Dawson was separated by wild and dreary mountains from the parsonage and the village of Redcross, in the vicinity of which the curate lived. Dawson's estate was eaten up with debt; he still, however, contrived to maintain a kind of divided possession with receivers of the Court of Chancery, sequestrators, and ministers of the law of all kinds. He perversely fancied himself in love with Elizabeth Spenser. His visits to the parsonage had, however, been interrupted by his owing a tithe arrear, which, to the surprise of the rector, he now expressed a wish to pay, and requested that the agent, a tithe-proctor, should be sent to receive it. Randy McGuire is forthwith dispatched to Castle Dawson, and he takes the opportunity of, at the same time, visiting the tenants of Vivyan, for the purpose of collecting his rent. Randy was not the agent, but his deputy. The agent resided in Dublin, lounging about the clubs, "being too fine a man to collect rents in person, particularly the rents of a small estate."

McGuire was a coward. In the district where his operations were carried on, there was no conspiracy against either rent or tithes; but if there was actual rebellion against the landlord and the parson in other parts of the island, Donegal was not without its rumours of approaching war.

Randy had to ask for his tithes more than once; and, even as to rent, he did not see in the tenants the zeal for its payment to which he had been accustomed. His best friend was the priest, who had his eye on the "chaps" that would agitate the parish. It was some comfort to Randy that, on the morning he rode to Castle Dawson, Sydney Spenser chanced to be the companion of his road. As they passed the ruins of an old fortress that was called, "the Black Castle," Sydney amused himself by suggesting images of danger to the fancy of the timorous old man. At last they came to where their roads parted. Randy stopped at a little inn opposite the avenue to Castle Dawson to receive Vivyan's rent, reserving his visit to Dawson for the following morning. Sydney rides to Castle Dawson.

He is received by its master with a confused and bustling welcome. Still there is something that shows his visit is ill-timed. We have said that Dawson, was in every respect, a scoundrel. When Sydney came, there were with him two associates, whom he had brought from England, and whose immediate occupation was assisting Dawson in plundering the castle of some pictures and books that had belonged to a former possessor of the place, and which, being of some value, were proposed to be replaced by some worthless substitutes.

To communicate such a purpose to Sydney is, of course, impossible. The difficulty is got over by bluster, and bustle, and falsehood. The ruffians are presented as a valuator sent down from the courts, and a wandering artist. Sydney is made to drink deep, and at the close of the evening play is proposed. There are no cards. Sydney recollects that Randy, who is at the little inn, is likely to have a pack in his pocket, and one of the ruffians walks to the inn for the purpose of getting them.

Randy was weary, and had retired to his den early. He had received Vivyan's rent, and was anxious to count the notes. There is scarcely any passage in the book which more strikingly illustrates the power of our author in that mixed style of description, which is the charm of Scott's manner, and in which sentiment seems and but seems to prevail over what is

properly observation. There is not a page in these volumes that does not show the author to be a thoughtful, right-judging, and benevolent man. Those who read the book for the mere story will not be disappointed, for the story is skilfully interwoven, and happily told; those who read it for its incidental pictures of society in a land where society itself is a picturesque anomaly, will be amused and gratified; but the character and value of this book, and of its author's former works, is of a far higher stamp than arises from such merits as these. These are but the frame-work—the necessary and carefully wrought frame-work of what we find in his novels. The author of fictions such as we are now engaged with is, in reality, educating such minds as he influences in much the same way as Spenser or any of our great allegorical poets. The education is in what constitutes our proper humanity.

The picture of Randy reckoning his money is perfect:—

"The passion for money was illustrated strikingly and curiously in the character of the little tithe-proctor. Randy was remunerated for his services with a fixed salary, and he was scrupulously honest and punctual in making over to his principals all the sums he received; but he delighted inconceivably in the mere act of receiving. The mere sight and touch of the money—the mere flapping of the wings of Plutus passing ever so fleetly over him, gratified his disinterested covetousness inordinately. The uncleanest rag of a bank-note—the filthiest dress that ever filthy lucre wore—a tattered old note, which he was not even to retain possession of, perhaps, for half a-day—thrilled with rapture his little yellow palm, made his fingers quiver, and his eyes dance and glitter. So far his avarice was sensual, almost the only sensual luxury the poor old man was acquainted with; yet at the same time, was there ever so pure a form of the love of money? For it was not for himself he grasped it; if he was rapacious (and it was only the fear of Mr. Spenser's displeasure that kept him from being a *Verræ* in his line) it was not with the slightest view to his own profit, but simply out of a strong affection for the sight of the paper or the coin itself. Mammon had never a sincerer worshipper. Mammon did little for poor Maguire; housed him poorly, clothed him sparingly, put scarce a pound of flesh on his bones, fed him

grudgingly on herrings and potatoes, varied only with eggs and rashers of bacon, supplied his extraordinary length of nose with only a penny-worth of snuff weekly; yet was the devout little old proctor more loyal to his false god, than many a Christian is to the true and bountiful divinity who clothes him in soft raiment, lodges him in a palace, and feeds him daintily thrice a-day.

"No sooner had he climbed the steep narrow stair-case, or more properly ladder, which led to his familiar roost, than closing the door he squatted himself down on a rough-hewn deal chair, over his twinkling farthing candle (a peeled rush dipped in the melted fat of sheep) to reckon out his money, and perform the necessary little operations and tendernesses towards it, previous to vesting it respectfully in the old black-leather case, which (as we have seen) he always carried in a privy pocket wrought into the breast of his coat, on the inner and left side, so as to be as near his heart as possible.

"One by one he took up the notes delicately and reverently, as some great scholar and editor in the Vatican might handle a fragment of a lost decade of Livy discovered in a state of extreme decay, dropping to pieces like tinder. Then he very gently smoothed down every piece of bank paper separately; no lady's maid ever handled a berthe of the costliest point more daintily."—Vol. i. pp. 216-219.

Randy is next day robbed of this money, and of a sum received at Castle Dawson. But we anticipate. Sydney is led into play, and is a winner. He at last is got to bed; and then commences the spoliation of the pictures and articles of vertu at Castle Dawson. The sale of the pictures at Castle Dawson had been directed by the Court of Chancery, but no provision had been made for their being valued by any competent judge; and this omission suggested to Dawson the easy fraud in which he was now engaged.

Never did Lapland witch or wizard brew a more convenient storm than that which was predicted by Hercules Woodward; and 'the weather that followed was favourable—marvellously favourable—to all the purposes which we must suppose present to our author's mind, when he first sketched the young ladies at the parsonage. And the rain after the storm was as good as the storm itself. It rained

cats and dogs, and lieutenant-colonels—it really did! We wish we had Griffith's map of the district, to learn all about lakes, and bogs, and rivers, or that our author had given names to his localities. Well, we must do without them, and get on as we best can. But how shall Lieutenant-colonel Dabzac and Mr. Trundle get on, who are riding during the stormy sunset to a dinner-party, and find a bridge which they have to cross, the only one for many a weary mile, broken down by the violence of the flood. Trundle is Lord Bonham's agent; is busy with a hundred plans for the improvement of Ireland; and the Whig parson's is as good a name as he can get to his memorial, praying the imperial parliament for thirty millions to develop the resources of Ireland. More he feels it not reasonable to ask, but less he will not take. Lieutenant-colonel Dabzac is an Orange Lieutenant-colonel. He is one of the Ulster magnates; will rule all things with a high hand. The Whig parson views him with what our author describes as a natural antipathy. Not so his elder daughter. He is the very man for her. A week of variable weather keeps him a willing prisoner at the parsonage. There is rain enough for some two or three days to confine the parties to flirtation within doors; and then the sky brightens; and we have out-door rides, and finally an excursion to the magic island, of which we have before made mention. The within-door amusements are varied by occasional readings of essays by Mr. Spenser; for fadulent as he is, he is by no means an inactive author. We have from him a pleasant chapter, entitled "Directions to Governesses," and a philosophical romance, emulating Gulliver's journey to Laputa, describing the country of Higgledy-Piggledy:—

"The island is so called from the Higgledies, who constitute the smaller and wealthier part of its population, and the Piggledies, who constitute the greater and poorer portion. . . .

"Up to the beginning of the present century, the island had a sort of legislature of its own, not extremely unlike the British Parliament in form, called the National Harem-Scarem. Marvellous things are recorded of the Harem-Scarem of Higgledy-Piggledy, which

the Higgladies kept all to themselves, with all its profits and honours, in order that the Piggledies, by their efforts to get into it also, might never want a motive to keep the country in its normal state of uproar and disorder. At length a more powerful neighbouring state, the Whitelanders, envious of the prosperity of the people of Higglody-Piggledy in the possession of this inestimable domestic treasure, determined to rob them of it, and actually committed the robbery about the beginning of the present century. To the Higgladies this was perhaps a serious blow, but the Piggledies might have been expected to have rather rejoiced than grieved at it. The contrary, however, took place. The Piggledies have been howling like maniacs from that day to this for the restoration of their native Harem-Scarem, an assembly into which they were never suffered to put their snouts."—Vol. i. pp. 354–358.

Such was the island of Higglody-Piggledy; and what the whole island was on a large scale, every village in the island was in little.

Redeross, where our curate lived, was itself a type of all the rest. It was an ancient corporate town, and this kept up a distinction between the classes of inhabitants: all, however, were idle and lazy—all doing nothing—all expecting everything to be done for them:—

"The Protestant population belonging to the Established Church consisted of a grocer, a publican, two tailors, three policemen, and four revenue-officers, with their respective complements of wives and children. The Presbyterians numbered one shoemaker, two blacksmiths, a baker, a carpenter, and a wheel-wright. There was one Quaker, who met in his own house; and the rest of the burghers of all trades and vocations, a vast majority of the entire population, were Roman Catholics, principally M'Swynes, with the few O'Garties, races of old renown in the county, but generally at feud with one another."—Vol. ii., pp. 16, 17.

The efforts of the Spensers and Woodward to civilise these people are told us in a description of the spinning-schools, and other educational institutions, which they superintend. Dabzac bears everything except the extraordinary conduct, as he esteems it, of Spenser's asking the parish priest to dinner:—

"It was a chapter of Irish history to mark how the colonel looked at the priest just as if he was a dog, or the priest of a religion in which a dog was the divinity. Father Magrath, on the other hand, eyed the colonel with the defiant air of a man who felt that he represented the people, and that the cause of the people was 'conquering and to conquer.' The intense enmity with which they regarded one another was, indeed, the means of keeping the peace between them; for, feeling that any converse must inevitably lead to a warmth of altercation incompatible with good manners, particularly in ladies' company, they refrained, by mutual consent, from holding any intercourse whatsoever."—Vol. ii., p. 34.

The report of the tithe proctor's having been robbed has already reached the parsonage; and Mrs. Spenser has made her husband write to the chief secretary, to obtain military protection in this lawless state of the country. "My Uncle the Curate" suspects that Dawson himself has something to say to the adventure. Sydney has not yet returned. Is a visit to the island to be delayed 'till his return? No, say the young ladies, for he will bring Dawson with him; and Dawson, at all times detestable, could never be less welcome than at the time of Dabzac's visit. So to the island they go; the Spensers in a smart cutter of their own—the Woodward in a stout, well-built smack, called after Hercules's fat wife, the "Caroline."

It is a glorious day. The young Spensers—a younger brood than those with whom we are chiefly concerned—are all alive with joyousness. Their cousins, the Woodward—for the curate's fat wife is the rector's sister—trained to bolder and harder habits, scamper over rock and mountain. They are startled at the sight of a Newfoundland dog, and they soon find that there are other visitors on the island. Lord Bonham's friends, for whose safety the late storm had made Spenser anxious, have taken possession of the spot, and are making themselves as comfortable as they can with stores from their pleasure-bark, which has escaped with as little real injury as if a Prospero and Ariel had again combined to array incidents of but seeming danger, and hasten on the destinies of these summer mariners. As surely as Arabella is made for our lieutenant-

colonel, and our lieutenant-colonel for Arabella, so surely must Elizabeth find a lover blown to her by this most propitious storm. She and Vivyan meet for the first time on the enchanted island. But another of her lovers makes his appearance at the pic-nic—no other than Mr. Dawson, who, with Sydney, follows the party. We learn, in the course of the day, that Dawson is about to become M.P. for the borough of Rottenham.

Acquaintanceship, of course, grows out of the incidents of the day, and, on a visit to the parsonage, we have the following playful description:—

“‘Now you shall hear, Mr. Vivyan, how well our Echo understands the state of Ireland.’

“‘Then the rector proceeded to catechise the nymph as follows, taking care to pronounce the final words of each sentence in a sufficiently loud tone.

“‘What is the chief source of the evils of Ireland? *Echo*—Land.

“‘What is the state of Munster?—*Stir*.

“‘What are they doing in Connaught?—*Naught*.

“‘Why don't they reclaim their morasses?—*Asses*.

“‘Should we not incite them to industry?—*Try*.

“‘Inform us what the derivation of Erin is?—*Erinnys*.

“‘Then the curate, with his stentorian lungs, proposed the following interrogatories, shaped with a view to show that the Echo was of his way of thinking:—

“‘What would you give the Catholics?—*Licks*.

“‘Who best deserves a fat rectory?—*Tory*.

“‘But the Echo answered questions of another kind, equally to the satisfaction of the company; for, on being asked

“‘In what wine shall we drink the health of Colonel Dabzac?’ the airy tongue replied, with the same promptitude and sharp distinctness—‘*Sack*.’”—Vol. ii., pp. 108, 109.

The manners of the people of Redcross are necessarily the subject of some attention to the English visitors. The rector insisted they were improving—slowly, very slowly, however. He scarcely succeeds in proving that there is any change for the better:—

“‘It was an unlucky day for the poor citizens of Redcross, for, as the party rode through that part of the town,

which the M'Swyhes principally occupied, and where the houses were generally thatched, a most diverting and surprising scene presented itself. The inhabitants were observed, some perched like birds, others lying on their faces, upon the roofs of their humble dwellings, for what purpose the Englishman tried in vain to conjecture.

“‘It is an Oriental custom,’ said Markham, ‘and perhaps confirms what I have heard stated, that the Irish are of Eastern and Hebrew origin.’

“‘The Spensers smiled at this learned solution, but Vivyan naturally wondered how they could enjoy this house-top recreation in such a high wind.

“‘Why don't you come down,’ he asked, ‘until the gale abates a little?’

“‘On the contrary,’ said Mr. Spenser, ‘they will never come down while the gale lasts; if they did, their roofs would be blown into the air.’”—Vol. ii., pp. 136, 137.

Dawson has been pitchforked into parliament by a knot of priests and attorneys. Dawson swallows pledges with less difficulty than Rabelais's hero, who fed every day upon wind-mills:—

“‘He pledged himself to dismember the British empire without a scruple, and would have entered into an equally solemn engagement to repeal the law of gravity and dissolve the universe, with just as little remorse of conscience.

“‘As to his patriotism and public spirit, they were hereditary; he prized his country too highly to sell her for a trifle, and he thought it the indefeasible right of an Irish gentleman to have a parliament of his own, wherein to carry his jobs. The last generation had driven their parliamentary trade in College Green, and he saw no reason why the present should be forced to do their dirty work at Westminster;—so far was Dudley a thoroughly sincere repealer.’”—Vol. ii., pp. 245-247.

We have told of the fears of Mrs. Spenser, and how they led her to wish for military protection at the parsonage. This was refused; but, through some interference of Dawson's, for the purpose of ingratiating himself with Mrs. Spenser, a party of police were sent there, to the great annoyance of Mr. Spenser. The scene in the ante-chamber of the Chief Secretary of Dublin Castle is a very amusing one, and has the appearance of being a sketch from some actual realities:—

"There were circumstances connected with this first act of Mr. Dudley Dawson in his parliamentary character which incline us to describe it in some little detail.

"He excited not a little attention as he swaggered one day about five o'clock into the waiting-room of the Castle, generally thronged about that hour with officials having appointments on business, deputations, suitors, claimants, expectants, political quacks hawking their sovereign remedies for all manner of public disorders and social evils, news-mongers, outrage-mongers, vote-mongers, pamphleteers (dirty fellows, some of them, in more ways than one), reporters, messengers, loungers, tattlers, idlers, and spectators. It was capital to overhear the different little groups into which the assembly was divided whispering together, and mutually despising and abusing one another as hirelings, place-hunters, and Castle-hacks. Mr. Trundle was there with his address to the Crown and enormous chart of Loch Swilly, determined to see the Chief Secretary, who, upon his part, was equally determined not to see Mr. Trundle. A Mr. Fosberry was there also, as great a bore in his way as Trundle, with his pockets full of samples of all kinds of guano, liquid and solid. He perfumed the ante-room in not the most agreeable way.

"A well-known, clever, and popular attorney, Tom Conolly by name, was there amongst the rest, having some little business of his own to transact, and beguiling the time before his interview with poignant jests and humorous anecdotes, keeping a large circle in fits of laughter. Conolly was the shrewdest, cleverest, pleasantest, jolliest limb of the law that ever the sweet south, whence he came (and which alone could have produced him) contributed to the hall of the Four-Courts. He had fun enough to make a dozen funny fellows, and he knew more law than all the place-hunting barristers put together. His electioneering talents were matchless;—craft, daring, good-humour, with a strong voluble court-house elocution—a Machiavelli in the committee-room, a Wilkes on the hustings. His broad round face was as full of sensible drollery as the part of one of Shakspeare's clowns. It was intensely Irish; its music, if faces are musical, played 'Patrick's-day,' or 'The Boys of Kilkenny,' audibly. He looked comedy, and he spoke farce—the comedy, Goldsmith's; the farce, O'Keefe's. His lips quivered with mirth, and he had an eye for the

hole in every man's coat, or could pick one at his pleasure.

"There was incessant ringing of bells, the Chief Secretary's bell, the Under Secretary's bell, and other bells, which kept such a jangling as was never before heard, except in a Flemish town, or in Mr. Spenser's house, when his wife was hysterical. Tom Conolly pretended that he knew by the bells what the result of each interview was. If a bell rang sharply and waspishly, the last person introduced was no favourite; the Secretary was provoked by his application, and impatient to get rid of him. If it rang steadily, and not immediately after the bowing out, an impression had been produced, and the claim was worth consideration. All this time the messengers and junior clerks were bustling to and fro, some with red boxes, some with black, some with bundles of papers, some taking cards and letters from those in waiting, and promising to hand them in at the very first opportunity. Dawson arrested one of the messengers, and said, in an authoritative tone, that he wanted to see Lord —

"Impossible, sir, to-day," said the ready fellow.

"Dawson blazed up, and presenting his card, ordered the messenger to hand it instantly to the Chief Secretary: adding, so that the whole ante-room heard him, 'I'm a member of parliament.'

"Everybody looked at the self-advertised legislator, and Conolly, who was acquainted with everything and everybody, soon made it known who Dawson was, telling stories of his father and grandfather, and the Dawson nose, which forced his audience to hold their sides.

"Now, Mr. Dawson, this way."

"Mr. Dawson," said the Secretary, without sitting down, 'I was sorry to be under the necessity of refusing Mr. Spenser's application for a military force; indeed, he wanted some pieces of cannon, which was quite out of the question; but, to the extent of a small detachment of police, I have no objection to comply with his wishes and yours. As long as I hold office, the clergy shall be protected, and whenever you have any favour to ask on their behalf I shall be always happy to see you, either here or in London.'

"As he made this speech, he bowed the member out of the room as adroitly as if he had studied the rules Mr. Taylor gives in his 'Statesman' for putting an abrupt end to official conferences."—Vol. ii., pp. 249-260.

The machinery of the novelist is very much the same as that of actual life. The passions and intrigues of servants, and their unsuspected contrivances to carry out some small objects of their own, disturb the arrangements of your imaginary Spensers and Woodwards, no less than similar interferences with our happiness in real life. Miss M'Cracken, the nursery governess, has humbled herself to being the mere toady of Mrs. Spenser. She poisons her mind with every malignant vapour of report that circulates through the village, and stupifies her frame with laudanum, prohibited by Mrs. Spenser's physicians, but clandestinely procured and administered by Miss M'Cracken. She it is who suggests to Dawson the means of conciliating Mrs. Spenser; and Dawson's energies are kept awake to the carrying out every object of Miss M'Cracken, by his strange passion for Elizabeth.

The party of police sent down to the parsonage soon complicates the story, by making Miss M'Cracken herself a sort of an heroine. A young policeman, the son of a respectable family, wins her heart. He loses his place in the police; but, through Dawson's interest, gets an appointment in the excise. Miss M'Cracken fears that her prey may escape, and her mind is given to the object of getting the family to Dublin. This is easily managed. Threatening notices are written, in a tone of furious patriotism, and determinate resistance to tithes—written by Miss M'Cracken herself; but, between Mrs. Spenser's fears and the alarm excited, the family leave the parsonage for Dublin.

Sydney is sent to Cambridge, chiefly to save him from the contamination of Dawson's society. Dawson had, however, already taught him to contract debts in the little village of Redcross, and the lessons there learned are repeated on a large scale at Cambridge.

A number of concurring circumstances seem to fasten on Sydney the guilt of having robbed the tithe-proc-

tor. His own exceeding weakness, in not stating the facts of his debts in the village, and of having paid some of them with money won at play from one of Dawson's associates, and which proved to be part of the spoil taken from Randy, leaves little doubt of his guilt. The disentanglement of the web in which accident and the frauds of Dawson have involved him, is the chief business of the latter part of the story.

We must not tell all our author's secrets. Hercules must, no doubt, die an archdeacon, or something of the kind; but how this is brought about we know, and will not tell. In fact, we have already told too much of the story; but as we have said, no analysis can give the faintest conception of the real merits of this novel.

We wish we had more room for extracts. The chapter entitled "Dawson in Parliament," is excellent. Tom Conolly reappears, and his comments are at least as amusing as those with which he delighted the strange circle in the antechambers at Dublin Castle. Serious distress arises to the rector and his family from Sydney's Cambridge doings, and these are among the most affecting passages of the book.

Our author seems to hold the pen of a rapid writer. This is decidedly his best novel. We trust soon again to meet him. He is plainly a young writer, and we anticipate from him higher things, as he gradually acquires from the acknowledged excellence of these volumes, and of the "Falcon Family," more entire confidence in his own powers, and feels more full assurance, than it is possible any one but a writer familiar with the effects which his works produce on the public mind can feel, of the entire sympathy of his readers.

As to the story itself, we close our account of it with Scott's verses at the close of *Rokeby*:—

"Time and Tide had thus their sway,
Yielding like an April day,
Smiling noon for sullen morrow,
Years of joy for hours of sorrow."

THE TIMES, THE POOR-LAW, AND THE POOR-LAW COMMITTEE.

The *Times* continues to appear with unabated vigor and virulence in the case of "the new Irish Poor-law," versus the landed interest in Ireland; and adheres to the interrogatory system in the advocacy of its cause, and in the defamation of its purposed victims. On the report of an inspector, who describes the condition of an Union overburdened with pauperism, the "leading journal" pronounces Irish landowners "guilty of the famine," "they traded in misery and debasement—the vile speculation came to a national bankruptcy—who so proper to lose by it as themselves? If their estates should pass into the hands of others who will render a better account of them? *that is no more than their crime deserves.*"

This is at least a plausible defence for the severity of a crushing rate. The parties upon whom it has been justly inflicted are suffering but the penalty of their offences. They had neglected the duties and abused the powers confided to them as owners or occupiers of the land. For their own base gains and their own opprobrious profit they lent themselves to a ruinous subdivision of farms, and thus afforded facilities for an increase of population with which the resources of the country could not keep pace. "Such a system," the *Times* pronounces, "amounted to a crime." "Should they" (landowners) "complain that the measures now adopted by the legislature to alleviate the present distress, and to prevent its recurrence, *have a penal character*, they will not receive much comfort from this side of the channel."

We are not rash, we trust, in discerning here something like a coincidence in, if not an adoption of, the views put forward in our last number. We there described the principle on which the "new Irish Poor-law" could be defended, as one in which mercy and punitive justice meet together. Contributions are demanded in order to feed the hungry, penalties are ex-

acted, in order to punish the transgressor. Such is now the defence made for the poor-law by its leading advocate. If, in feeding destitute cottagers, it reduce landowners to pauperism, it only inflicts a punishment commensurate to their misdeeds—"they were guilty of a crime" and they suffer for it.

Happy in having, thus far, an indirect approval of our views, on the part of the *Times*, we are encouraged to hope that we may be further favored, and that our complaint against the indiscriminate severity with which the poor-law scatters its inflictions may also be fitted with the adversary's approbation. Measures "of a penal character" are defensible on two grounds, necessity and justice. Good, is the proper end and aim of legislation. Where it inflicts evil it can excuse the act only on the plea that it was inevitable, or that it was just. A suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act is excusable because it is necessary—the penal severity of the poor-law should have a character of retributive justice. But punishment, to be just, must presuppose crime. If it be excessive, or irrespective of offence, it is cruelty, or vengeance—the visitation of an enemy, not a judge. And such, we contend, is the penal severity of the Irish poor-law, visited alike upon the upright and the offending, disproportioned to the offence it, without proof, presumes—and most oppressively and ungenerously inflicted, in many instances, in which it is clear, beyond all possibility of gainsaying, that there has been no offence whatever to suggest a plausible excuse for it. We complain of this as of a grave injustice. The poor-law punishes Irish landlords for crimes of which none of them *have been proved guilty*, and with which, it admits of proof positive, *the far greater number of them are not chargeable.*

We can remember well, when we anticipated from the administration of the poor-law, results of a far more salutary nature than it has served to realize.

We were not unaware of the many objections to which it was on principle liable, but we hoped for ample compensation in the light it was to let in on the social condition of Ireland, and especially on those momentous relations which arise out of the occupation of land. We were not ignorant of the varieties to be found in the landlord species and genera, and we trusted that the facilities of the Poor-law Unions for making them known to the country had not been provided in vain. We looked to the Workhouse test as a criterion by which landlord as well as pauper was to be tried, and we fondly hoped (such is our constitutional weakness or strength), that the evil which we knew must follow from the operation of an unwise and unjust law, would be recompensed by the great advantage of bringing bad landlords under the influence of public opinion, and discriminating broadly between the real "pests of the farm" and the many benevolent and self-denying proprietors, who have been, under circumstances of much discouragement, nobly thoughtful of their duties. We complain that this essential distinction has not been made; we blame the authors and officials of the poor-law for the neglect. We pronounce their neglect a crime. They have inflicted punishment (in many instances worse than death) where there was no delinquency proved against the sufferer. It is imputed as a *crime* to certain landlords that they have spread pauperism over the land by hiring out to the laboring poor such scanty accommodation as enabled them to exist. It is surely not a *virtue* in the poor-law that it has still further augmented pauperism by an *indiscriminate infliction of penalties* on all whose possessions it has been able to reach, making the alleged misconduct of a few the pretext for ruining many to whom no similar misconduct has been imputed. It was "a crime" in landlords to afford too readily the shelter of a roof, and the accommodation of a patch of ground, because by such pernicious indulgence pauperism was encouraged. Assuredly it is not to the praise of the poor-law that it has banished industrious farmers and benevolent landlords from their homes, and that it attempts to provide, without discrimination, for the idle, profligate, and helpless, by an indiscriminate confiscation of the properties of

good men and bad—the thoughtless and the provident.

It does not lessen our disapprobation of the poor-law functionaries, that they are daring in their aspersions of the owners of land. This is but an aggravation of the neglect we complain of. Men set in authority who will not inquire into the conduct of any class of persons, should be abstemious in their remarks upon them. To give currency to the vague representations of inspectors, who charge *some landlords* with improper conduct, and impute to them improper motives, is to give a character of deeper criminality to the very censurable omission of which we complain. A body is calumniated when some of its members are stigmatised, and no effort is made to exempt the pure and good from suffering under the censure. The Commissioners should have enjoined silence on their "inspectors," or should speak with authority themselves. *Landlords*, as the *Times* affirms on the "inspectors'" authority, have committed a crime. It is in the power of the Commissioners to ascertain who are the criminal parties; but while justice would be benefited by distinguishing the innocent from the guilty, faction will obtain its ends better by leaving the two classes confounded under the same vague accusation. The Poor-law Commissioners leave them thus confounded. This is their crime. We believe it to be fouler in its character, and more fatal in its consequences, than the worst which has been ascribed to the rapacity of the landowner. And the punishment for it awarded by the state is doled out in the form of honours and emoluments. We earnestly wish the *Times* would direct its inquisitorial prerogative upon this delinquency. A few interrogatives would be well expended upon it. What is the duty of the Poor-law Commissioners? Upon what principle are their penal benevolences to be extorted? Are they instructed by the state to punish innocent and guilty alike? If they are, let us hear no more of those charges or calumnies against landlords. They are superfluous and irrelevant. If, on the contrary, the argument of the *Times* is uttered in a spirit of honesty—if the penalty of the poor-rate is designed to act as a punishment on ill desert—then the *Times* should change

its course, and instead of inveighing against landowners, in terms which seem to imply that all who suffer deserve their afflictions, it should pour out its indignation on the Poor-law Commissioners, and compel them to respect their duties. The *Times* would protect the British public, on the plea that it was not to be held responsible for the trespasses of offending landlords in Ireland. Why not enclose within the same protection all, whether in Great Britain or Ireland, who are alike irresponsible. Why call upon an Irish landlord rather than an Irish annuitant, or than any other man in the empire, to submit to a penalty of which he has not incurred the forfeiture. Why not call upon the Poor-law Commissioners to put the accused upon their trial, and to distinguish between the convicted and the innocent in their apportionment of a most oppressive burden?

A social revolution, we are instructed, is in process at this moment in Ireland, and the cost at which it is to be carried out the *Times* would impose upon our landed interest:—

"It is better for all parties that cottiers and squatters should cease to be in Ireland. But as the landlord is responsible, first, for the over population, and then its reduction by famine, disease, and banishment, we trust he will not be spared his portion of the expense. Why is the British public to pay the heavy costs of the social revolution, and give the landlord back his land in lieu of paupers and rates?"

We are inclined to hope that the glimmering of justice which we discern in this passage is not illusion, and that we are at liberty to interpret the argument as if it insisted simply on the great maxim of old, the "*sum cuique tribuitur*," exacting from all parties such an amount of poor-rates as shall bear a due proportion to their natural liabilities. The question would run thus, if so interpreted:—Why shall landlords in Ireland pay less to the maintenance of the poor than they deserve to be mulcted for their misconduct in inducing pauperism? or why shall the British public pay more than their due portion? In short, the question would be:—Why shall any individual be punished more lightly or more heavily than his deservings? This appears to us to contain the

spirit and substance of the interrogatory and argument of the *Times*, and thus understood, we proceed to answer it, having something to say by way of extenuation on behalf of offending landlords, and constrained to say some little, by way of claim, even on "the British public."

The crime of which certain landowners are declared guilty is that they traded in land, as merchants and manufacturers are permitted to trade in their various commodities, and that (having no more care for those whose payments they received, than brewers or distillers have for the many whom their beverages have reduced to misery and crime) they are now justly punished for their past indifference. We do not think that a conclusion like this ought to be left dependent on angry declamation. There are shades of distinction which ought to be taken into account, and the landlord who, in the easiness of a kindly nature, permitted the poor to multiply on his estate (and possibly to his great loss), ought not to have his case confounded with that of the rapacious and hard-hearted tyrant who has had no thought of the wretched, save

"To wrong
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirect means"

One man allowed the subdivision of farms because he compassionated a father bent on making what he thought a fair provision for a child; another, because he would grant a shelter to the houseless; a third, because he desired to swell his rent-roll; a fourth, because he would strengthen his political interest; a fifth, and sixth, and seventh, might be found, whose pleas in defence or in mitigation would be various as their characters and circumstances. It is sufficient for our purpose to have adverted to the distinction. Punishment for crime implies moral evil. It cannot be apportioned under such circumstances as we have noticed without careful inquiry. Many a landowner, whose estate is covered with poor, has been guiltless of evil purpose—unsullied by dishonest gain in a process which has ended in very general calamity; and while we would not place him in the same rank with the landlord who has a truer and a more efficient sense of his duties, and who is (in fact as well as in intention) free from offence, we would

not confound him with the covetous and inhumane, who have augmented their own stores by taking advantage of the poor—who have derived wealth and power from that maladministration of their affairs by which they have wrought much evil to the country. Poor-law commissioners appear to have paid no attention to these important distinctions. They should be constrained to observe them, and so to adjust the scale of taxation that in its penal character it should mulct each individual in the proportion of his violated responsibilities.

As to the question "why the British public should pay the heavy costs of our social revolution," we are free to confess we know but one reason—the fact that they have caused it. The Poor-law is their infliction upon Ireland. It was enacted and carried into effect against the will of the Irish people and their representatives. It was enacted and carried into effect for the advantage of "the British public." We know no other reason than this for charging upon that "public" the *whole cost* of their revolutionary experiment. But we would not inflict upon them so heavy a burden. We require no more than this—that Great Britain shall contribute to the Poor-law, regarded in its aspect of benevolence, according to her ability, and that, as a penal infliction, she shall bear such portion of the penalty as she shall have been convicted of meriting.

And this is no small part. Great Britain has been responsible, directly, for the government of this country for half a century. A generation has grown up since her power to govern was established and organised: if she impose upon the unoffending posterity of unwise landlords the penalty of their sires' transgressions, ought not she, the accomplice in those misdeeds, defray her portion, and that a

large one, of the costs. Who is there at this day unacquainted with the truth, that the act of 1793,* which gave the elective franchise to Roman Catholic freeholders, gave scope, and purpose, and impulse, to the subdivision of the soil? Who is ignorant that, although the act was carried in an Irish parliament, it was conceived and formed in the cabinet of Great Britain? And who, knowing this, will deny that "the British public," thus proved to be an accessory before the fact, shares in the responsibility of those through whose agency the pauperism of Ireland has been augmented? It is true, the pertinency of an argument like this may be disputed, on the plea, that, although the act of 1793 was shaped by the British ministry, and was made law by the will of the British sovereign, its imperfections and its ill results are chargeable on that legislative body in Ireland who should have known better than to vote for it. But, whatever may be said of Irish improvidence and corruption, Great Britain received and united Ireland into partnership with her, when this law was in force. Great Britain looked on, while for twenty-eight years it remained in active and most baleful operation—nay, more, during these eight-and-twenty eventful years, Great Britain stimulated the bad law into more pernicious activity, placing a large amount of patronage at the disposal of Irish members of parliament, whose services the minister of the day could command, and thus, indirectly, bribing landowners to subdivide their estates, for the purpose of increasing their political interest. The memory of a state of things like that of "the Forties" will not soon fade away—the memory of times when places in the constabulary, the revenue, the post-office, the militia, were regularly tariffed, and the number of votes which was to be

* *Lords' Committee, May 6, 1825.*

EARL OF KINGSTON.

"Does your Lordship conceive that the desire to give the benefit of the elective franchise to voters has contributed essentially to the subdivision of land?"

"I think the land is very much subdivided, to make voters, by middlemen who hold large quantities of land. . . . I know it is so with me; I give them a very good house for a shilling a year, which I would not do unless it was to make them freeholders. I state this to show the very great reluctance which these poor men would have to give up that by which they are benefited to carry Catholic emancipation, by which the lower classes could not be benefited, in my opinion."

the purchase of an ensigny or a company was as well known as the regulation price of a commission at the Horse Guards. Well, but it may be said, they who had these advantages in times past must not complain if they are made to smart for them now. They who had these advantages! The empire had them—her enemies were discomfited because of them. How many a fiery spirit went forth with England to her battles, whose admission into her armies was purchased at the ruinous cost of this justly-condemned subdivision of the soil. In truth, Great Britain had its full share in the benefits accruing from such a system, and ought to bear her part in repairing the mischief it has wrought.

The "British public" must be considered as having incurred a further responsibility. The years 1824–1825 were memorable, among other reasons, for parliamentary inquiries into the state of Ireland, prosecuted by committees of Lords and Commons. By the proceedings of these committees, much information was obtained as to our condition, and perhaps there was

no one subject upon which there was a more thorough correspondence in testimony than on the evils of subdivision and sub-letting of lands.* The immediate injury, the imminent danger attendant on these practices, was made plain by a mass of evidence which it would seem impossible to resist. Defects in the law of tenure were also shown for which appropriate remedies were sought, as of indispensable necessity, and perhaps the then attorney-general, now Lord Plunket, never concerned himself in any work of legislation more likely to prove of salutary effect than in his amendment of the law of sub-letting. His amendments became law; but they did not remain law. The British public—or that party or faction which acted for the British public—substituted the legislation of Mr. O'Connell for that of Lord Plunket, gave back to the middleman his former advantages, and baffled the patriot hope of raising our country above pauperism. Thus has Great Britain been an accessory before the fact, and an accomplice in the practices which are now condemned so

* *Commons' Committee, April 13, 1825.—Digest of Evidence.*

THE REV. T. COSTELLOE.

"Besides those who hold small farms on leases, there is an inferior class, who are occasionally (for about twelve weeks in the year) employed as labourers. This class consists of those who rent a house and a quarter of an acre of land, and who endeavour to procure a subsistence by taking more land (perhaps a quarter or half an acre) on what is called the con-acre system. The rent paid for this is generally ten guineas an acre, the land being such as has been grazed for some years, and then given out for potatoes."

J. LESLIE FOSTER, ESQ.

"The middleman, residing on the property, watches with great jealousy the under tenantry—keeps an account of the stock in their possession—follows them to the market, and takes care that they shall not have the power to divert the produce of their farms to any other object than his advantage. He is often the factor and vender of such produce; he obliges the tenantry to deal with him on his own terms; and one great source of dissatisfaction in the south of Ireland is the incorrectness with which the accounts of the middleman are kept. He leaves to the unfortunate tenantry only what satisfies the commonest wants of nature, and sometimes occasions their ruin by permitting them to be destitute for rent which they had paid to him, but which he had not paid up to the proprietor in fee. Where the tenant held directly under the head landlord, his comforts were much more regarded, and in general the rent was less exorbitant, and the mode of exaction less oppressive."

Such is many an Irish middleman, as his character is to be gathered from the testimony of the learned judge and the Roman Catholic clergyman. Why has the class to which he belongs had the benefit, which it would seem as if the principle of the poor law, reserved for the occupying farmer?

We long since suggested the necessity of making a distinction, were it but for the sake of decorum, between the trader in land and its cultivator. While the one was probably entitled to the deduction from his rent which the poor law allows in abatement of the rate, we could see nothing in the circumstances or merits of the other to challenge for him a similar privilege. But the contrivers of the poor law thought otherwise.

strongly by her "leading organ," and for which such a terrible retribution has been inflicted by her legislature. She has been a patroness of pauperism—that is, of the schemes by which pauperism has been promoted in Ireland; is it not fitting that she shall bear her part in relieving it?

And the "British public" should bear their part in mitigating the severity of a law, which, for their own benefit, they have inflicted upon a reluctant people, and which, framed as it is, is ill-adapted to the country in which it is to be administered. Disguise the purposes of it as we may, we cannot conceal from ourselves the truth, that eminent among them was the design of checking the immigration of the Irish poor into the rich plains and cities of England. The desire and the design was natural, and would have been unexceptionably just but for one incident. Where our wealth has been allured, it is not just that our poverty shall be forbidden to follow. However just or unjust, absentees, annuitants, mortgagees, abstract their rents and charges from Ireland, as they have done for ages; the poor, as never was the case till now, are to be provided for from the poor remnant of property left to the landed interest here. 'This is a relief to one part of the British empire; is it not just that the portion relieved shall contribute of its abundance to the wants of the poorer portion labouring under its newly-imposed burden. By amendments on the poor-law, carried out in favour of the "British public," there appeared to their credit in the year 1838, as compared with 1834, when the amendments were resolved on, a reduction of expense exceeding two millions of pounds sterling, and at the time when England was thus delivering herself from an oppressive burden, she adopted the determination to make Ireland suffer under it. Is it not reasonable that she should help us?

It ought to be remembered, to the credit of Irish landowners, that, until the poor's rate became an intolerable burden, and the debasing tendency of the poor-law became manifest, there was little complaint against the new imposition. At first there was something like an assurance from the state that the law should be administered in mercy towards the rate-payers, as well

as the pauper. There was a kind of compact that the land should support, at the utmost, a hundred thousand inmates of the hundred and thirty work-houses, and that no out-door relief should be given. The cost of maintaining these establishments would amount to about five per cent. on the valuation of rateable property, which would be, we may boldly affirm, twelve per cent. at least, on the net income of our landed proprietors. Heavy as the imposition was, it was not strongly complained of. It seemed to be circumscribed within intelligible limits. It was possible, by retrenchment and economy, to meet existing engagements and make provision for the new rate. So long as this state of things endured, the landed interest was patient and uncomplaining—perhaps too much so. They had, however, a good reason for silence. While they saw multitudes in danger of perishing for want, it was creditable to them to be mindful of their duties; and it was not discreditable to have trust in the legislature, that it would sanction no unworthy invasion of their properties and rights. This trust was rather too credulous and confiding. Their rights and properties have been invaded. The principle of Communism has been affirmed and carried into effect against them. It has been pronounced, that, at their cost—at their sole cost and charge—the whole pauperism of Ireland, able-bodied and decrepit, idle and disposed to labour, profligate and well-conducted, shall be supported in their idleness, or sustained in their vices. This is now the law in Ireland—a law which, within its two years of tyranny, has caused more misery and abasement than (we would mercifully hope) even its contrivers could have anticipated—a law which, with professions of mercy towards the poor, and justice towards the more prosperous, holds out to the one class encouragement to vice, and confounds the good and the evil of the other class, in indiscriminate ruin. Shall we be told that "the British public," to whom this desolating infliction is ascribable, ought not to give of their abundance to the mitigation of its horrors? What is the argument of the *Times* for leaving Irish landlords to their fate? That they were responsible for the pauperism which is to be relieved at their cost. Well,

let it be granted that the argument is just, if the assumption be grounded—let it be affirmed that wherever the assumption is false, the argument is inapplicable. Why shall Irish landlords, who have incurred no such responsibility—who have inherited no such responsibility from indiscreet ancestors, or who, having inherited or acquired an over-populated property, manfully addressed themselves to the onerous duties it imposed on them, and by strenuous exertion and patient self-denial, raised the condition of their tenantry, and resented their lands from pauperism—why, we repeat, are they to be extinguished, because a neighbouring proprietor has abused his privileges, and some ignorant official has thought it convenient to draw one line round two dissimilar estates? It is to no purpose that wise and good landowners and occupiers refuse to “join in their challenges” with parties whose cause is not of like nature with theirs. The Poor-law tribunal does not allow those privileges which are held in other courts, the inalienable rights of British subjects. “I believe,” said Sir Robert Peel, in the debate on February 9, “one of the greatest evils in Ireland at present, is connected with the administration of the poor-law.”* Who will say that a law most unjust in principle, inflicting, as it does, heavy punishment on innocent as well as guilty, and administered in a manner to deserve this severe censure, does not make it a duty of those who framed the law, and selected the agents through whom it has been ill-administered, to assist in redressing the wrongs it has wrought, and mitigating the hardships of those who suffer under it? “Slay them all, the Lord will know his own,” is not in the spirit of British institutions. There may be Abbots of Cîteaux here and there, who would

with much complacency make Ireland a Beziers, and devote its landed proprietors to the extinction of civil death, in the hope of profitably succeeding to their possessions; but their views are not congenial with the British character; and when it has been made manifest that the law to feed the able-bodied poor of Ireland is a law to wrest from good landlords property and power which they have never abused, we are not without a hope that the worst evils of the poor-law will be corrected.

“I believe,” said Lord John Russell, on February 12, “there are many good landlords (in Ireland), whose conduct is deserving of every approbation, and whose exertions during these last few years have been very great indeed. But with respect to the bad landlord, before the introduction of the poor-law, he did nothing but receive the rents of his estates,” &c. &c. As a corrective to this state of things the poor-law has been introduced; and the noble lord, the premier, has the indiscretion or the confidence to refer to this monstrous system as a remedy. “Such was,” he says, “the conduct of the bad landlord, but he cannot be so at present.” Why can he not? Because,” observes the prime minister, “whether he live in Ireland or not, whether he perform his duty or not, a rate is levied from him for the support of the destitute on his property, and in those parts of Ireland where are left those poor people whom his conduct contributed to fix in the state in which they had so long existed, and before we fixed in Ireland an enlarged and extended poor-law.” The thought conveyed in this passage might be expressed in clearer language; but, indeed, the thought itself, if we have been enabled to decipher it, is affected by a radical confusion, which imparts, of necessity,

* A curious instance of the manner in which the effect of the poor law may be modified by the administrators of it came recently within our knowledge. A certain inspector or commissioner took upon him to order the commencement of out-door relief in a district, and under circumstances, in which many parsons, not ill-advised, thought the order premature. Not so the idle and the poor. As soon as the proclamation of out-door relief was noised abroad, claimants were found to seek it. It happened, however, providentially, that vacancies occurred in the workhouse, or that there were guardians wise enough to continue them—vacancies not by death, for the bills of health were excellent, but by the voluntary release of some pauper inmates. The claimants for relief were met by an offer of admission into the house, and, of ninety-five who presented themselves, there were eleven only who took the test and became inmates of the poorhouse.

its own character to the medium through which it is interpreted. It seems to be this. Before the enactment of the poor-law, bad landlords, by their own misconduct and neglect, had produced pauperism in the country; and they are now compelled to do right, by being made amenable to precisely the same taxation which is laid upon their unoffending neighbours. And does the premier think that this indiscriminate punishment ought to be the remedy for any evil? Is he, or are his advisers, so unacquainted with the agricultural statistics of Ireland as not to know that his imagined remedy is, in many an unhappy instance, an aggravation of the evil, or a contrivance which renders it more inveterate. We will try the noble lord's argument by applying it to the condition of an electoral division, of which we can speak from our own knowledge. In one part of this division rents are excessive, and pauperism abounds. The old adage, "beggars cannot be choosers," is exemplified in it; and thus the outcasts of improving properties find shelter in this, where they are frequently enabled to serve out the term which entitles them to relief. The rate on the division is, accordingly, very heavy, but the excessive rents have not fallen. The owner of land, whose rent continues to be three pounds per acre, pays no higher poundage than he who demands, for land of the same quality, less than a third of the rent. What is in this case the tax upon those parts of the division where rents are low, and pauperism unknown? *It is a "rate in aid" of the rent-roll of the rapacious landlord.* He pays, if it can be gathered from his pauper tenantry, six shillings in the pound as poor-rate; but has indemnified himself by exacting, from wretches at his mercy, forty shillings in the pound on the fair rent of his land. And we are to be told that the law which enables him to persist in driving this abominable trade, is a law of protection against the evil habits of bad landlords.

It may be said that the evil of this exhausting remedy will correct itself. In process of time the grasping landlord will be constrained to submit to necessity, and, in the impossibility of extorting the old rents, to desist from the attempt at obtaining them. All

true! But when will this euthanasia have arrived? When good landlords are ruined, industrious farmers in the poorhouse or the United States, and when the land, which has been bought up at wholesale prices, and at a discount ruinous to the seller, by joint stock companies in England, is in process of being retailed to that new proprietary, if such can be found, to whom Sir James Graham and his confederates profess to look for the regeneration of our misgoverned country. Such is to be, as regards all estates of men, the completion of the social revolution in Ireland.

In furtherance of this social revolution two parliamentary committees are now sitting. It is not necessary to remind the indignant reader of the elements which compose them. An incident, however, in the debate on February 12, as reported in the *Times* of the 13th, we cannot pass over:—

"On the question that Mr. Bright's name be added, Mr. Taylor objected to the nomination of a delegate of the Manchester school."

And a debate having arisen—

"Mr. Bateson, after some prefatory observations, said he had heard it whispered that Mr. Bright and some of his friends had made arrangements for the purchase of a considerable amount of landed property in Ireland, *as soon as it should become sufficiently depreciated*" (a laugh) &c., &c.

"Sir George Grey," in reply, "hoped that the whisper which the honourable member who spoke last had heard relative to the honourable member for Manchester being about to invest capital in Ireland, would prove to be correct (hear, hear). That in itself was a good reason for placing the honourable member on the committee," &c. &c.

"That, in itself, was a good reason for placing the hon. member on the committee." That hon. member, if the "whisper" be correct, as the home secretary hopes it will prove, designs to invest capital in Ireland, by making purchases of landed property, "*when it has become sufficiently depreciated.*" Such is the whisper which Sir George Grey hopes may prove correct; and the purpose it surmises is a good reason for placing the man who entertains it on a committee where his exertions

can accelerate the progress of events in bringing to pass that state of things which it is his desire and interest to accomplish. "Ex uno disce omnes." From the declared qualification for membership, judge the character of the committee. A member of parliament has made arrangements for purchasing Irish property, *when it has been sufficiently depreciated.*" The committee, for which such arrangements constitute eligibility, *is a committee for the depreciation of Irish property.*

We can test this conclusion by an illustration:—An Irish proprietor, let it be supposed, is on trial for his life, not for his revenues: a challenge is made by his counsel, who objects to the having a juror sworn, on the ground that "he has made arrangements for becoming possessor of the panel's property after his decease." We ask what would be the feeling of a court in Ireland, or of the "British public," if Chief Justice Blackburne or Doherty on our bench here, or Denman, or Wild, or Tenterden, in England, had couched a dictum in the style of the home secretary, and affirmed that the arrangements and intentions of such a party constituted a good ground for placing him on a jury. We scarcely think that Jeffries or Scroggins would have dared to give utterance to the felon sentiment. *It has been spoken, unrebuked, in a British senate.* We do not think (and this we affirm in perfect sincerity) Sir George Grey capable of the villainess it would seem to imply: he spoke inconsiderately; but it is an evil day in England when a minister of the crown can be chargeable with such inconsiderateness, and when there was no friend at hand to warn him of what he had said, and no friend to the principles of justice to utter a stern protest against it in the name of an insulted parliament.

The avowed principle of eligibility for membership in the Poor-law committee is in keeping with the measure reported as having been already submitted to its supervision.* We extract from the *Times* of February 12 the following too significant presage of evil:—

"We have all along admitted that the system of 'grants' is not yet at an end. It is, however, we believe, the in-

tention of government to supersede it, if possible, by a new provision in the Poor-laws. Instead of grants for particular districts from the Consolidated Fund, which are, in fact, 'rates in aid' from the whole empire, it will be proposed, that when the rates of a particular union for one year rise above a certain amount—say 10s. in the pound—the excess shall be defrayed out of a rate collected for this purpose from the whole island."

Such, we have reason to believe, is, in substance (the maximum amount of rate, it appears, is not so high), the scheme already proposed to the parliamentary committees by her Majesty's ministers. Lord John Russell has given dread note of preparation. He has said (see *Times* February 13):—

"I do look forward with hope that that transition may be brought about without any great loss of life. No doubt it will be attended with very considerable loss of property. Indeed a very considerable loss of property has already taken place."

And this contemplated destruction of property is to be visited upon loyal subjects by the operation of the laws. It is a new thing to find ministers of the crown not only exonerating themselves from obligations to which the constitution pledges them, but avowing the determination to make the laws themselves instruments of evil, where (ever until now) their influence, in theory at least, has been salutary. It is among the best-established maxims of constitutional law, that allegiance and protection are reciprocal—that loss of life, liberty, or property, is to be ranked among the penalties of transgression, and that obedience to law should have its reward in preservation of life, liberty, and property. The legislature is now to be called on to invert this maxim—to lavish rewards on the idle and ill-affected, as well as on the helpless poor, and to heap wrongs and penalties on well-deserving proprietors. It is indisputably an imperative duty to save life where it is possible; but although not so important, it is an equally manifest duty to protect property also, and the minister or the legislature who, to feed a hungry man in Galway, will reduce a laborious farmer in Antrim to beggary, rather than impose a tax so slight that it could scarcely be felt, on the millionaire of Manchester, is teach-

ing a lesson more perilous to the welfare and stability of states than has ever been learned from Chartist or Repealer.

Under the operation of the poor-law, "very considerable loss of property has already taken place." There is worse, Lord John Russell threatens, to come. Confiscation is to take its course in Ulster, in order that Connaught may be relieved without inconvenience to "the British public." Are, then, the men of Ulster excluded from the body to which that name is given? Are the men of Leinster denied the privilege of the name? Are the best parts of Munster, Leinster, Ulster—and in Connaught, too, there are spots which pauperism has not desolated—are all these not parts of the British empire? Is the object of legislation, the avowed object, to reduce the best parts of Ireland to the condition of the most wretched. Is the promise, by which Ireland was won to make a surrender of her power, thus daringly broken? Is the legislative union repealed? So, in truth, it would seem. At this moment Mayo and Galway are ready for Mr. Bright and Co. Investments, however, would be safer in Ulster, but as yet they would be more costly. And so, the Legislative Union is to share the fate of the Habeas Corpus Act, and to be placed under temporary suspension, until property has become *sufficiently depreciated* in the North, to invite members of the Anti-corn-law League and the Poor-law Committee, to make their purchases.

We hope to return to this subject in our April number; but, in the meantime, we would urge upon the people of Ireland generally to be up and doing. At least, let strong protests be uttered against the further deterioration of our poor, and of the

classes to be ruined for supporting the poor in idleness. The rate in aid, it is said, is not to be enforced until the union-rate has reached a set maximum. So it is for the present; but let the principle be once affirmed, and who is to direct the application of it?

Let those in Ireland who have possessions which they would transmit to their posterity, and who have ever trained their children in loyal principles, remember these two stern truths. Protection is now denied to property: Ireland is declared not to be an integral part of the British Empire: taxes are imposed upon the righteous owners of property in this country, which, it is acknowledged, must reduce them to utter destitution. England, it is pronounced, will bear no part in the burden of them: monied property in Ireland shall share a similar exemption—landowners and land occupiers alone are to be ruined. For poverty which the great majority of them could not have prevented—which it never was in the power of them or their predecessors to prevent, they are to be reduced to beggary. There is no precedent for such iniquity as this in the whole course of British legislation, and even in the enormity of it there is hope. It is not in the spirit of the British character. A faction adverse to the landed interest has been enabled, by agitation and intrigue, to overbear for a while that sense of impartial justice which has in it the essence of political wisdom. The voice of truth may yet be heard with good effect. We trust it will soon speak with authority; and have good hope, that when we return to this subject we shall have to offer congratulations to our readers on the wisdom, and the power, and the loyalty, with which "the North has spoken out."

